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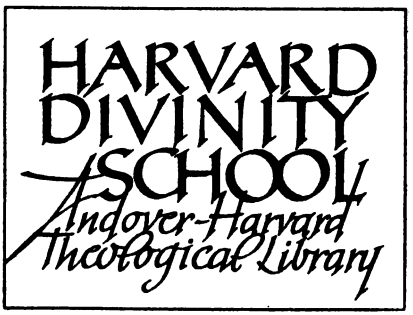
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THE

WESLEYAN SACRED HARP

A COLLECTION OF

Choice Tunes and Hymns

FOR

PRAYER CLASS, AND CAMP MEETINGS, CHOIRS, AND CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

BY

REV. W. McDONALD,

OF THE MAINE CONFERENCE, AUTHOR OF THE WESLEYAN MINSTREL,

AND

S. HUBBARD, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF CANAAN," "MUSICAL GEMS," AND "TEMPERANCE MELODIST," ETC.

They sang praises with gladness, and bowed their heads and worshipped.
2 CHRON. 29: 30.

BOSTON:
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1856

PREFACE.

The object we have in view in the compilation of "THE WESLEYAN SACRED HARP," is, to supply a denominational want which is *felt* and often *expressed*, by our *preachers* and *people*. We wish to furnish, in a convenient form for use, a book containing a sufficient variety of *tunes* and *hymns*, for Prayer, Class and Camp Meetings, and Congregational Singing.

The TUNES are *old*, and *new*. We have been careful in our selections to have the *soul of music* in view. Many of the *tunes* — not altogether *new* — have never appeared in a work of this kind before. They will be sung with great pleasure and profit.

The HYMNS are chiefly from the *Methodist Hymn Book*. They are our choice hymns, to which we have always been obliged to flee, when *penny-royals* have sickened, and been cast aside. We have introduced many hymns, not found in our Hymn Book, of a decidedly popular character, which will be sung while God continues to bless men.

We commit the work to God, and His children, praying that all who sing from these pages on earth, may sing the New Song in Heaven forever.

W. Mc DONALD.
S. HUBBARD.

BOSTON, NOV. 23, 1854.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by
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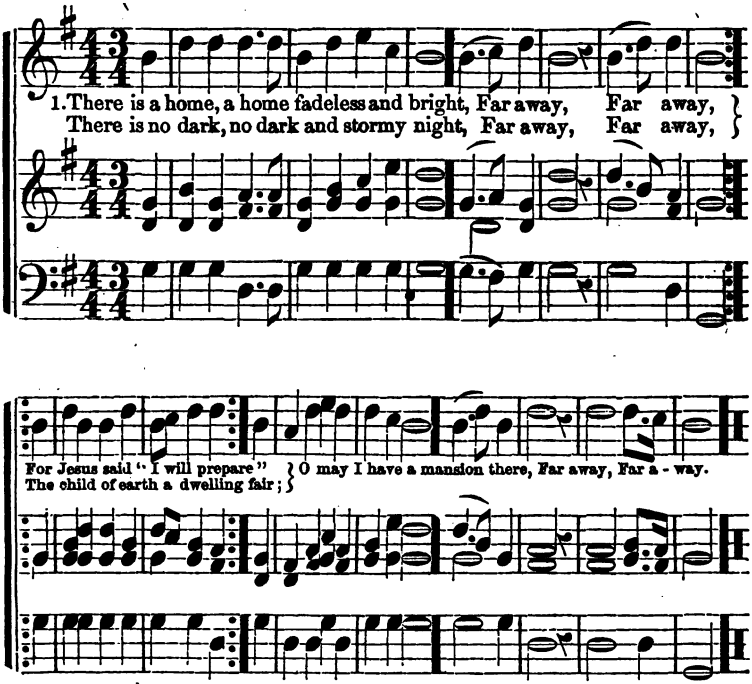
A. B. KIDDER'S MUSIC TYPOGRAPHY.

WESLEYAN SACRED HARP.

FAR AWAY. W. Mc D.

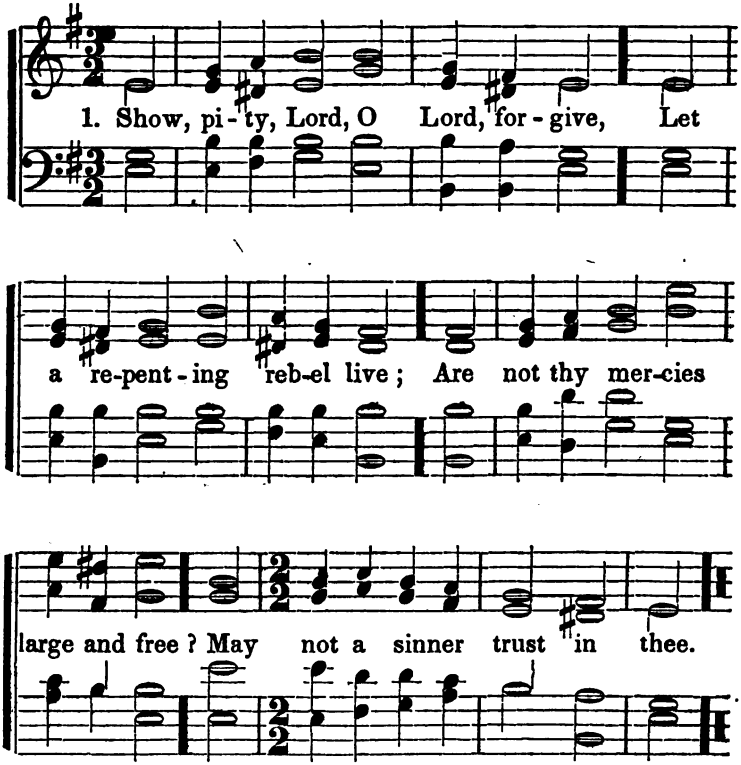


2

Then let the storm, the storm be wild and long,
Jesus loves,—Jesus loves;
And this shall be, shall be my daily song,
Jesus loves,—Jesus loves:
He loves, he loves; I know, I feel,
Frail as I am, he loves me still.
O may I do his blessed will!
Jesus loves,—Jesus loves.

3

And then at home, at home we soon shall be,
Far away,—Far away;
From care and pain and death we shall be free,
Far away,—Far away;
There tears and death are never known,
And swiftly we are passing home
To that bright land we call our own,
Far away,—Far away.



2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3 O! wash my soul from every sin!
And make my guilty conscience clean!
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

SECOND HYMN.

1 I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever clos'd to all but thee!
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side!
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move;
O wond'rous grace! O boundless love!

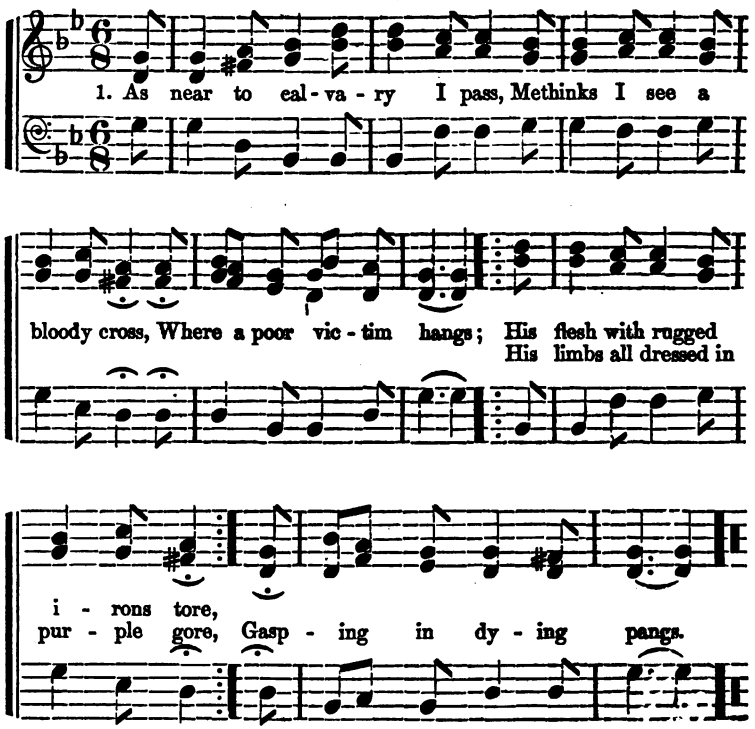
Deprecating the withdrawal of the Spirit.

1 Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
And shaken off my guilty fears;
And vex'd, and urged thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years.

3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen!
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved:

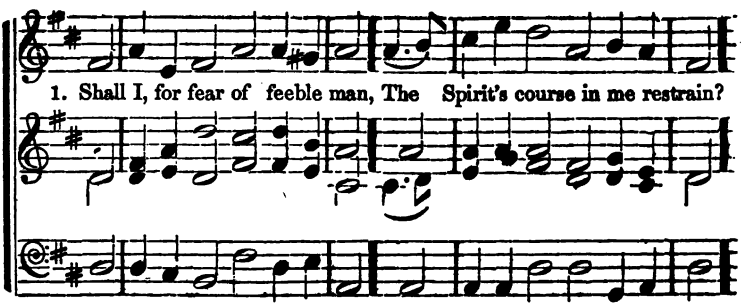
4 Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
To' exclude me from thy people's rest.

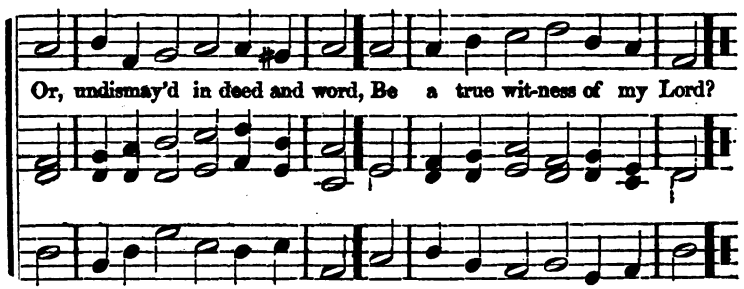


2 Supris'd the spectacle to see,
I asked, Who can this victim be
In such exquisite pain?
Why thus consign'd to woes? I cried:
"'Tis I," the Saviour then replied,
"To save a world from sin."

2 Jesus for rebel mortals dies?
How can it be? my soul replies:
What! Jesus die for me?
"Yes," saith the suff'ring Son of God;
"I give my life, I spill my blood,
For thee, poor soul, for thee."

3 Lord, since thy life thou'st freely given,
To bring my wretched soul to heav'n,
And bless me with thy love,
Then at thy feet, O God, I'll fall,
Give thee my life, my soul, my all,
To reign with thee above.





2

Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God Most High?
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thine anger bear?

3

Shall I, to soothe th' unholy throng,
Soften thy truth, or smooth my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys,—or flee
The cross endured, my Lord, by thee?

4

What then is he whose scorn I dread?
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man! an heir of death! a slave
To sin! a bubble on the wave!

5

Yea, let men rage; since thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head:
Since in all pain thy tender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

SECOND HYMN.

O Jesus, full of truth and grace
O all-atoning Lamb of God!
I wait to see thy glorious face;
I seek redemption in thy blood.

2

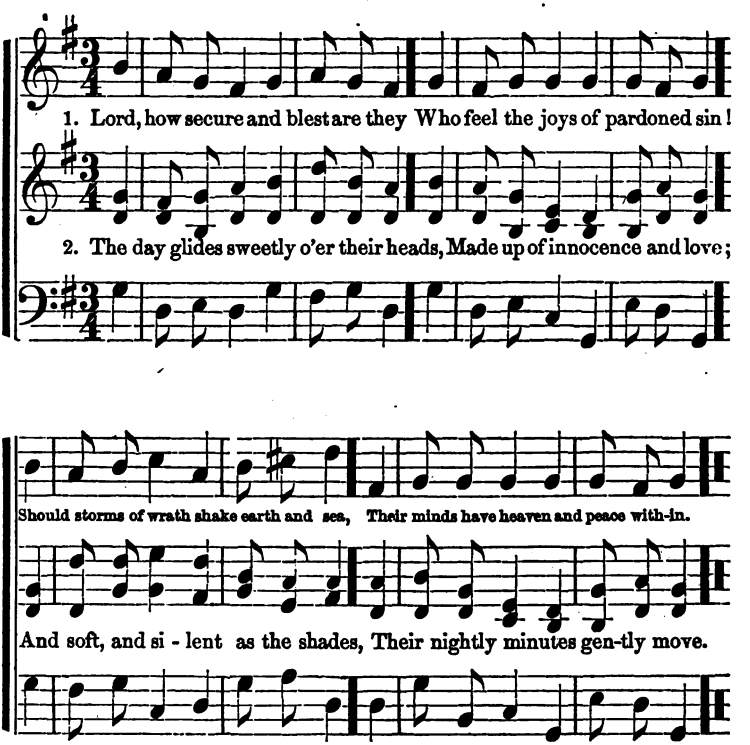
Thou art the anchor of my hope;
The faithful promise I receive:
Surely thy death shall raise me up,
For thou hast died that I might live.

3

Satan, with all his arts, no more,
Me from the Gospel hope can move:
I shall receive the gracious power,
And find the pearl of perfect love.

4

My flesh, which cries,—It cannot be,
Shall silence keep before the Lord;
And earth, and hell, and sin shall flee
At Jesus' everlasting word.



3 Quick as their thoughts, their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away:
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to th' heavenly hills,!
Where groves of living pleasure grow
And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles,
Sit undisturbed upon their brow.

5 They scorn to seek our golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight.

The Redeemed in Heaven.

Lo! round the throne, a glorious band,
The saints in countless myriads stand;
Of every tongue redeem'd to God,
Array'd in garments wash'd in blood.

2

Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the shame;
But now from all their labors rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

3

They see the Saviour face to face;
They sing the triumph of his grace;
And day and night, with ceaseless praise,
To him their loud hosannas raise.

4

O, may we tread the sacred road
That holy saints and martyrs trod;
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
And win, like them, a crown of life.

Zeal Implored.

O thou who all things canst control,
Chase this dread slumber from my soul;
With joy and fear, with love and awe,
Give me to keep thy perfect law.

2

O may one beam of thy blest light,
Pierce through, dispel the shade of night;
Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire,
With holy, conqu'ring zeal inspire.

3

For zeal I sigh, for zeal I pant,
Yet heavy is my soul and faint;
With steps unwav'ring, undismay'd,
Give me in all thy paths to tread.

4

With outstretch'd hands and streaming eyes,
Oft I begin to grasp the prize;
I groan, I strive, I watch, I pray;
But ah! how soon it dies away!

5

The deadly slumber soon I feel
Afresh upon my spirit steal;
Rise, Lord; stir up thy quick'ning power,
And wake me that I sleep no more.

His everlasting arms of love.

1

How do thy mercies close me round?
For ever be thy name ador'd;
I blush in all things to abound:
The servant is above his Lord!

2

Inur'd to poverty and pain,
A suff'ring life my Master led;
The Son of God, the Son of Man,
He had not where to lay his head.

3

But lo! a place he hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Yea, he himself becomes my guard;
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.

4

Jesus protects; my fears begone:
What can the Rock of Ages move!
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thy everlasting arms of love.

Prayer for Grace and Power.

1

O Spirit of the living God,
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2

Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

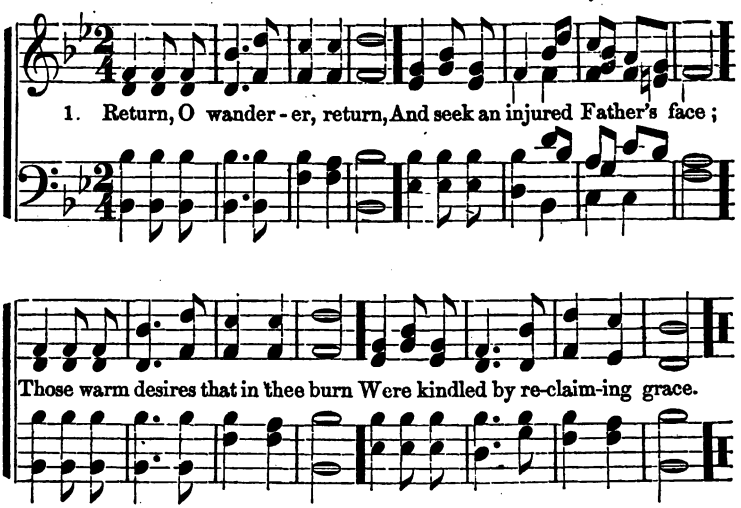
3

Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion—order, in thy path;
Souls without strength, inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4

Baptise the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord

Words by Dr. Collyer.



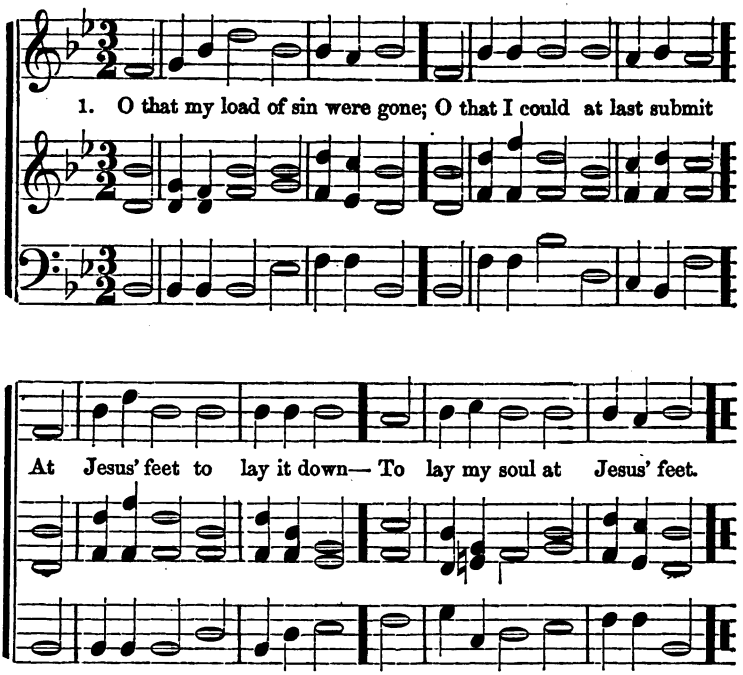
2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart,
Whose pitying eyes thy grief discern,
Whose hand can heal thine inward smart.

3 Return, O wanderer, return,
He heard thy deep repentant sigh:
He saw thy soften'd spirit mourn,
When no intruding tear was nigh.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

5 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away thy falling tear;
'Tis God who says—"no longer mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

6 Return, O wanderer, return,
Regain thy lost lamented rest;
Jehovah's melting bowels yearn,
To clasp the wanderer to his breast.



2
Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3
Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,—
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4
Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove;
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5
I would, but thou must give the pow'r;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

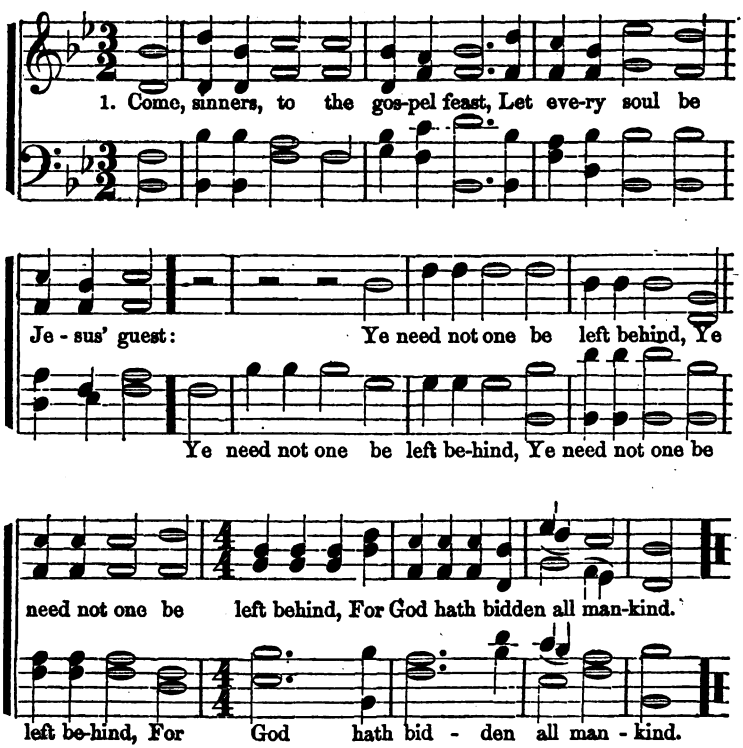
SECOND HYMN.

Jesus, from whom all blessings flow,
Great Builder of thy Church below;
If now thy Spirit move my breast,
Hear, and fulfil thine own request.

2
The few that truly call thee Lord,
And wait thy sanctifying word,
And thee their utmost Saviour own;—
Unite and perfect them in one.

3
O let them all thy mind express,
Stand forth thy chosen witnesses;
Thy power unto salvation show,
And perfect holiness below.

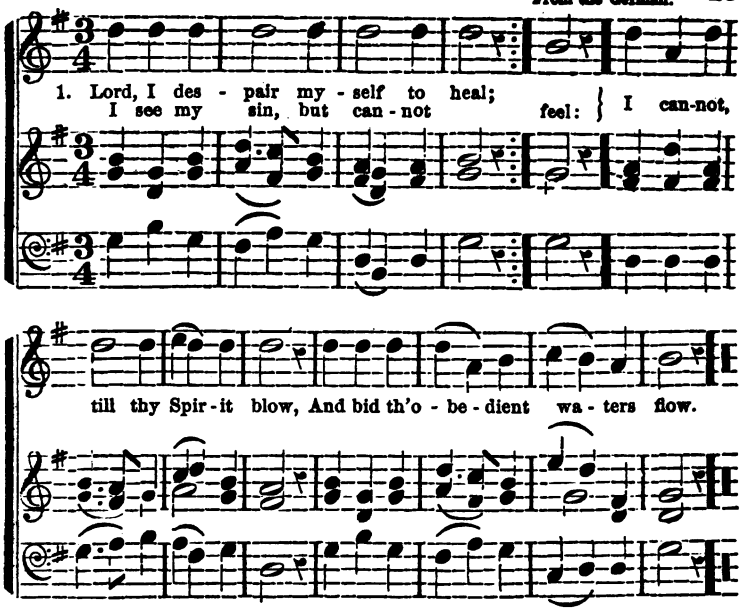
4
In them let all mankind behold
How Christians lived in days of old;
Mighty their envious foes to move,—
A proverb of reproach—and love.



2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:
Come, all the world! come sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 This is the time, no more delay!
This is the acceptable day;
Come in this moment at his call,
And live for him who died for all.



1

Lord, I despair myself to heal;
I see my sin, but cannot feel:
I cannot, till thy Spirit blow,
And bid th' obedient waters flow.

2

'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give;
Thy gifts I only can receive;
Here, then, to thee I all resign;
To draw, redeem, and seal, — are thine.

3

With simple faith, on thee I call, —
My light, my life, my Lord, my all:
I wait the moving of the pool;
I wait the word that speaks me whole.

4

Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure:
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
And pour thyself into my heart!

[2]

Put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem.

1

Awake, Jerusalem, awake, —
No longer in thy sins lie down:
The garment of salvation take;
Thy beauty and thy strength put on.

2

Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,
And hides the promise from thine eyes;
Arise, and struggle into light;
The great Deliv'rer calls, — Arise!

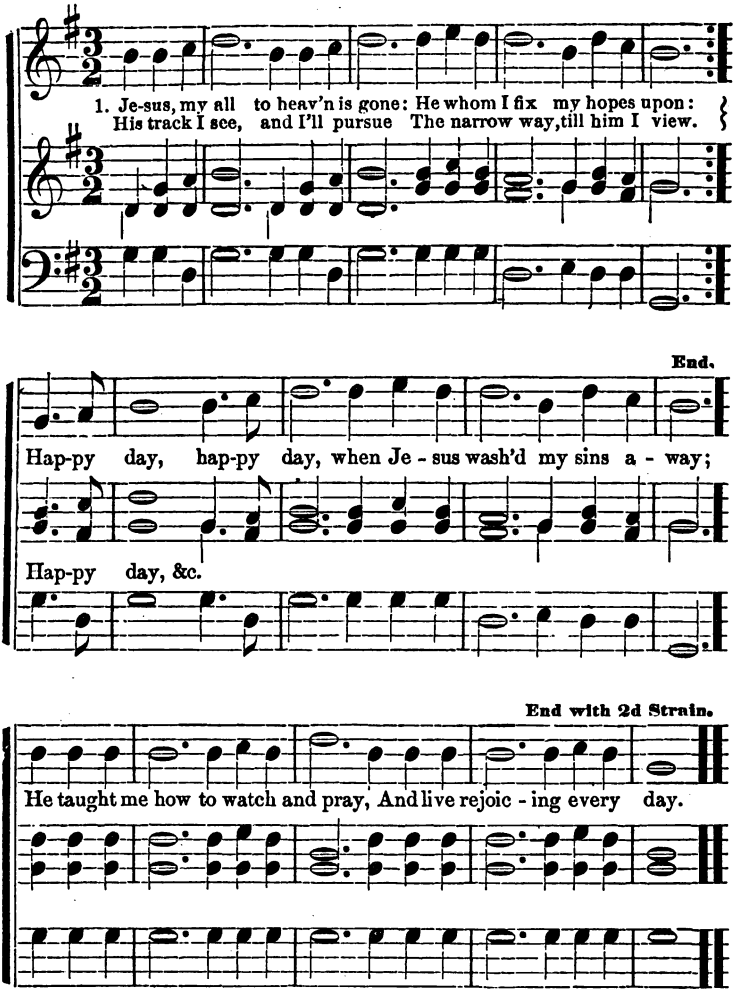
3

Shake off the bands of sad despair;
Zion, assert thy liberty;
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
And God shall set the captive free.

4

Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purged from every sinful stain;
Be like your Lord, his word embrace,
Nor bear his hallow'd name in vain.

HAPPY DAY. L. M.



2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment;
The King's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
Happy day, &c.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not sav'd from sin.
Happy day, &c.

4 The more I strove against its pow'r,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I AM THE WAY."
Happy day, &c.

5 Lo! glad I come, and thou blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, whose I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive,
Happy day, &c.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."
Happy day, &c.

SECOND HYMN.

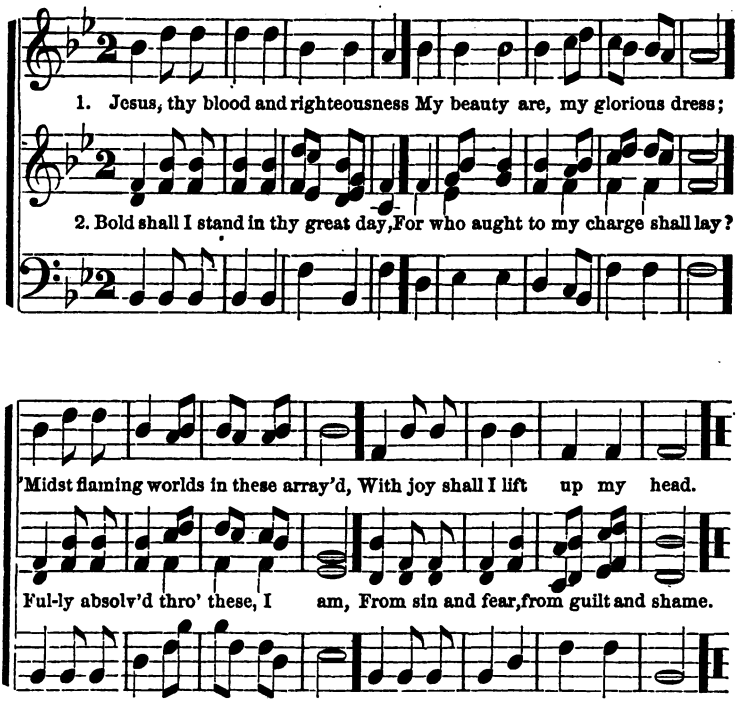
1 O happy day that fix'd my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
Happy day, &c.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
Happy day, &c.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.
Happy day, &c.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart:
With him of every good possess'd.
Happy day, &c.

5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.
Happy day, &c.



3

The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came;
Who died for me, even me to' atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

4

Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which at the mercy-seat of God
For ever doth for sinners plead,
For me, even for my soul was shed.

5

Lord, I believe, were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for ALL a ransom paid,
For ALL a full atonement made.

SECOND HYMN.

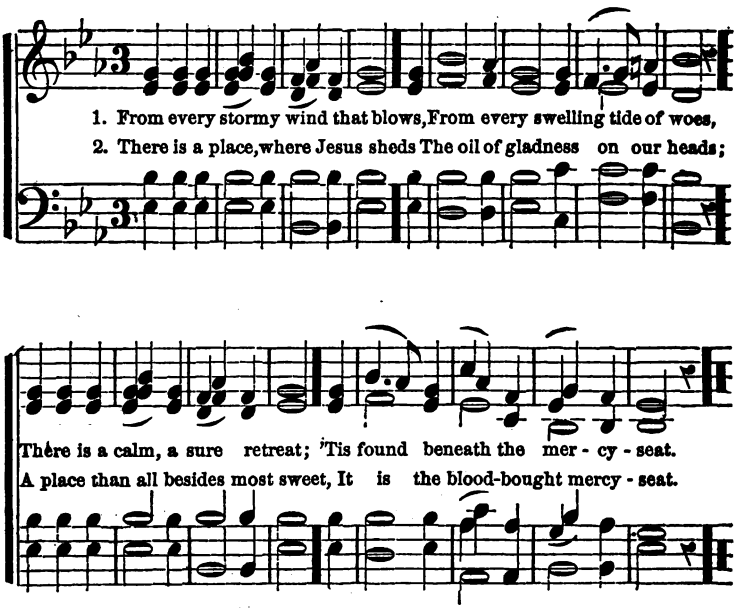
Sinners, O, why so thoughtless grown?
Why in such dreadful haste to die?
Daring to leap to worlds unknown!
Heedless against thy God to fly!

2

Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urged on by sin's delusive dreams?
Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?

3

Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains;
And hear the Lord of life unfold
The glories of his dying pains!
Forever telling, yet untold!



3

There is a scene, where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy-seat.

4

Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat?

5

There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy seat

SECOND HYMN.

How sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And when the sun, with cloudless ray,
Sheds mellow lustre o'er the scene!

2

Such is the Christian's parting hour;
So peacefully he sinks to rest;
When faith, endued from heaven with power,
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

3

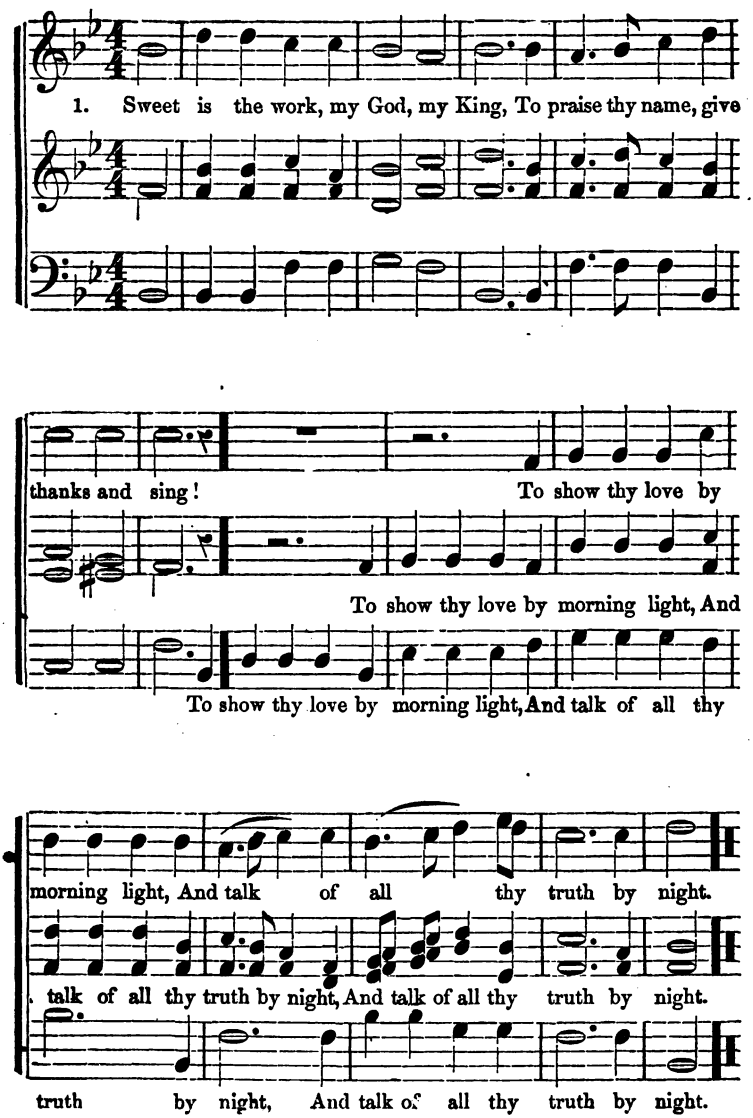
Mark but that radiance of his eye,
That smile upon his wasted cheek;
They tell us of his glory nigh,
In language that no tongue can speak.

4

A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
And angels are attending near,
To bear him to their bright abode.

5

Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless?
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness?


1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give
thanks and sing! To show thy love by
To show thy love by morning light, And
To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy
morning light, And talk of all thy truth by night.
talk of all thy truth by night, And talk of all thy truth by night.
truth by night, And talk of all thy truth by night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast,
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 When grace has purified my heart,
Then I shall share a glorious part:
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desir'd or wish'd below;
And every hour find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

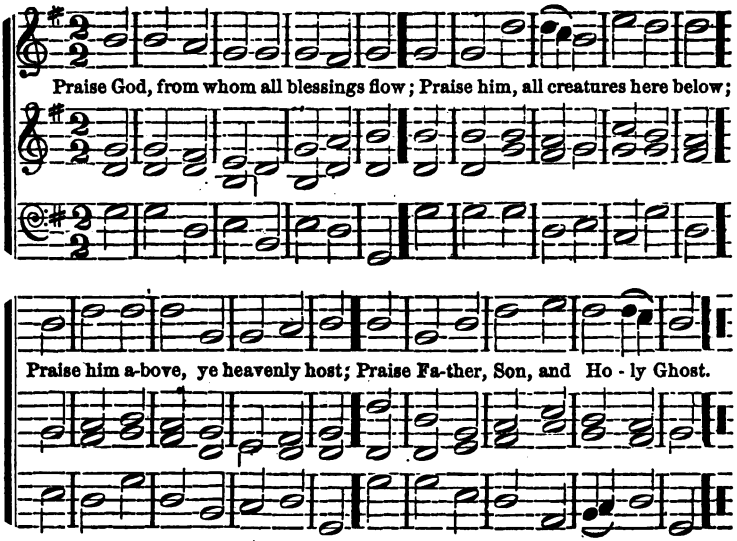
SECOND HYMN.

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise,
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

4 In every land begin the song:
To every land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.



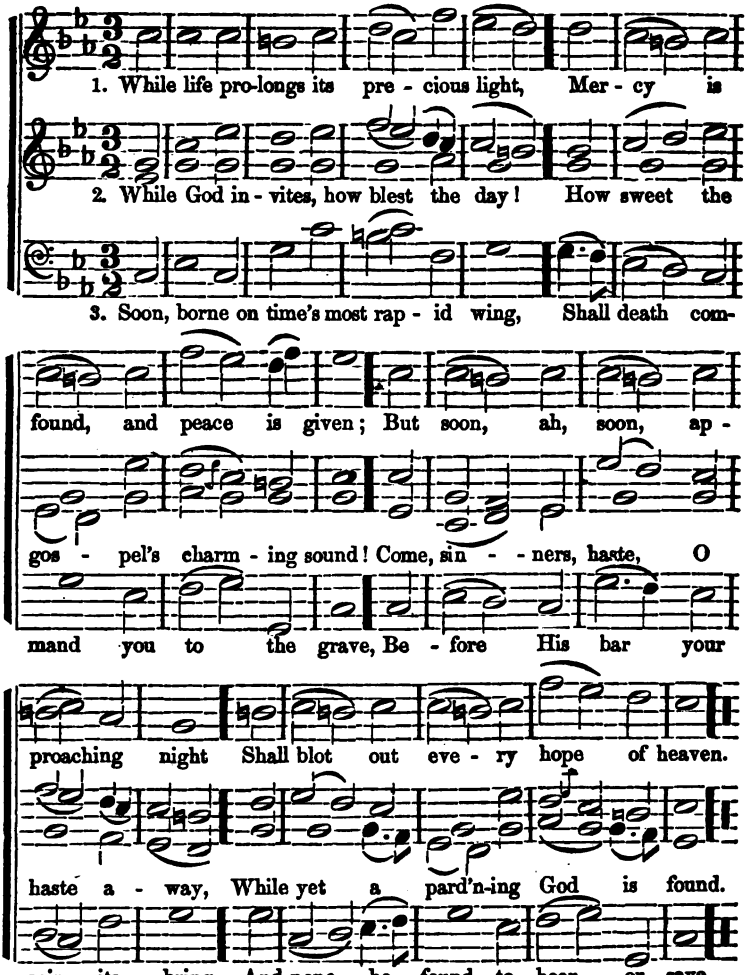
Grateful adoration.

1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nation's bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

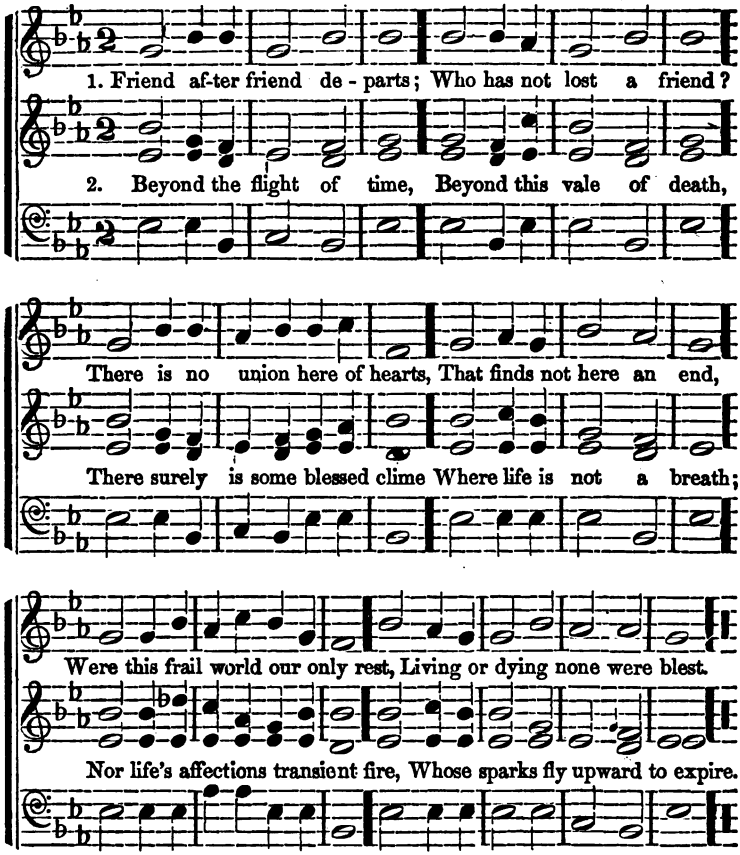
3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise

4 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.



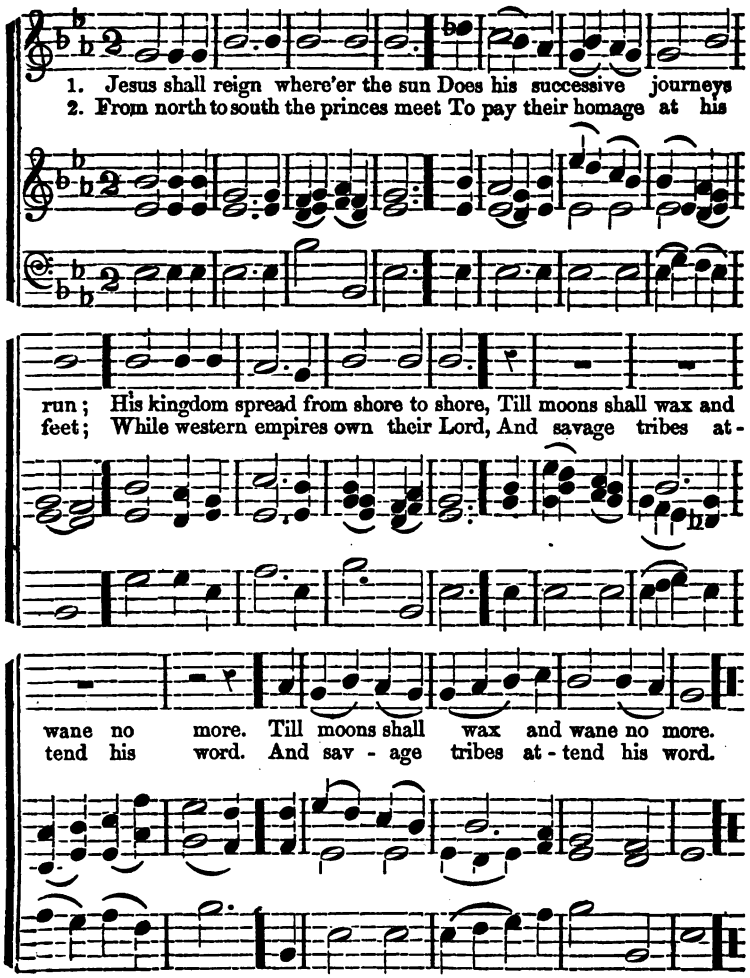
4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise—
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

5 Now God invites; how blest the day
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.



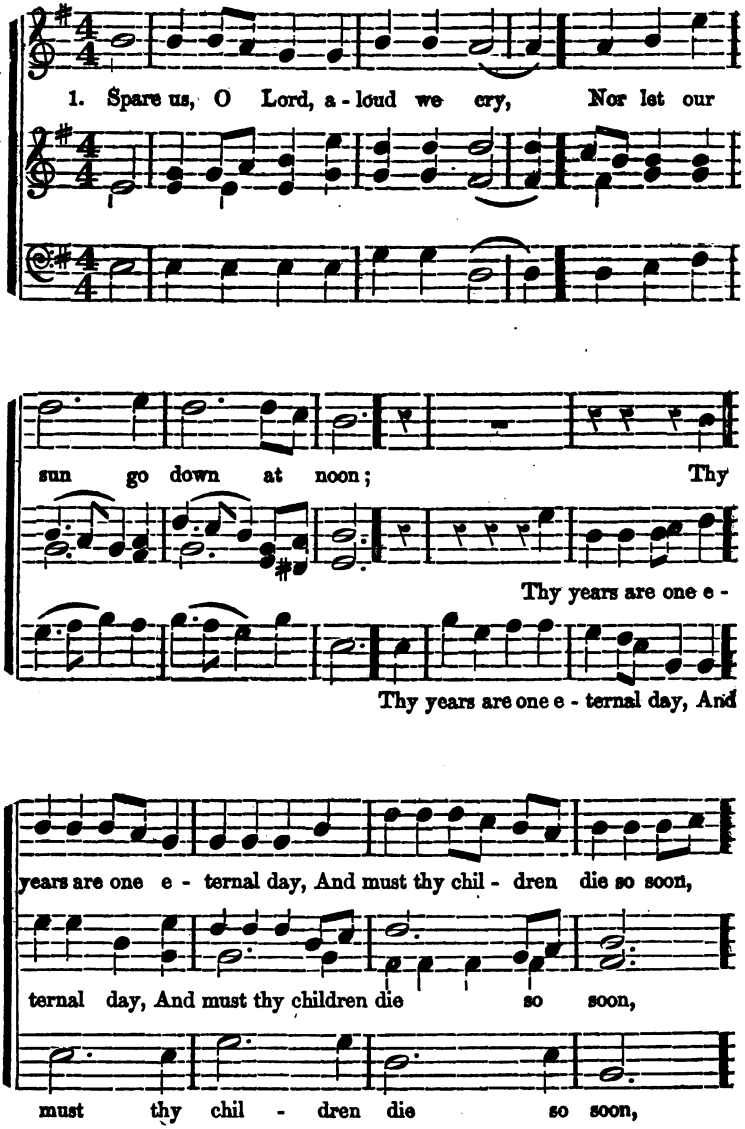
3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love,
Form'd for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that happy sphere.

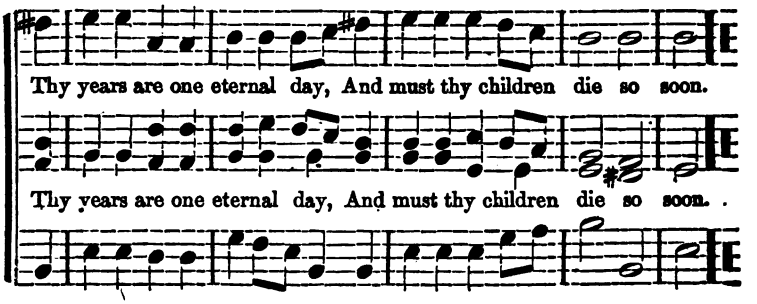
4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are pass'd away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.



3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.


1. Spare us, O Lord, a - loud we cry, Nor let our
sun go down at noon; Thy
Thy years are one e -
Thy years are one e - ternal day, And
years are one e - ternal day, And must thy chil - dren die so soon,
ternal day, And must thy children die so soon,
must thy chil - dren die so soon,



2 I tremble, lest the wrath divine
Which bruises now my wretched soul,
Should bruise this wretched soul of mine,
Long as eternal ages roll.

3 I deprecate that death alone,
That endless banishment from thee;
O save, and give me to thy Son,
Who trembled, wept, and bled for me.

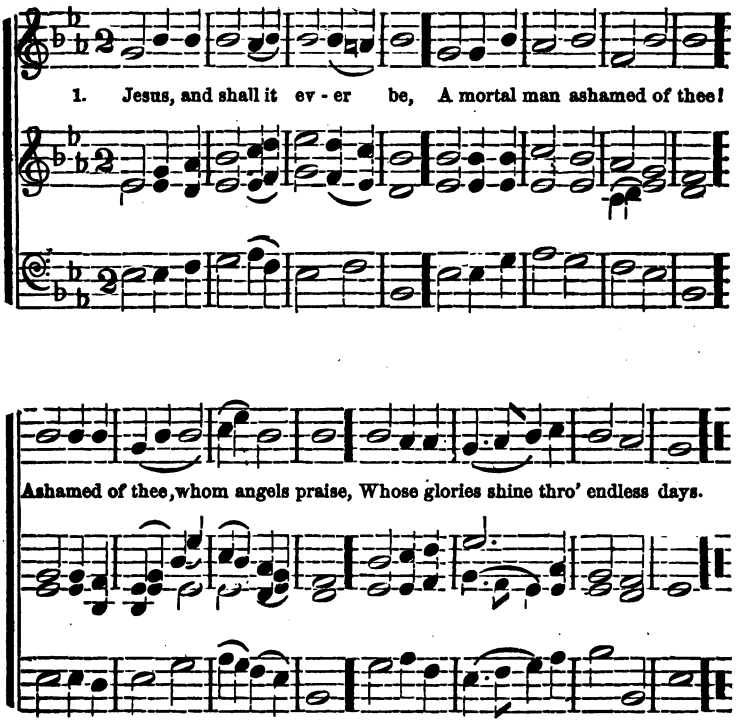
SECOND HYMN.

1 Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone,
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 O warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire:
Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Saviour, what delicious fare!
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

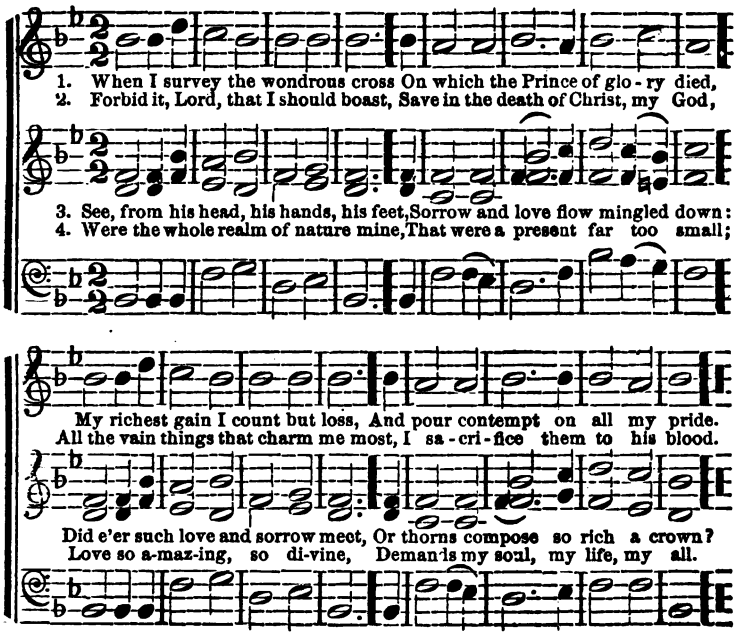
4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thy glorious name shall be adored,
3] And every tongue confess thee Lord.



2 Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend;
No!—when I blush, be this my shame,—
That I no more revere his Name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus!—yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;
And O, may this my glory be,—
That Christ is not ashamed of me.



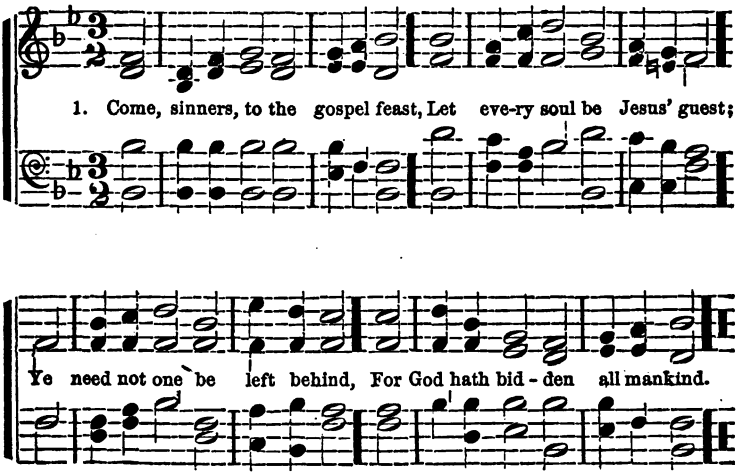
Only by Faith.

1 Lord, I despair myself to heal;
I see my sin, but cannot feel:
I cannot, till thy spirit blow,
And bid the obedient waters flow.

2 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give;
Thy gifts I only can receive;
Here, then, to thee I all resign;
To draw, redeem, and seal, — are thine.

3 With simple faith, on thee I call, —
My light, my life, my Lord, my all:
I wait the moving of the pool;
I wait the word that speaks me whole.

4 Speak, gracious Lord, — my sickness cure, —
Make my infected nature pure:
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
And pour thyself into my heart!



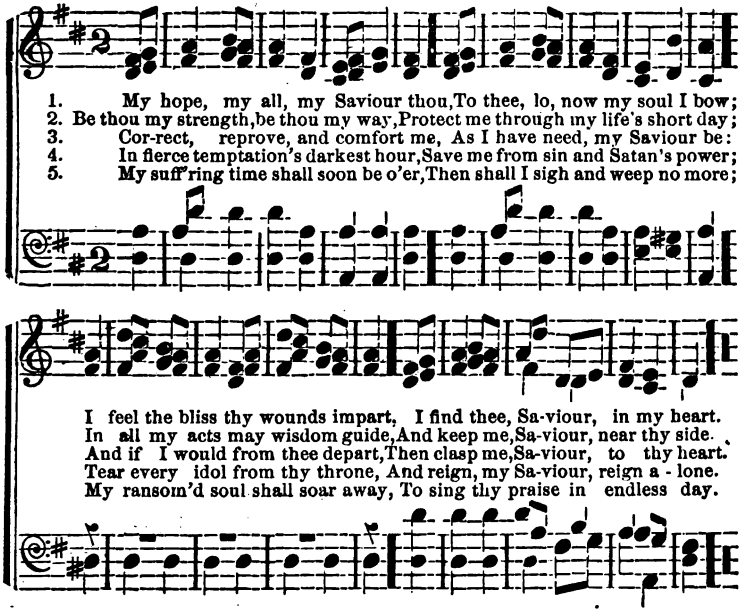
2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all;
Come all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come all ye souls by sin oppress'd,
Ye restless wand'rers after rest;
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 His love is mighty to compel;
His conqu'ring love consent to feel;
Yield to his love's resistless power,
And fight against your God no more.

5 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice!
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

6 This is the time, no more delay,
This is the acceptable day;
Come in this moment at his call,
And live for him who died for all.



The accepted time.

1 While life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

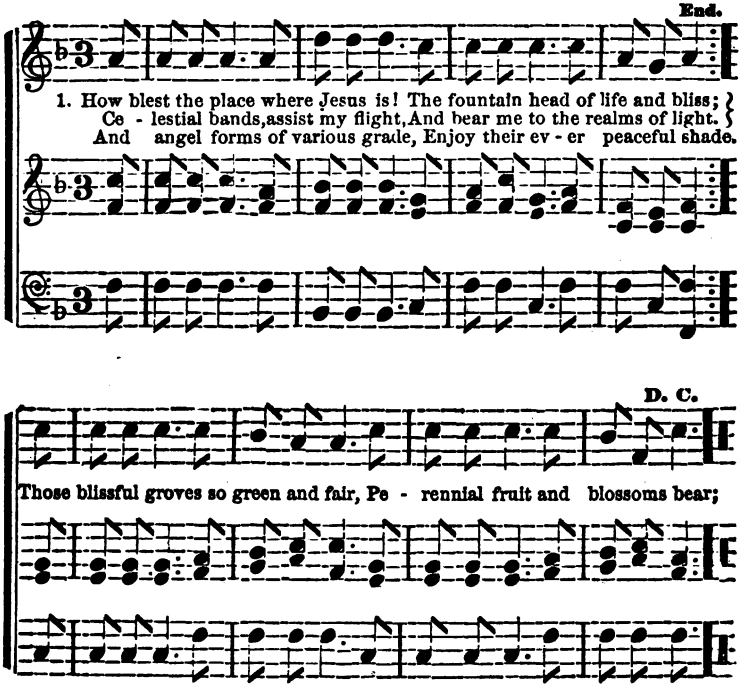
2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's joyful sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave, —
Before His bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise, —
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

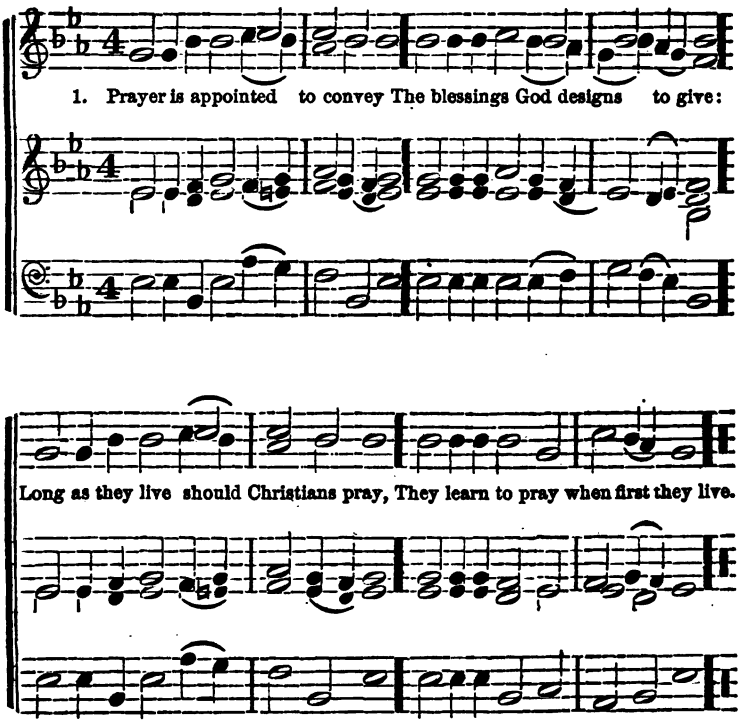
5 Now God invites; how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's joyful sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

30 HOW BLEST THE PLACE. L. M. Double.



2 The seraph tall, with ardor bright
Beloved among the sons of light;
And cherub grave, of thoughtful mien
Stray o'er those hills of evergreen.
But, oh! to my fond heart more dear,
Those whom I loved and cherished here,
In white and spotless robes, I see,
From pain and death forever free.

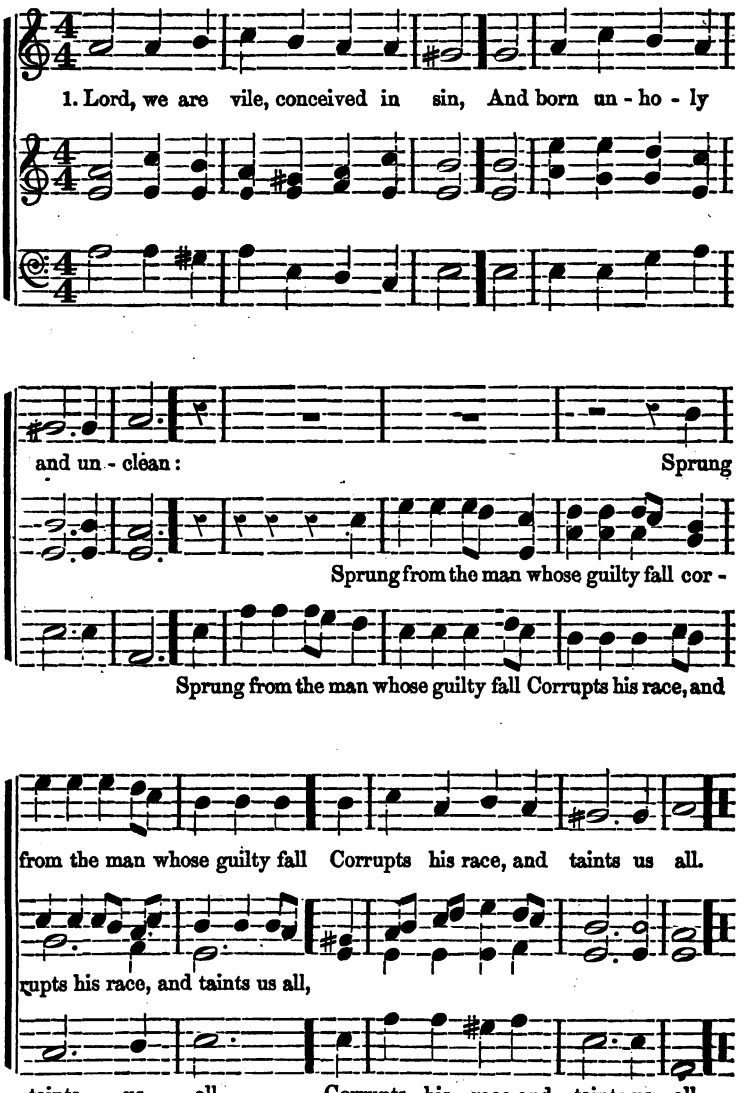
3 Their harps of gold are tuned to sing
The triumphs of their Saviour King;
And heavenly hill, and grove, and stream,
Are vocal with the joyful theme.
When through the strength of saving grace
I finish my appointed race,
On that immortal, brighter plain,
I'll meet those kindred souls again.



2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,
  If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject; if sin distress;
  In every case, still watch and pray.

3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak:
  Though thought be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou canst, or canst not speak:
  But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

4 Depend on Him; thou canst not fail;
  Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not; his merits must prevail:
  Ask but in faith, it shall be done.


1. Lord, we are vile, conceived in sin, And born un - ho - ly
and un - clean: Sprung
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall cor -
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall Corrupts his race, and
from the man whose guilty fall Corrupts his race, and taints us all.
rupts his race, and taints us all,
taints us all, Corrupts his race and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defiled in every part.

3 Behold, we fall before thy face;
Our only refuge is thy grace;
No outward forms can make us clean,
The leprosy lies deep within.

4 Nor bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

5 Jesus, thy blood, thy blood alone,
Hath power sufficient to atone,
Thy blood can make us white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse us so:

SECOND HYMN.

1 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,
O all-atoning Lamb of God,
I wait to see thy lovely face,
I seek redemption in thy blood!

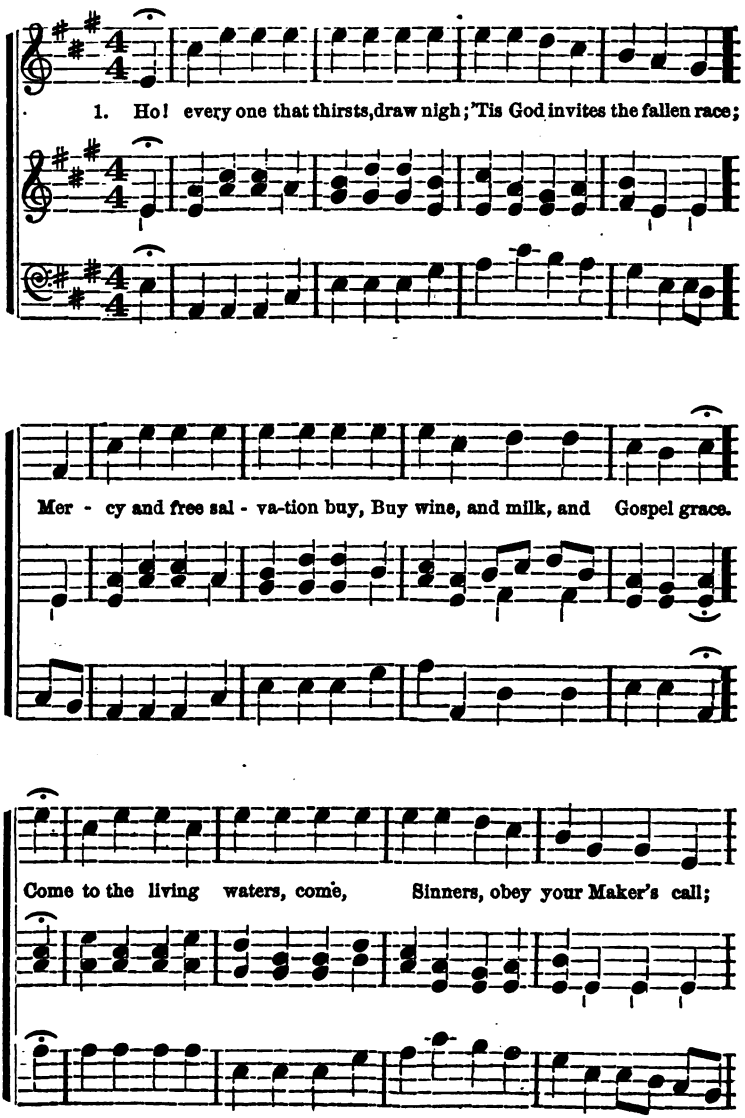
2 Thou art the anchor of my hope,
The faithful promise I receive;
Surely thy death shall raise me up,
For thou hast died that I might live.

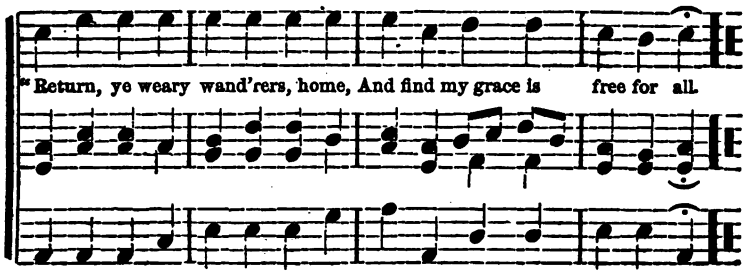
3 Satan with all his arts, no more
Me from the Gospel hope can move;
I shall receive the gracious power,
And find the pearl of perfect love.

4 My flesh, which cries, "it cannot be,"
Shall silence keep before the Lord;
And earth, and hell, and sin shall flee
At Jesus' everlasting word.

DUANE STREET. L. M. D.

REV. G. CLOS.





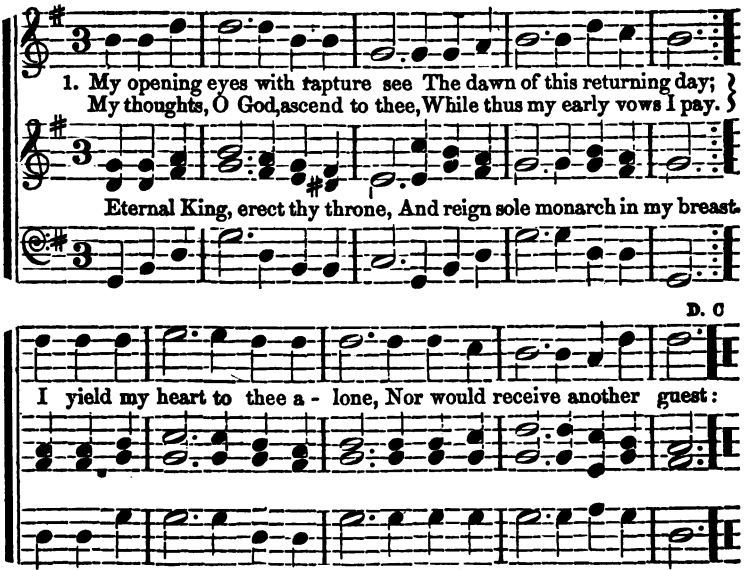
2 See from the Rock a fountain rise;
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burden'd, sin-sick souls.
Nothing ye in exchange shall give,
Leave all you have, and are, behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

SECOND HYMN.

1 Comfort, ye ministers of grace,
Comfort the people of your Lord:
O lift ye up the fallen race,
And cheer them by the Gospel word.
Go into every nation, go;
Speak to their trembling hearts, and cry,—
Glad tidings unto all we show:
Jerusalem, thy God is nigh.

2 Hark! in the wilderness a cry,
A voice that loudly calls,—Prepare;
Prepare your hearts, for God is nigh,
And waits to make his entrance there.
The Lord your God shall quickly come;
Sinners, repent, the call obey.
Open your hearts to make him room;
Ye desert souls, prepare the way.

3 The Lord shall clear his way through all;
Whate'er obstructs, obstructs in vain;
The vale shall rise, the mountain fall,
Crooked be straight, and rugged plain.
The glory of the Lord display'd,
Shall all mankind together view;
And what his mouth in truth hath said,
His own almighty hand shall do.

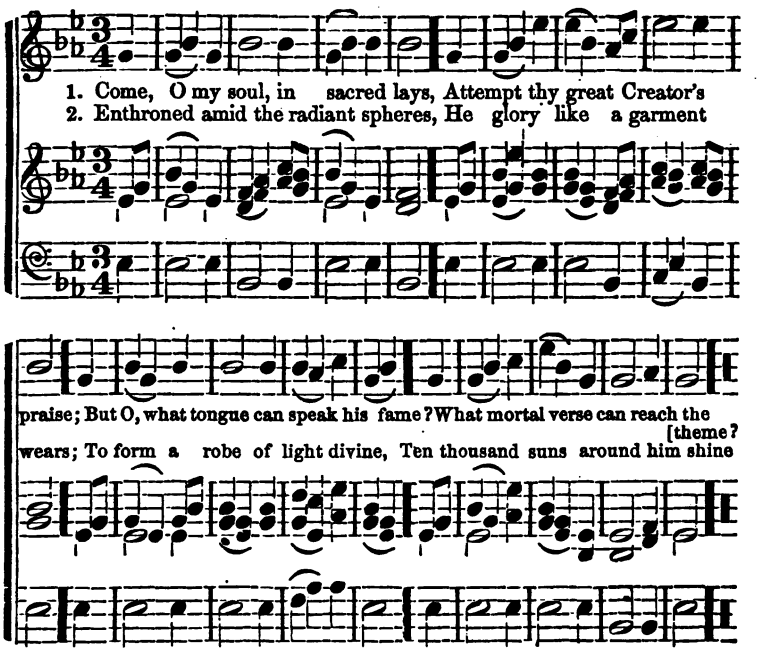


2 O bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire,
One sinful thought, through all the day.
Then, to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,—
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

SECOND HYMN.

1 Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest;
Improve the day thy God hath blest:
Another six days' work is done;
Another Sabbath is begun.
O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from Christ that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.

2 This heavenly calm within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the Church of God remains
The end of cares, the end of pains.
In holy duties, let the day,
In holy comforts, pass away;
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.



3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence, with wisdom, shines;
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his Name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till list'ning worlds shall join the song.

SECOND HYMN.

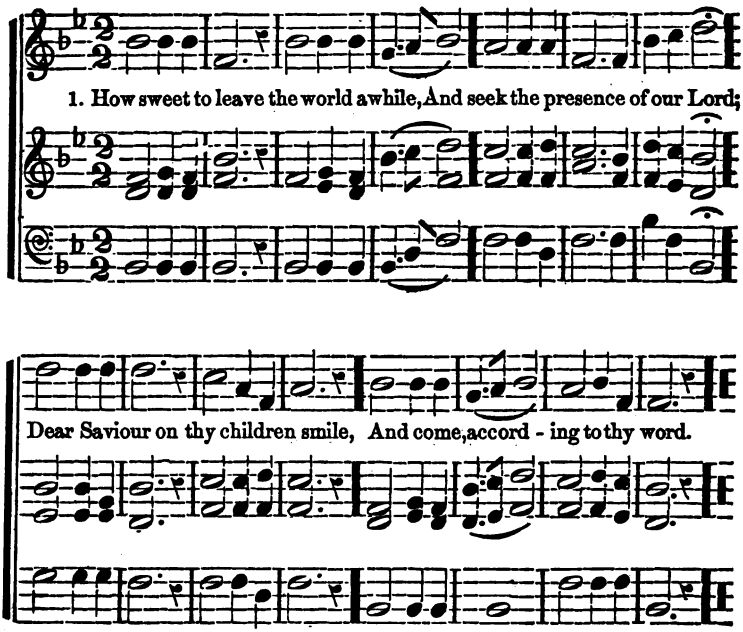
1 Jesus, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold the mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallow'd ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Dost dwell with those of humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And, going, take thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

COMMUNION. L. M.

Arranged for this work, from the "Timbrel."



2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may now converse with thee;
O Lord, behold us at thy feet,
Let this the gate of heaven be.

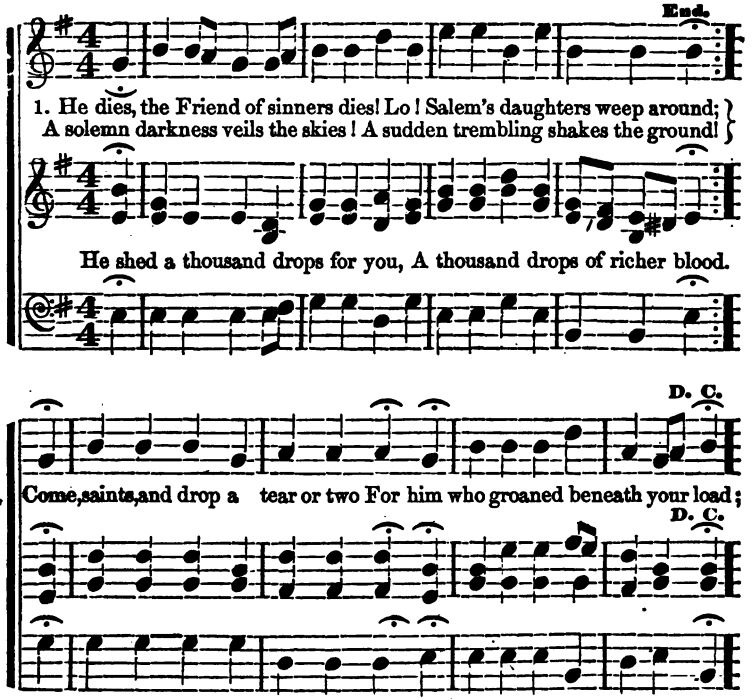
3 O, let thy glory now appear,
That we by faith may see thy face;
And speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill this place.

SECOND HYMN.

1 Sinners, O, why so thoughtless grown?
Why in such dreadful haste to die?
Daring to leap to worlds unknown!
Heedless against thy God to fly!

2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urged on by sin's delusive dreams?
Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?

3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains;
And hear the Lord of life unfold
The glories of his dying pains!
Forever telling, yet untold!

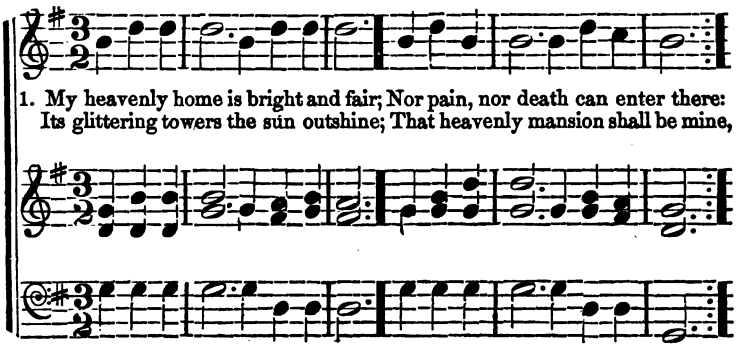


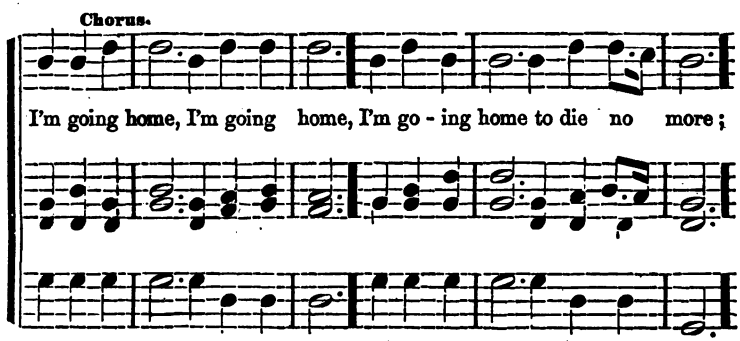
2 Here's love and grief beyond degree:
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see:
Jesus, the dead, revives again!
The rising God forsakes the tomb,
(In vain the tomb forbids his rise;)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

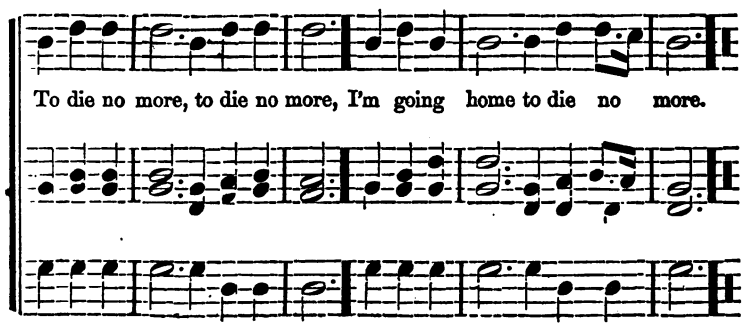
3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell,
How high your great Diliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains!
Say, "Live forever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster —"Where's thy sting?
And where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

I'M GOING HOME. L. M.

Arranged for this work.







2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky:
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be,
I'm going home, &c.

3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
And, though like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.
I'm going home, &c.

4 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine the happier lot to own,
A heavenly mansion near the throne.
I'm going home, &c.

5 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.
I'm going home, &c.

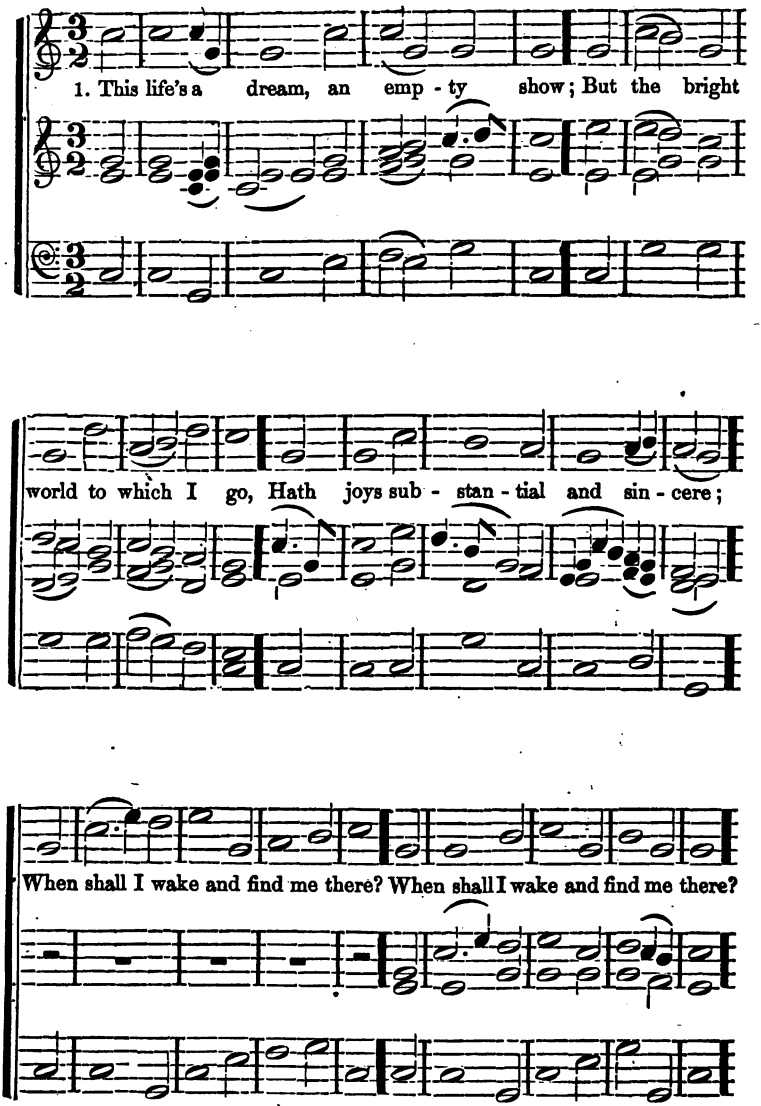
SECOND HYMN.

1 I travel through a world of foes,
Through conflicts sore my spirit goes;
The tempter cries I ne'er shall stand,
Nor reach fair Canaan's happy land. I'm going,

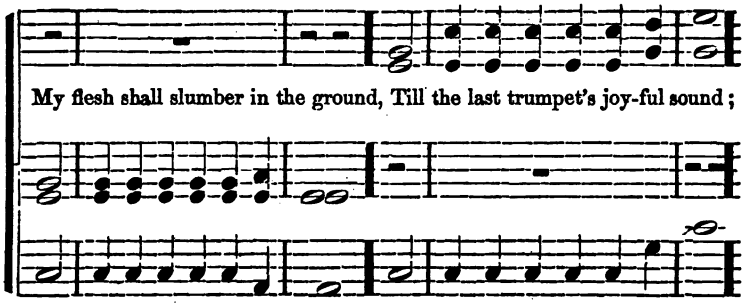
2 Come life, come death, come then what will,
His footsteps I will follow still,
Through dangers thick and hell's alarms,
I shall be safe in his dear arms. I'm going, &c.

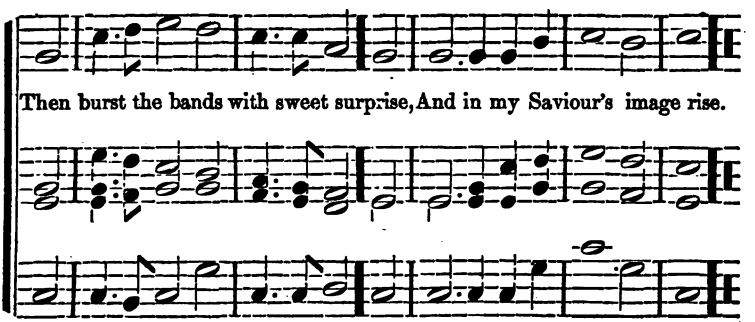
3 Then, O my soul, arise and sing,
Yonder's my Saviour, Friend and King;
With pleasing smiles he now looks down,
And cries, "Press on, and here's the crown.
I'm going home, &c.

4 "Prove faithful, then, a few more days,
Fight the good fight, and win the race,
And then thy soul with me shall reign,
Thy head a crown of glory gain." I'm going, &c.



* See next page for the whole Hymn in its proper form.



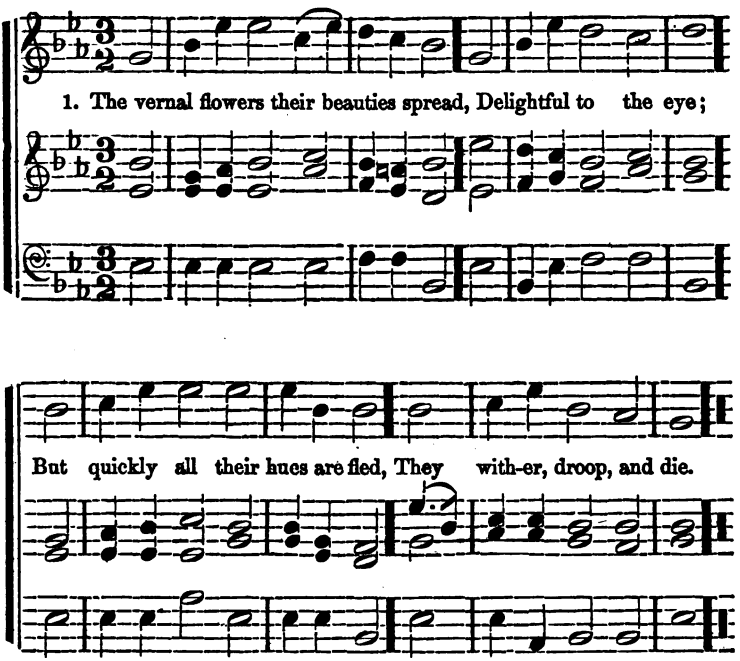


1 What sinners value I resign;
Lord 'tis enough that thou art mine:
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere
When shall I wake and find me there?

3 O glorious hour, O blest abode;
I shall be near, and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the bands with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

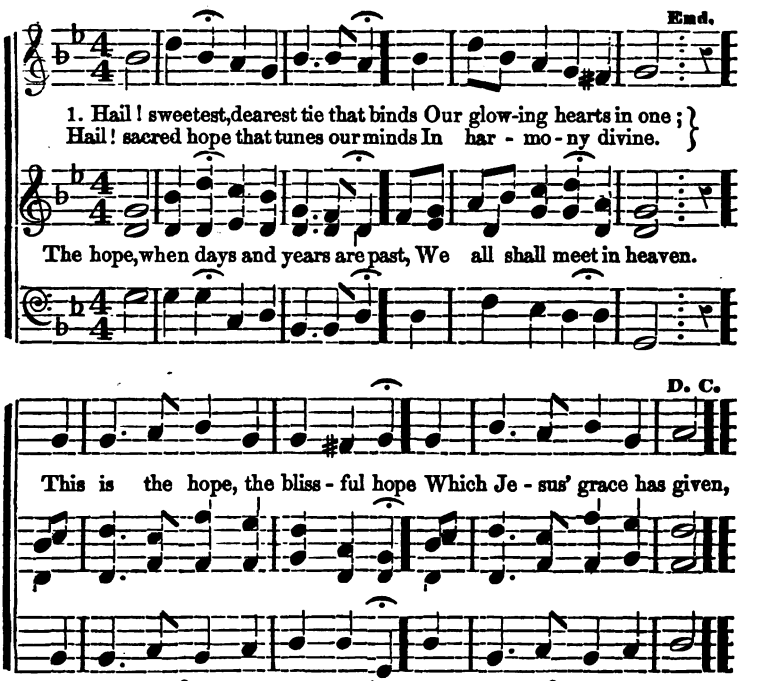


2 Emblem of beauteous childhood's bloom,
Emblem of its decay;
Swiftly they leave us for the tomb;
Wither, and pass away.

3 Why should we mourn these fading flowers,
From this low vale removed,
To bloom afresh in angel's bowers,
By them and Christ beloved?

4 Thus severed from their parent stem,
Our babes go on before;
That our fond hopes may follow them,
To that immortal shore.

5 There they and we, (when Christ appears,)
All washed from sin's foul stain,
Shall flourish through eternal years,
Nor die, nor weep again.



2

What though the northern wintry blast
Shall howl around our cot:
What though beneath an eastern sun
Be cast our earthly lot:
Yet still we share the blissful hope, &c.

3

No lingering look, no parting sigh,
Our future meetings know:
There friendship beams from every eye,
And hope immortal grow.
This is the hope, the blissful hope, &c.

SECOND HYMN.

1

O, what has Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravished eyes,
Rivers of life divine, I see,
And trees of paradise.
This is the hope, the blissful hope, &c.

2

I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the glories there;
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.
This is the hope, the blissful hope, &c.

3

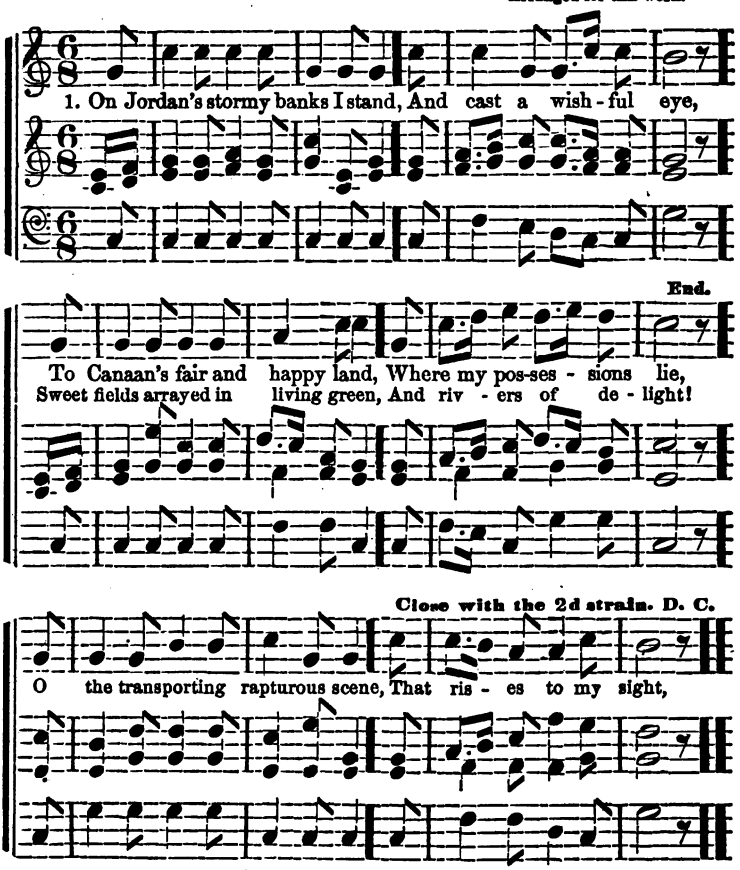
O, what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet!
This is the hope, the blissful hope, &c.

4

Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away:
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.
This is the hope, the blissful hope, &c.

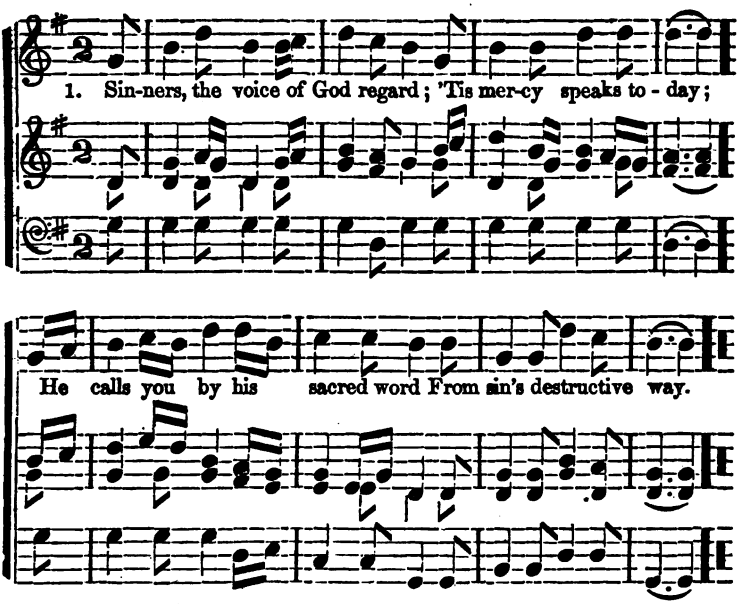
TILTON. C. M. Double.

Arranged for this work.



2 All o'er those wide-extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.
No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

3 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?
Filled with delight, my raptured soul,
Would here no longer stay!
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I 'd launch away



2

Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live, devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.

3

Your way is dark, and leads to death:
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments breathe,
Shut up in black despair?

4

Why will you in the naked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap eternal wo.

5

But he that turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace:
His mercy will the guilt forgive,
Of those that seek his face.

6

Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin,
Submit to him your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

SECOND HYMN.

1

Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,—
For me the Saviour died.

2

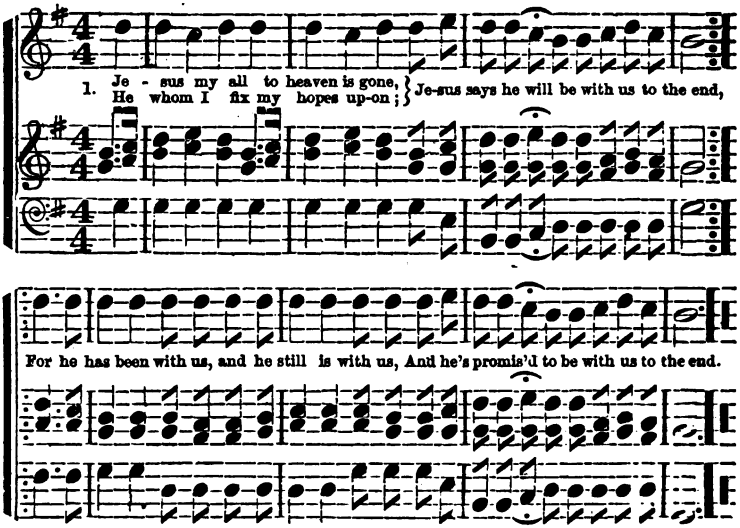
My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3

Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,—
My hands, my head, my heart.

4

The' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.



2 His track I see, and I'll pursue, Jesus says, &c.
The narrow way, till him I view, Jesus says, &c.
For he has been with us, &c.

3 The way the holy prophets went, Jesus says, &c.
The road that leads from banishment, Jesus says, &c.
For he has been with us, &c.

4 The King's highway of holiness, Jesus says, &c.
I'll go, for all his paths are peace, Jesus says, &c.
For he has been with us, &c.

5 This is the way I long have sought, Jesus says, &c.
And mourned because I found it not, Jesus says, &c.
For he has been with us, &c.

6 My grief a burden long has been, Jesus says, &c.
Because I was not saved from sin, Jesus says, &c.
For he has been with us, &c.

7 The more I strove against its power, Jesus says, &c.
I felt its weight and guilt the more, Jesus says, &c.
For he has been with us, &c.

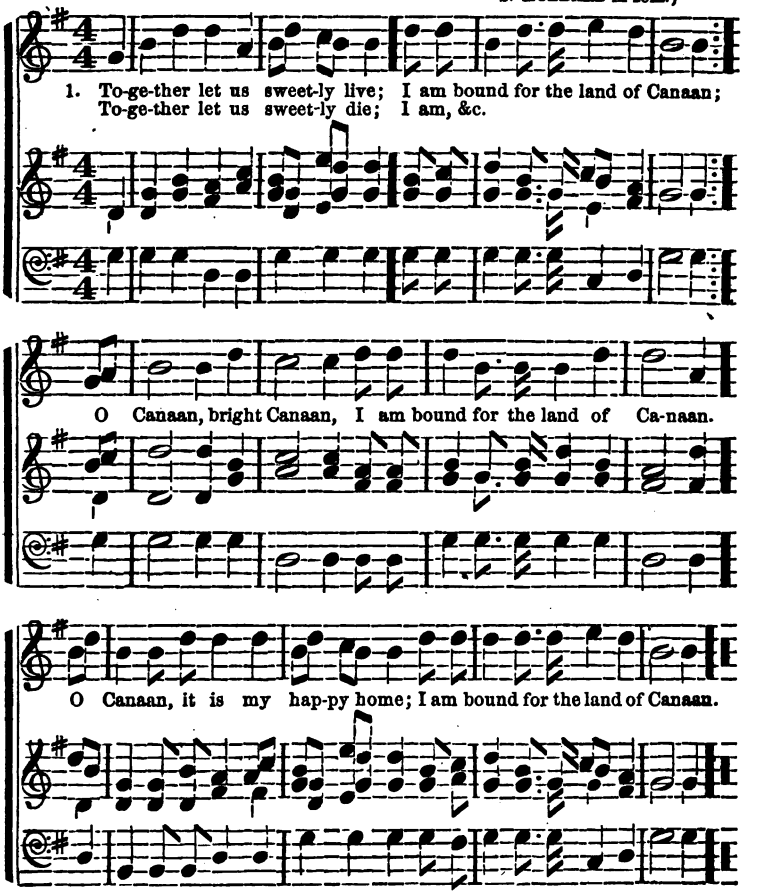
8 Till late I heard my Saviour say, Jesus says, &c.
"Come hither, soul, I AM THE WAY;" Jesus says, &c.
For he has been with us, &c.

9 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb, Jesus says, &c.
Shall take me to thee as I am; Jesus says, &c.
For he has been with us, &c.

10 Nothing but sin have I to give, Jesus says, &c.
Nothing but love shall I receive, Jesus says, &c.
For he has been with us, &c.

11 Then will I tell to sinners round, Jesus says, &c.
What a dear Saviour I have found, Jesus says, &c.
For he has been with us, &c.

12 I'll point to thy redeeming blood, Jesus says, &c.
And say, "Behold the way to God;" Jesus says, &c.
For he has been with us, &c.

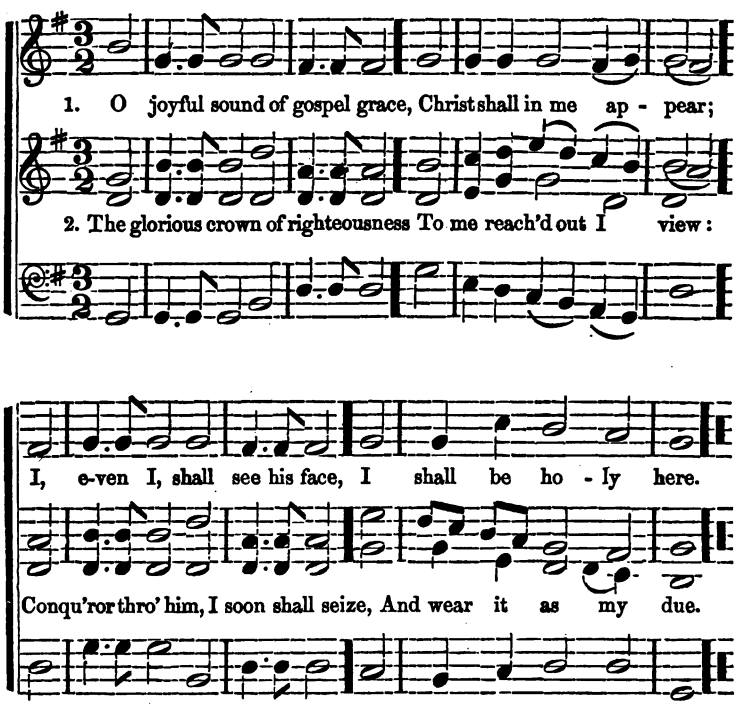


2 If you get there before I do; I am bound, &c.
Look out for me, I'm coming too; I am bound, &c.
O Canaan, bright Canaan, &c.

3 I have some friends before me gone; I am bound, &c.
And I'm resolved to travel on; I am bound, &c.
O Canaan, bright Canaan, &c.

4 Our songs of praise shall fill the skies; I am bound, &c.
While higher still our joys shall rise; I am bound, &c.
O Canaan, bright Canaan, &c.

5 Then come with me; beloved friend; I am bound, &c.
The joys of heaven shall never end; I am bound, &c.
O Canaan, bright Canaan, &c.



3

The promised land, from Pisgah's top,
I now exult to see:
My hope is full, (O glorious hope!)
Of immortality.

4

With me, I know, I feel, thou art;
But this cannot suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.

5

My earth thou wat'rest from on high,
But make it all a pool:
Spring up, O Well, I ever cry;
Spring up within my soul.

SECOND HYMN.

1

O Lord, another day has flown,
And we, a lowly band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy tost'ring hand.

2

Thy heavenly grace to each impart;
All evil far remove;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting love.

3

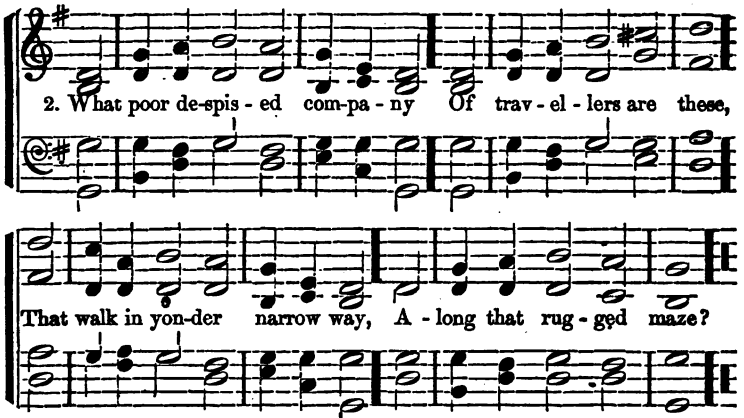
Our souls, obedient to thy sway,
In Christian bonds unite:
Let peace and love conclude the day,
And hail the morning light.

4

Thus chasten'd, cleansed, entirely thine,
A flock by Jesus led,—
The sun of holiness shall shine
In glory on our head.

5

And thou wilt turn our wand'ring feet,
And thou wilt bless our way,
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of endless day.



2 Ah, those are of a royal line,
All children of a King;
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And lo! for joy they sing.

3 Why do they then appear so mean,
And why so much despised?
Because of their rich robes unseen,
The world is not apprised.

4 But why keep they that narrow road,
That rugged thorny maze?
Why, that's the way their leader trod.—
They love to keep his ways.

5 What, is there then no other road
To Salem's happy ground?
Christ is the only way to God,
No other can be found.

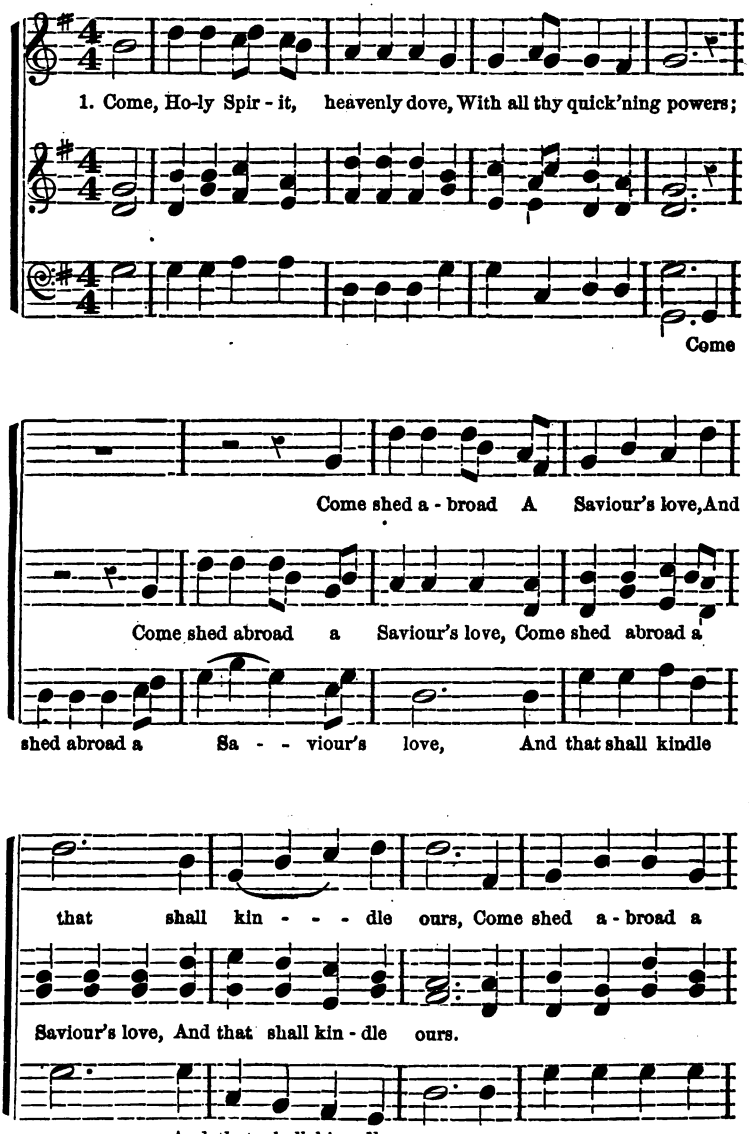
SECOND HYMN.

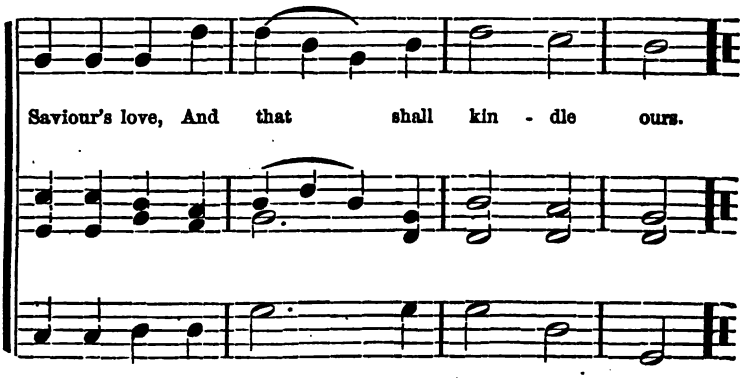
1 Jesus, the Life, the Truth, the Way;
In whom I now believe,
As taught by thee, in faith I pray,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thy will by me on earth be done,
As by the powers above,
Who always see thee on thy throne,
And glory in thy love.

3 I ask in confidence the grace,
That I may do thy will,
As angels, who behold thy face,
And all thy words fulfil.

4 Surely I shall, the sinner I,
Shall serve thee without fear,
If thou my nature sanctify
In answer to my prayer.


1. Come, Ho-ly Spir - it, heavenly dove, With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come
Come shed a - broad A Saviour's love, And
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love, Come shed abroad a
shed abroad a Sa - - viour's love, And that shall kindle
that shall kin - - - dle ours, Come shed a - broad a
Saviour's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.
ours, And that shall kin - dle ours.



2

Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3

In vain we tune our formal songs,—
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4

Father, and shall we ever live,
At this poor dying rate;
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

SECOND HYMN.

1

My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights:-

2

In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3

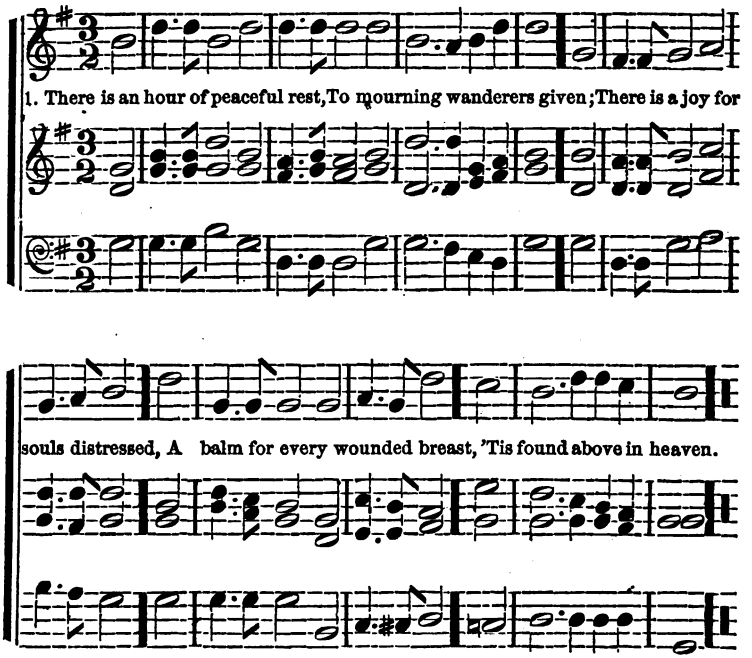
The opening heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

4

My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5

Fearless of hell and ghastly death
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith,
Would bear me conqu'ror through.



2 There is a soft, a downy bed,
As fair as breath of even;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose in heaven.

3 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

4 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given;
It views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

5 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb,
Appears the dawn of heaven.

SECOND HYMN.

1 Let every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all,
Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,
When virtue lies distressed;
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.

3 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,
Thou hear'st thy children's cry;
And their best wishes to fulfil,
Thy grace is ever nigh.

4 Thy mercy never shall remove,
From men of heart sincere:
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love,
Is join'd with holy fear.

5 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad;
Let all the sons of Adam raise,
The honours of their God.

---

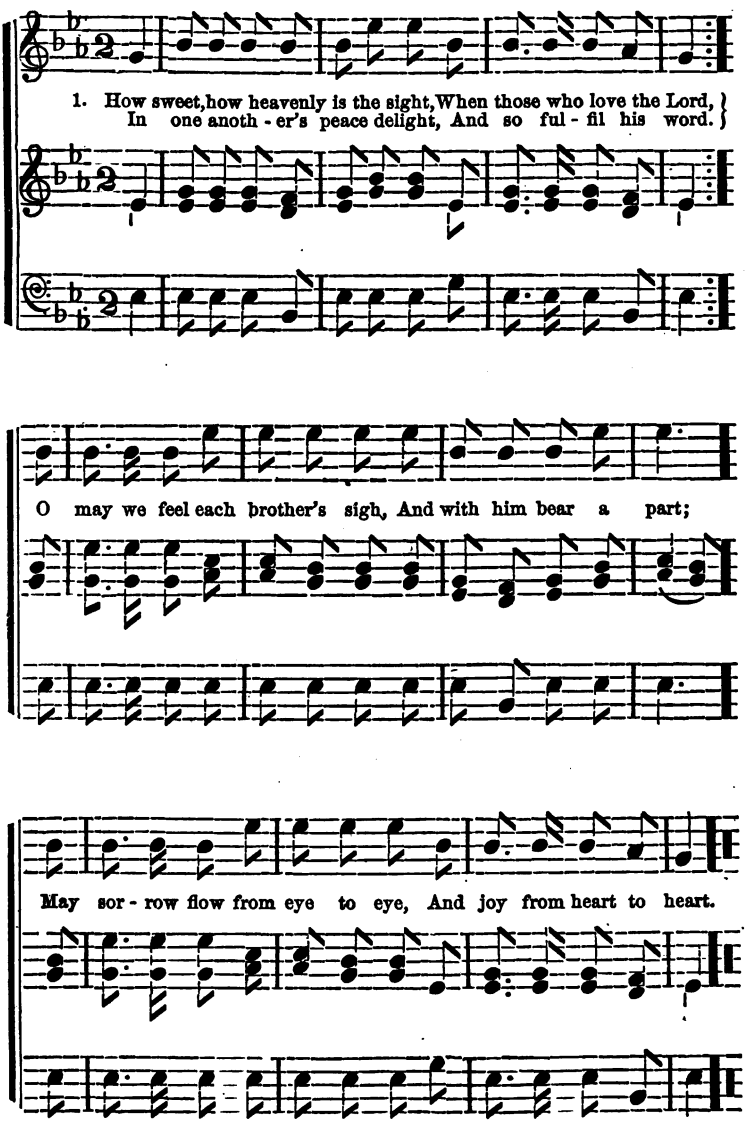
1 The gospel! O, what endless charms,
Dwell in that blissful sound;
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads delight around.

2 Here pardon, life, and joy divine
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doom'd to endless wo.

3 Th' almighty Former of the skies
Stoops to our vile abode;
While angels view with wond'ring eyes,
And hail th' incarnate God.

4 How rich the depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Redeemer, let me call thee mine,—
Thy fulness I implore.

5 On thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all.


1. How sweet, how heavenly is the sight, When those who love the Lord,
In one anoth - er's peace delight, And so ful - fil his word.
O may we feel each brother's sigh, And with him bear a part;
May sor - row flow from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.

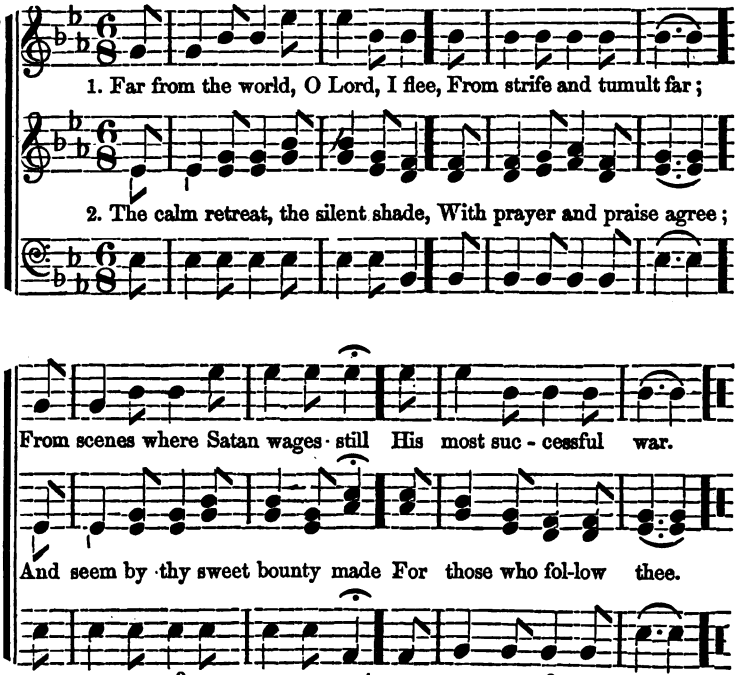
2 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glow.
Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir to heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

SECOND HYMN.

1 How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth he cries is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven:
A country far from mortal sight,
Yet O! by faith I see;
The Land of rest, the saint's delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

2 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more then taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day:
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

3 O would he more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessels break;
And let our ransomed spirits go,
To grasp the God we seek;
In rapt'rous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me,
And shout and wonder at his grace
To all eternity.



3

There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O with what peace, and joy, and love,
Does she commune with God!

4

Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of light divine,
And all harmonious names in one,
My Saviour,—thou art mine!

5

The thanks I owe thee, and the love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

SECOND HYMN.

I love to steal awhile away
From every cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2

I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

3

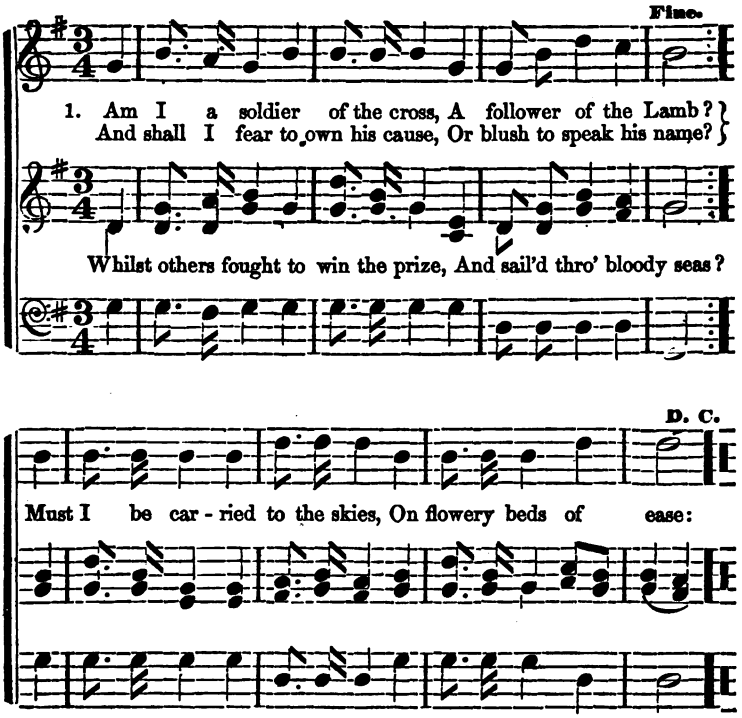
I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,—
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

4

I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5

Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.



2 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God.
Sure, I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

3 Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.
When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory thro' the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

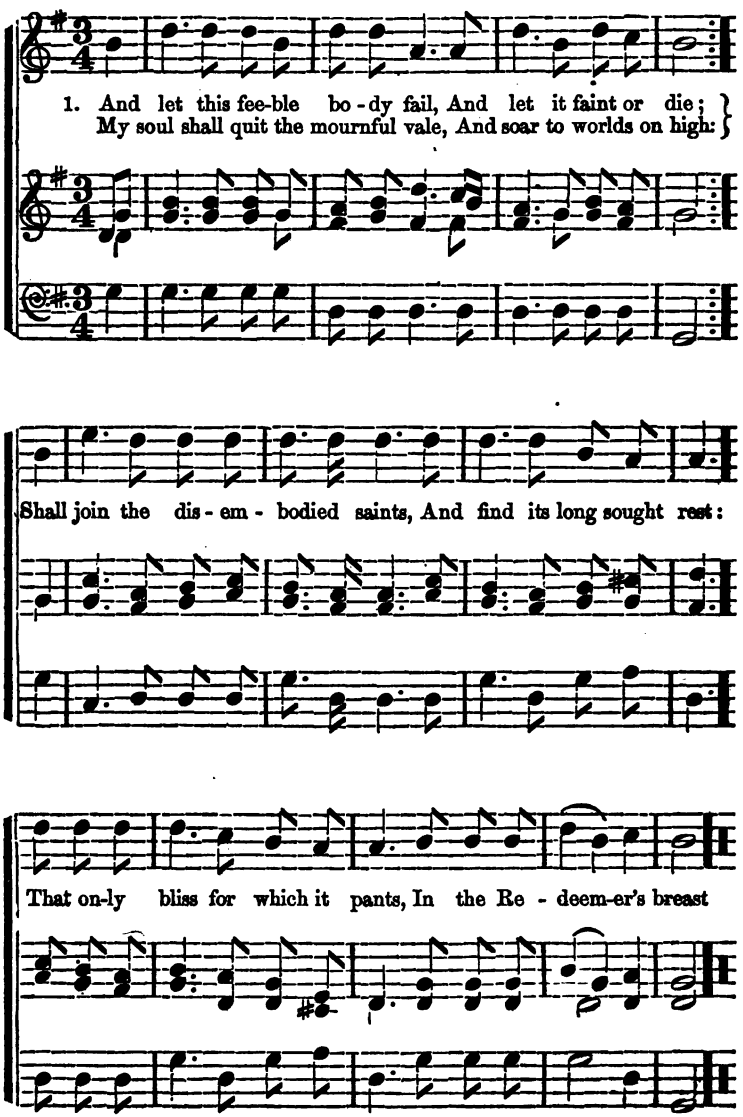
SECOND HYMM.

1 Thou art the Way: to thee alone,
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.
Thou art the Truth: thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

2 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conqu'ring arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life
Grant us that way to know—
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

PARADISE. C. M.

S. H.
Newly arranged for this work.



2 In hope of that immortal crown
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:
I suffer on my threescore years,
Till my Deliverer come;
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

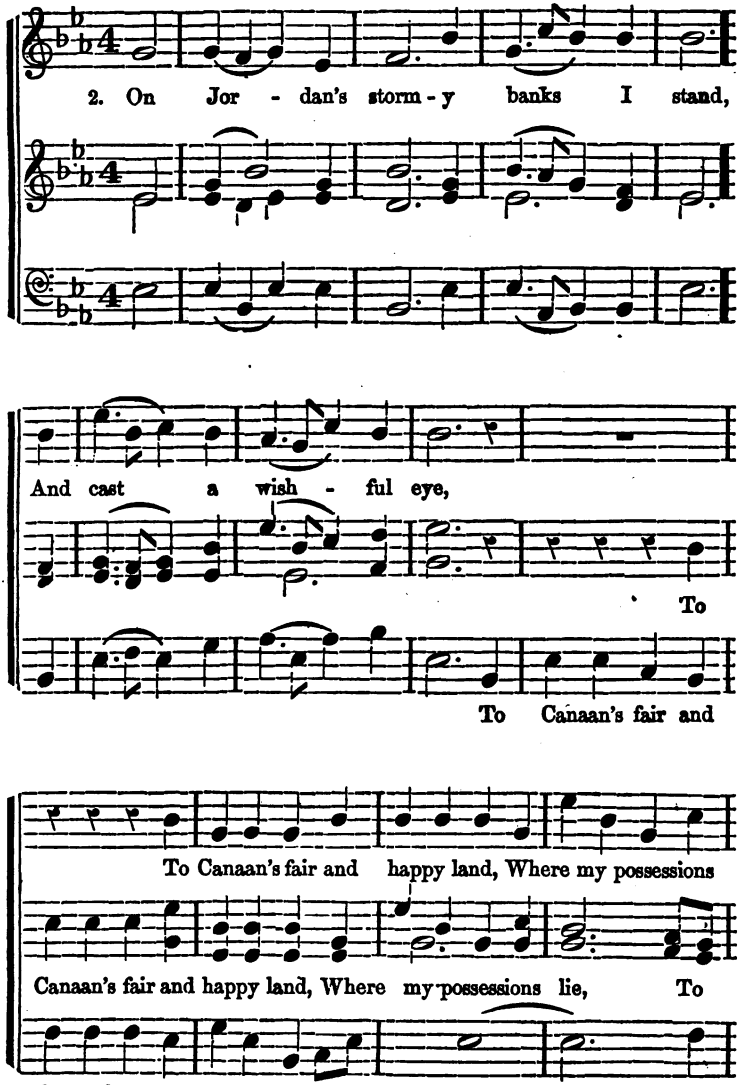
3 O what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravish'd eyes,
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise!
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there!
They all are rob'd in spotless white,
And conqu'ring palms they bear.

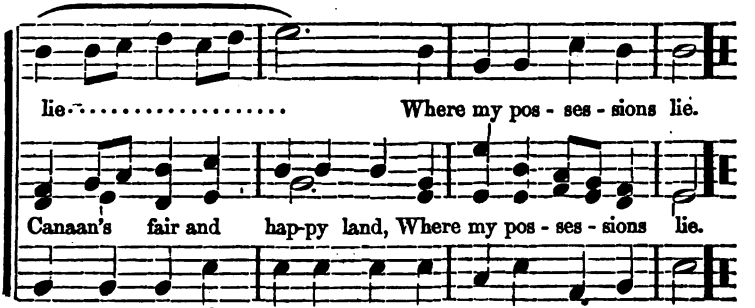
4 O what are all my suff'rings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet,
With that enraptur'd host to' appear,
And worship at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away:
But let me find them all again,
In that eternal day.

SECOND HYMN.

1 Lord I believe a rest remains,
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone:
A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fix'd on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

2 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in:
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.
Remove this hardness from my heart;
This unbelief remove:
To me the rest of faith impart,—
The Sabbath of thy love


2. On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand,
And cast a wish - ful eye,
To
To Canaan's fair and
To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions
Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie, To
happy land, where my possessions lie,



2 O the transporting rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight,
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 There generous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vale,
With milk and honey flow.

4 All o'er those wide-extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

7 Filled with delight, my raptured soul,
Would here no longer stay!
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I 'd launch away.

8 There on those high and flowery plains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire;
But in perpetual, joyful strains,
Redeeming love admire.

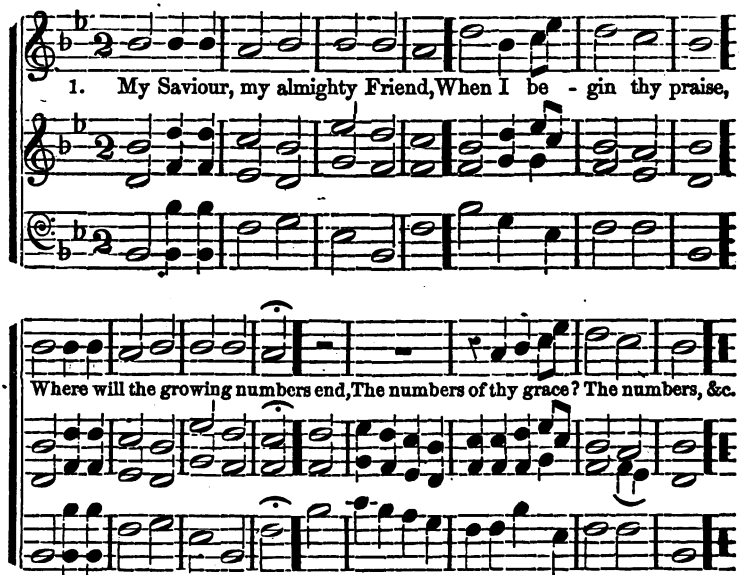
SECOND HYMN.

1 Come, O thou all victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known;
Strike with the hammer of thy Word,
And break these hearts of stone.

2 O that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn;
And turn at once from every sin,
And to the Saviour turn.

3 Give us ourselves and thee to know,
In this our gracious day;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.

4 Convince us first of unbelief,
And freely then release;
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.



2 I trust in thy eternal word;
Thy goodness I adore:
Send down thy grace, o blessed Lord,
That I may love thee more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And march, with courage in thy strength,
To see the Lord my God.

4 Awake! awake! my tuneful powers,
With this delightful song;
And entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

SECOND HYMN.

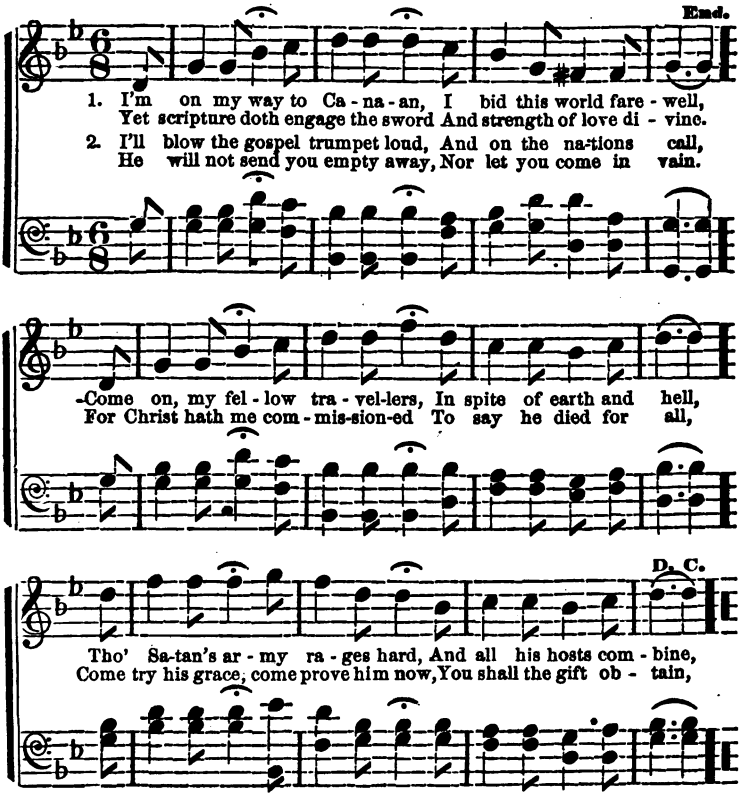
1 Salvation! O, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears:
A sovereign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buri'd in sorrow, and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound,

4 Salvation! O, thou bleeding Lamb,
To thee the praise belongs!
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

ON THE WAY TO CANAAN. C. M.

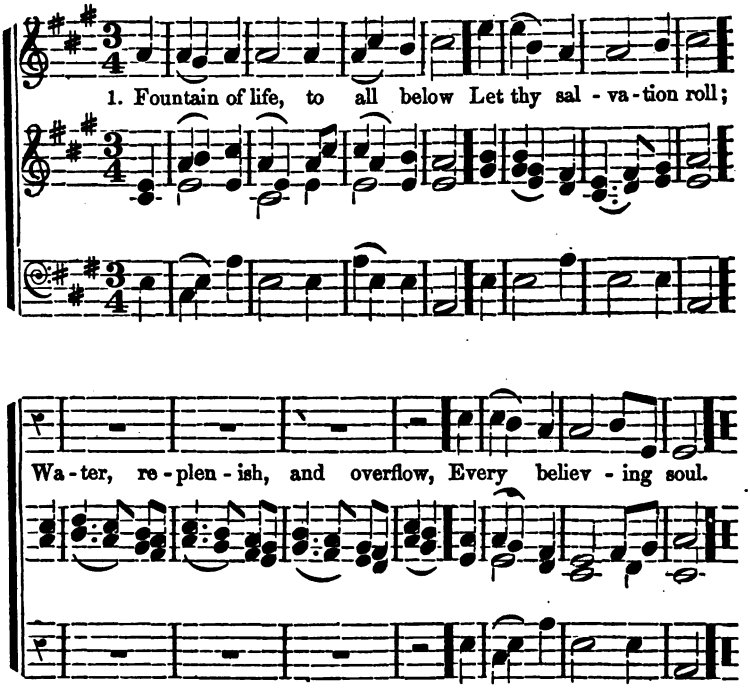


3 And if you want more witnesses,
We have some just at hand,
Who lately have experienced
The glory of that land.
It comes in copious showers down —
Our souls can scarce contain,
It fills our ransomed powers now,
And yet we drink again.

4 The glories of that heavenly land
I've ofttimes felt before,
And what I feel is but a taste
Which makes me long for more.
Had I the pinions of a dove
I'd fly and be at rest,
Then would I soar to worlds above,
And dwell among the blest.

5 O could I reach that heavenly throng
I'd ne'er return again,
Nor would I think the season long
That I had suffered pain.
The sons of Zion marching home
Along the heavenly street,
There would I hail them as they come,
And fall at Jesus' feet.

6 My soul looks up and sees him smile
While he the blessing sends,
And I am thinking all the while —
"When will this journey end?"
I contemplate it can't be long
Till he will come again,
Then I shall join that heavenly throng,
And in his kingdom reign.



2 Into that happy number, Lord,
Us weary sinners take;
Jesus, fulfil thy gracious word,
For thine own mercy's sake.

3 Turn back our nature's rapid tide,
And we shall flow to thee,
While down the stream of time we glide
To our eternity.

4 The well of life to us thou art,
Of joy the swelling flood;
Wafted by thee, with willing heart,
We swift return to God.

5 We soon shall reach the boundless sea,
Into thy fulness fall:
Be lost and swallow'd up in thee,
Our God, our All in All.

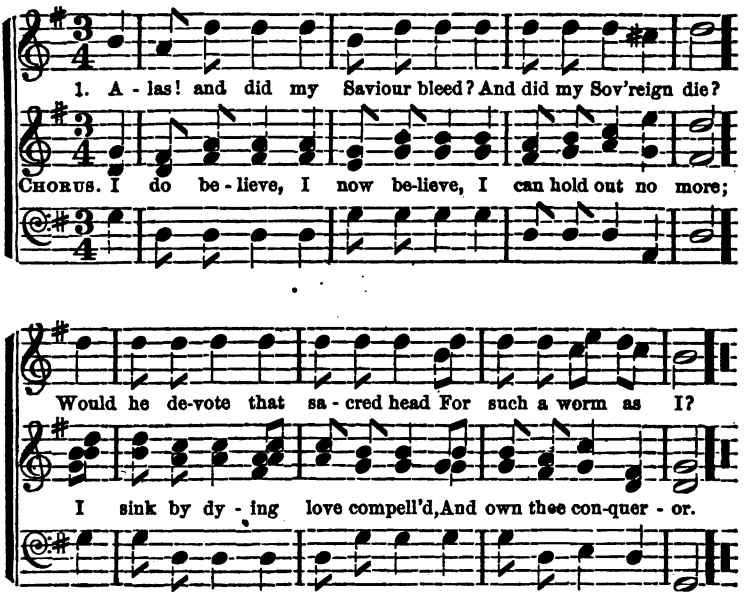
SECOND HYMN.

1 O who, in such a world as this,
Could bear his lot of pain,
Did not one radiant hope of bliss
Unclouded yet remain?

2 That hope the sov'reign Lord has given,
Who reigns above the skies;
Hope that unites the soul to heaven
By faith's endearing ties.

3 Each care, each ill of mortal birth,
Is sent in pitying love,
To lift the ling'ring heart from earth,
And speed its flight above.

4 And every pang that wrings the breast,
And every joy that dies,
Tell us to seek a purer rest,
And trust to holier ties.



Peace in believing.

2

Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3

Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

4

Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away, —
'Tis all that I can do.

1

Jesus, to thee I now can fly,
On whom my help is laid:
Oppress'd by sins, I lift mine eye,
And see the shadows fade.

2

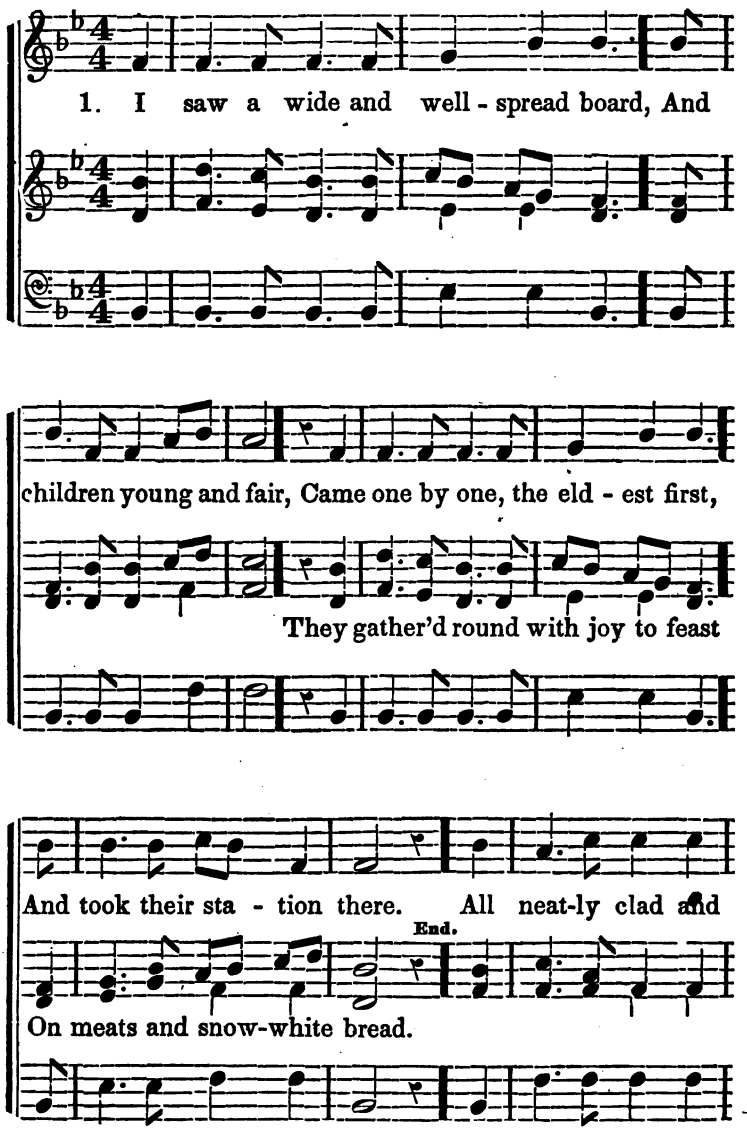
Believing on my Lord, I find
A sure and present aid:
On thee alone my constant mind
Be every moment stay'd.

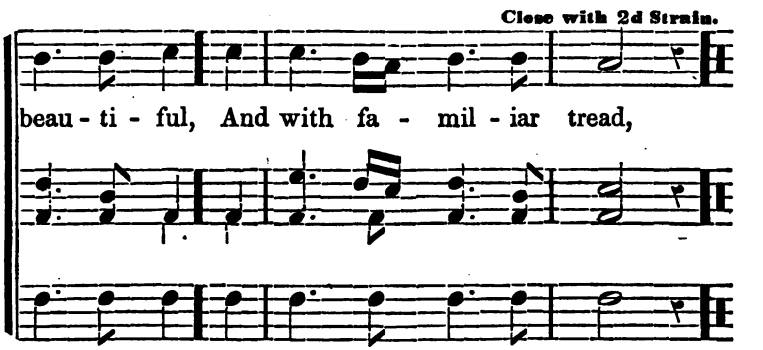
3

Whate'er in me seems wise, or good,
Or strong, I here disclaim:
I wash my garments in the blood
Of the atoning Lamb.

4

Jesus, my strength, my life, my rest,—
On thee will I depend,
Till summon'd to the marriage-feast,
When sight in faith shall end.

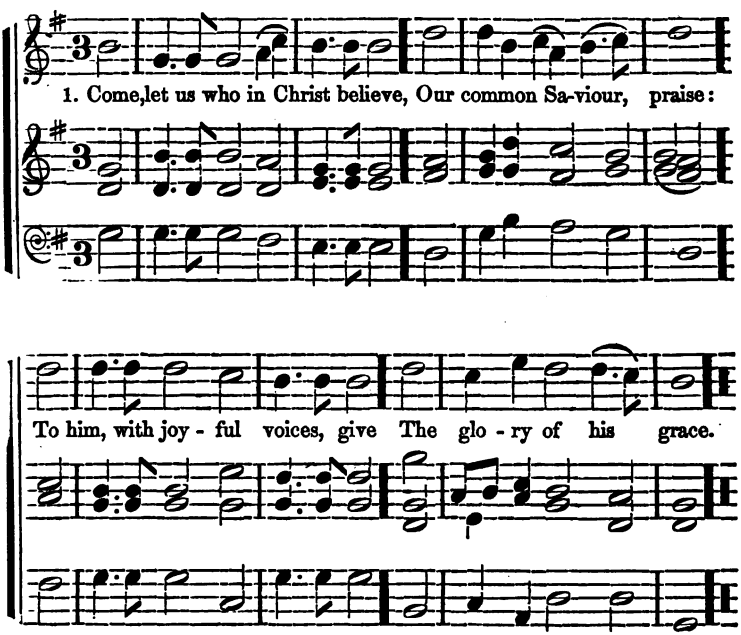

1. I saw a wide and well - spread board, And
children young and fair, Came one by one, the eld - est first,
They gather'd round with joy to feast
And took their sta - tion there. All neat-ly clad and
End.
On meats and snow-white bread.



2 Beside the board the father sat,
A smile his features wore
As on the little group he gazed,
And told their portions o'er.
A meagre form, arrayed in rags,
Anear the threshold stood,
A half starved child had wandered there,
To beg a little food.

3 Said one:—"why standest here, my dear?
See there's a vacant seat
Amid the children—and enough
For them and thee to eat."
"Alas, for me!" the child replied,
In tones of deep despair:
"No right have I amid your group,
I have no father there."

4 Oh hour of fate! when from the skies
With notes of deepest dread,
The far resounding trump of God
Shall summon forth the dead.
What countless hosts shall stand without
The heavenly threshold fair,
And gazing on the blest exclaim
"I have no father there."



2 He now stands knocking at the door
Of every sinner's heart:
The worst need keep him out no more,
Or force him to depart.

3 Through grace we hearken to thy voice,
Yield to be sav'd from sin:
In sure and certain hope rejoice,
That thou wilt enter in.

4 Come quickly in, thou heavenly guest,
Nor ever hence remove;
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

SECOND HYMN.

1 With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.

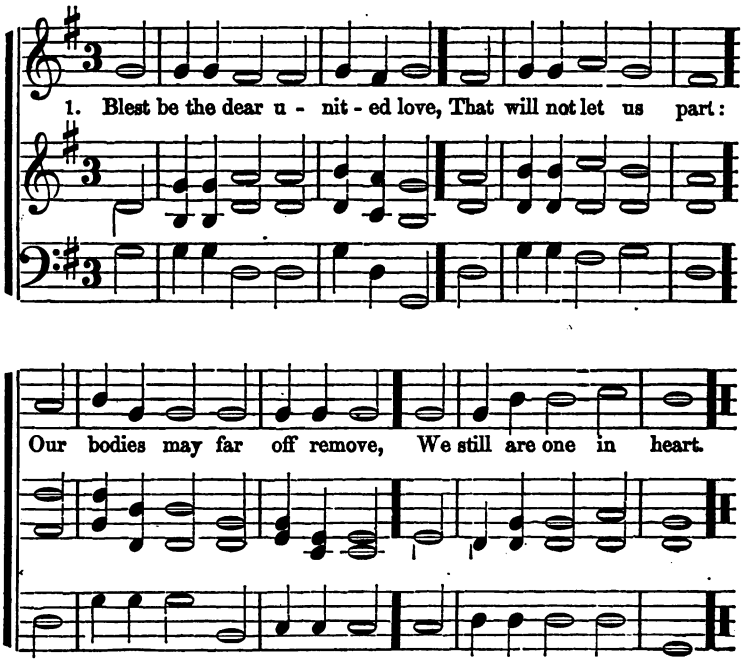
3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out strong cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.
4 He 'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.
5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In every trying hour.

SECOND HYMN.

1 Come, let us use the grace divine,
And all with one accord,
In a perpetual cov'nant join,
Ourselves to Christ the Lord.
2 Give up ourselves through Jesus' power;
His name to glorify;
And promise in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.
3 The cov'nant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind;
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.
4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our solemn vow;
And if thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down and meet us now!

THIRD HYMN.

1 Jesus, united by thy grace,
And each to each endear'd,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.
2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke,—
A band of love, a threefold cord,
Which never can be broke.
3 Make us into one spirit drink;
Baptize into thy name;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak the same.
4 Touch'd by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree;
And ever toward each other move,
And ever move toward thee.
5 To thee, inseparably join'd,
Let all our spirits cleave;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive.



2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside,—
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus' crucified.

4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his beloved embrace;
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

SECOND HYMN.

1 O for that tenderness of heart,
Which bows before the Lord;
Acknowledging how just thou art,
And trembling at thy word!

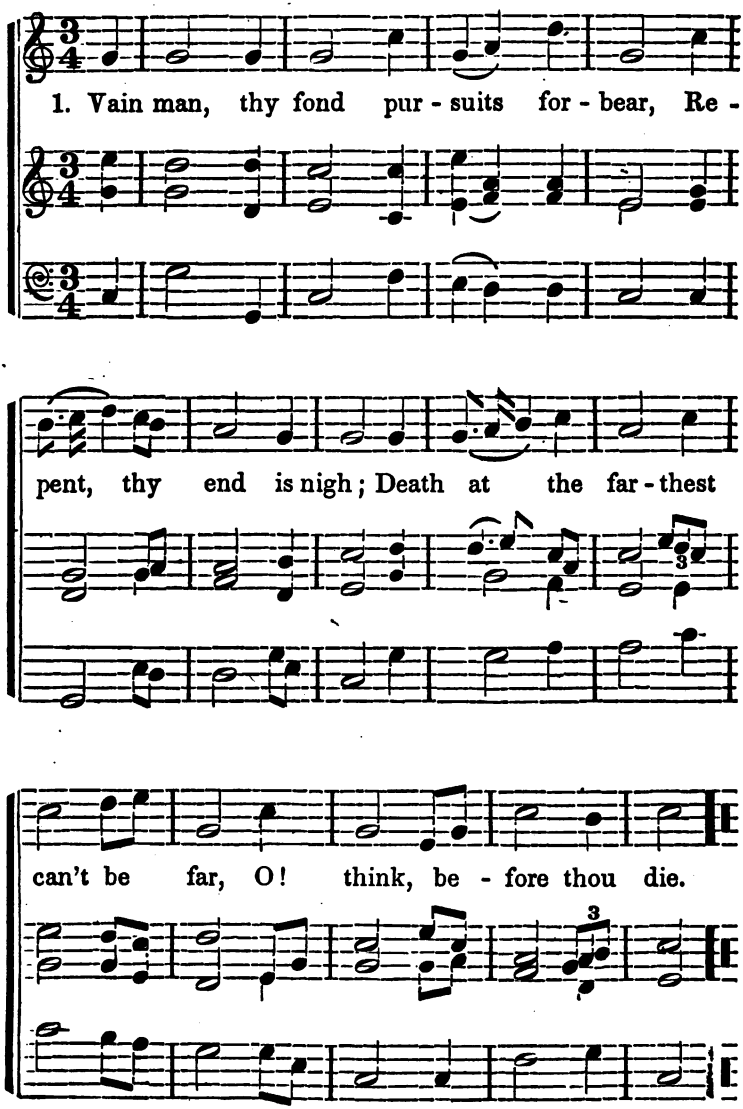
2 O for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow:
That consciousness of guilt, which fears
The long-suspended blow!
3 Saviour, to me, in pity give
The sensible distress;
The pledge thou wilt, at last, receive,
And bid me die in peace:
4 Wilt from the dreadful day remove,
Before the evil come;
My spirit hide with saints above,
My body in the tomb.

THIRD HYMN.

1 Let every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.
2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind.
3 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.
4 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.
5 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

FOURTH HYMN.

1 How large the promise, how divine,
To Abrah'm and his seed,—
I am a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need.
2 The words of his unbounded love
From age to age endure;
The Angel of the Cov'nant proves
And seals the blessing sure.
3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great father given;
He takes our children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.
4 O God, how faithful are thy ways!
Thy love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of thy grace
Blots out our children's name.


1. Vain man, thy fond pur - suits for - bear, Re -
pent, thy end is nigh; Death at the far - thest
can't be far, O! think, be - fore thou die.

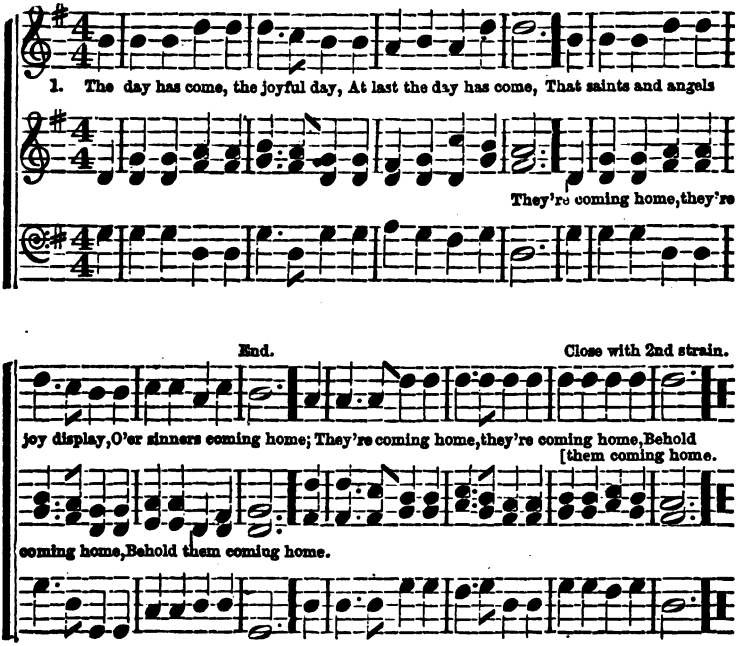
2 Reflect; thou hast a soul to save;
Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dark account?
3 Death enters, and there's no defence,
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven or down to hell.
4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy greatest care,
Shall crawling worms consume;
But ah, destruction stops not there,
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

SECOND HYMN.

1 That awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.
2 Jesus, thou source of all my joys,
Thou ruler of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the word, "Depart."
3 The thunder of that awful word
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.
4 What, to be banish'd from my Lord,
And yet forbid to die!
To linger in eternal pain,
And death for ever fly!
5 O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station, where
I must not taste his love!

THIRD HYMN.

1 Why should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls his own,
And bids them leave a world of wo,
For an immortal crown?
2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.
3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest;
They fought the fight, the vict'ry won,
And enter'd into rest.
4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow;
God has recall'd his own;
But let our hearts, in every wo,
Still say,—Thy will be done.

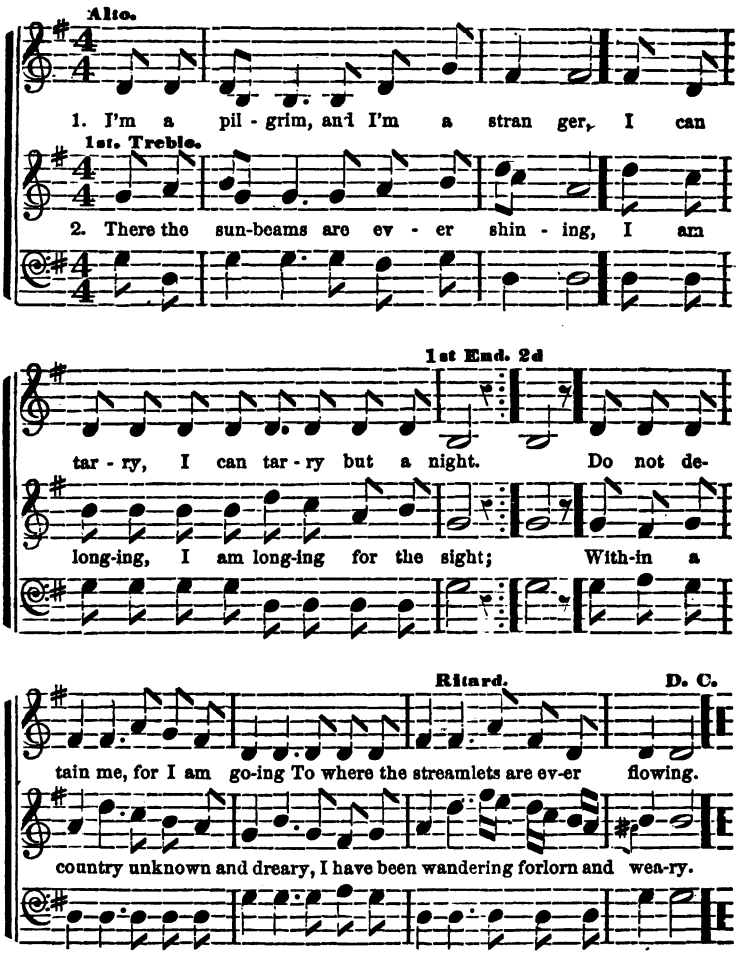


2 The saints of God fresh courage take,
Are strong in conquering prayer;
The hosts of hell with terror shake,
While God displays his power.
They're coming, &c.

3 How beautiful on mountains' top,
The herald's feet appear;
While tidings, blessed tidings, drop,
The broken heart to cheer.
They're coming, &c.

4 To all the region round about,
The news has swiftly flown,
That sinners deep in guilt, have sought
And found what others spurn.
They're coming, &c.

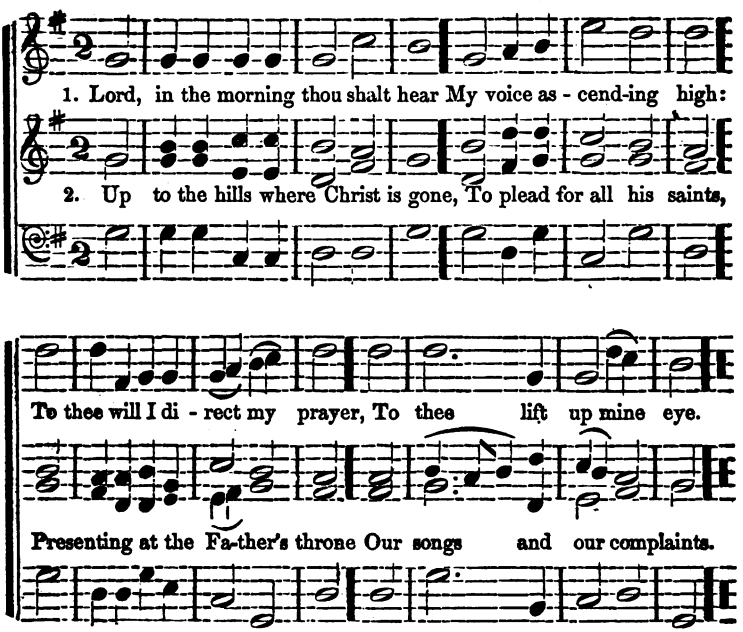
5 Back-sliders too, begin to view
What traitors they have been,
Confessing, ask, "what shall I do?"
A hell I feel within.
They're coming, &c.



3 Of that country to which I'm going,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;
There is no sorrow, or any sighing,
Or any sin, or any dying,
I'm a pilgrim, &c.

PETERBORO. C. M.

English Tune.



3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of rightcousness!
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

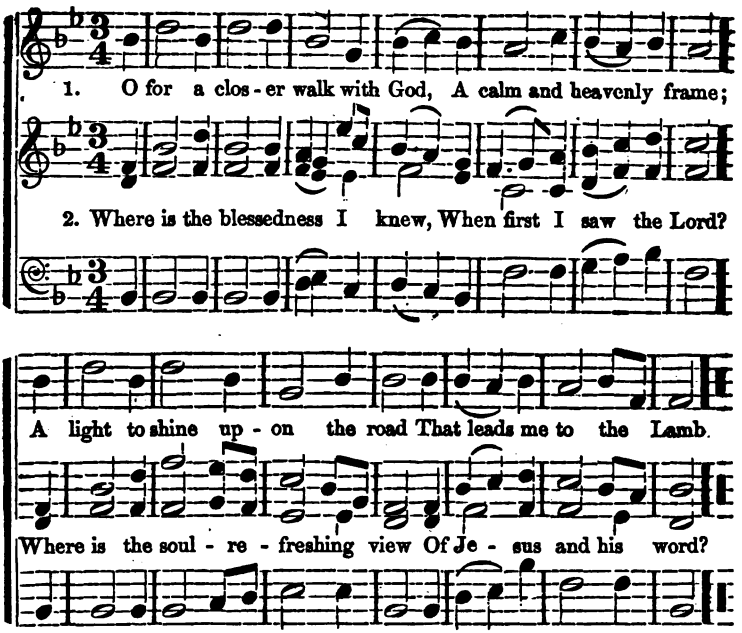
SECOND HYMN.

1 Once more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound;
Wide as the heavens on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins might rouse his wrath to flame,
But yet his wrath delays.

4 O God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.



3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd,
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

SECOND HYMN.

1 O 'tis delight, without alloy,
Jesus, to hear thy name;
My spirit leaps with inward joy,
I feel the sacred flame.

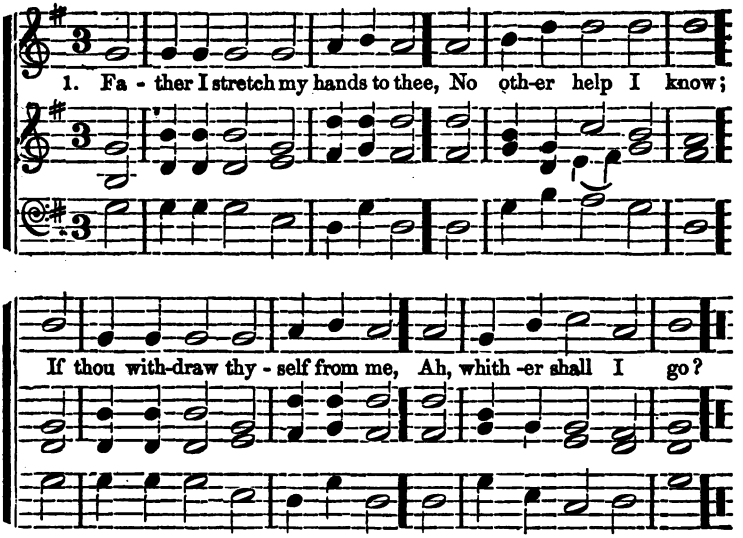
2 My passions hold a pleasing reign,
When love inspires my breast,
Love, the divinest of the train,
The sovereign of the rest.

3 This is the grace must live and sing
When faith and hope shall cease,
Must sound from every joyful string
Through the sweet groves of bliss.

4 Let life immortal seize my clay;
Let love refine my blood;
Her flames can bear my soul away,
Can bring me near my God.

5 Swift I ascend the heavenly place,
And hasten to my home,
I leap to meet thy kind embrace,
I come, O Lord, I come.

6 Sink down, ye separating hills,
Let sin and death remove;
'Tis love that drives my chariot wheels,
And death must yield to love.



2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labour to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
Now my poor soul thou wouldst retrieve,
Nor let me wait one hour.

4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O let me now receive that gift,
My soul without it dies.

SECOND HYMN.

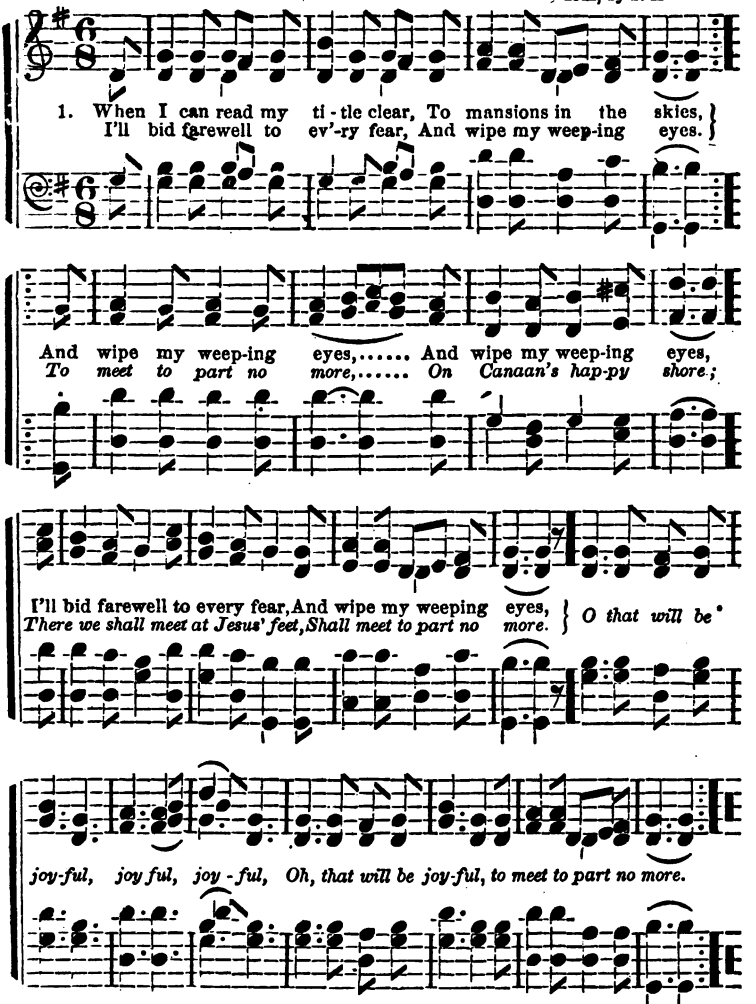
1 When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 O how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart?—
But thou canst read it there.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in prayer.

O! THAT WILL BE JOYFUL. C. M.

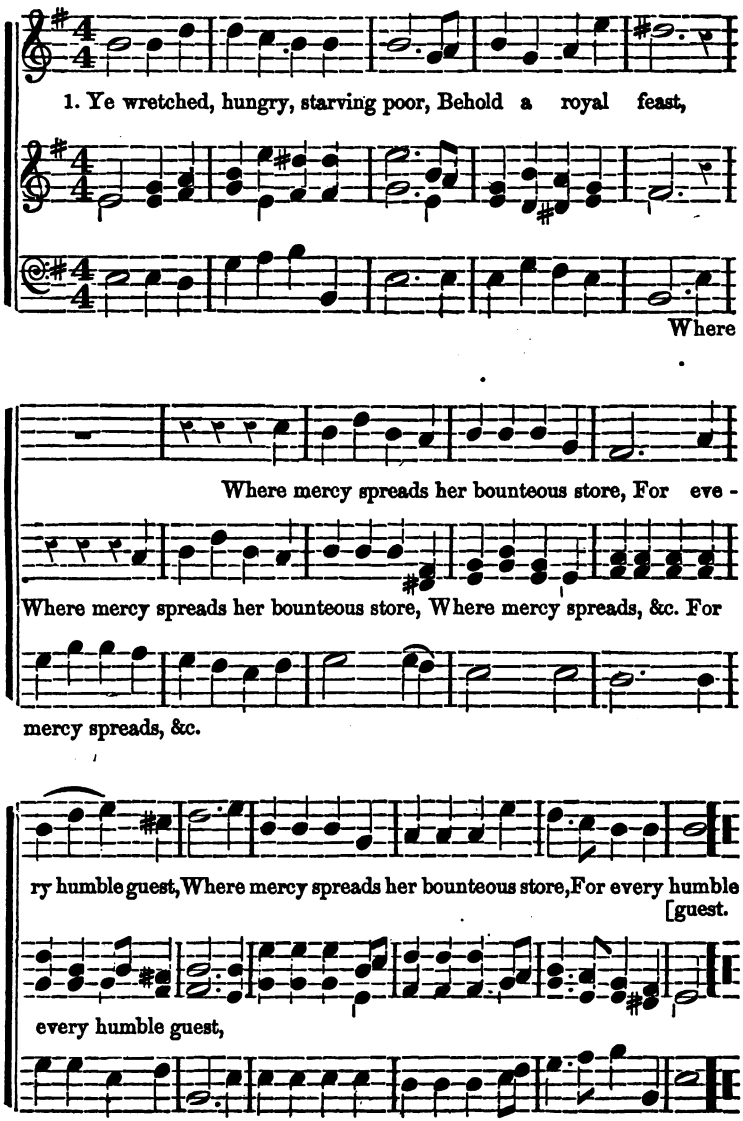
As first arranged in 1842, by S. H.



2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
O, that will be, &c.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall;
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.


1. Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor, Behold a royal feast,
Where
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store, For eve -
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store, Where mercy spreads, &c. For
mercy spreads, &c.
ry humble guest, Where mercy spreads her bounteous store, For every humble
[guest.
every humble guest,

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come:
O stay not back, though fear alarms!
For yet there still is room.

3 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast,
Of nobler joys above!

4 There with united heart and voice,
Before the eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstacies unknown.

5 And yet ten thousand thousand more,
Are welcome still to come:
Ye happy souls, the grace adore;
Approach, there yet is room.

SECOND HYMN.

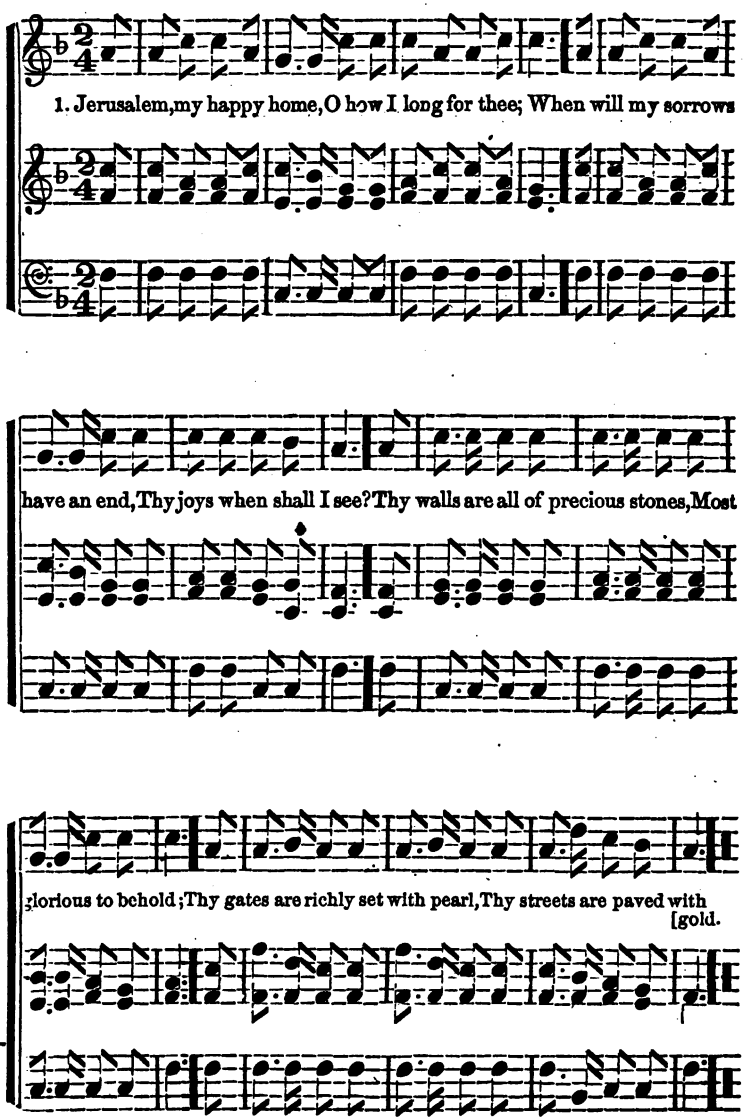
1 O for a breeze of heavenly love,
To waft our souls away,
To that celestial place above,
Where pleasures ne'er decay.

2 Eternal Spirit, deign to be
Our pilot here below,
To steer through life's tempestuous sea,
When stormy winds do blow.

3 From rocks of pride on either hand,
From quicksands of despair—
O guide us safe to Canaan's land,
Through every latent snare.

4 Anchor us in that port above,
On that celestial shore,
Where dashing billows never move,
Where tempests never roar.

JERUSALEM. C. M. J. B. PACKARD.



2 Thy gardens and thy pleasant walks,
My study long have been;
Such dazzling views, by human sight
Have never yet been seen.
If Heav'n be thus so glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence;
What folly's this, that I should dread
To die, and go from hence.

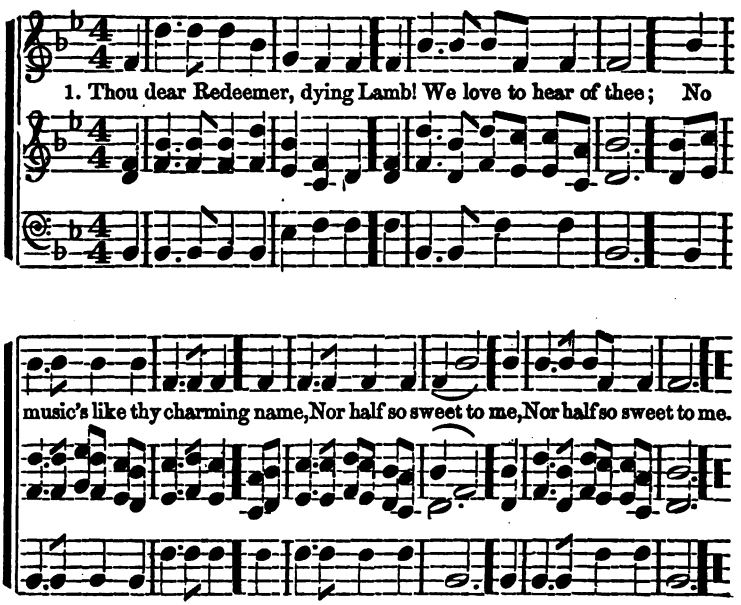
3 Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.
Jesus, my Lord, to Glory's gone,
Him will I go and see,
And all my brethren here below,
Will soon come after me.

4 My friends, I bid you all adieu,
I leave you in God's care;
And if I never more see you,
Go on, I'll meet you there.
When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.

SECOND HYMN.

1 Behold the sure Foundation-stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.
Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
We now adore thy Name;
We trust our whole salvation here,
Nor can we suffer shame.

2 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this Rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.
What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis thine own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.



2 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all the favored throng;
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song,

3 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun;
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.

4 Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend;
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.

SECOND HYMN.

1 Jerusalem; my happy home;
Name ever dear to me;
When shall my labours have an end
In joy and peace in thee?

2 O when, thou, city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths have no end?

3 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
Or, feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

4 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

5 Jerusalem, my happy home;
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

THIRD HYMN.

1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Could fright us from the shore.

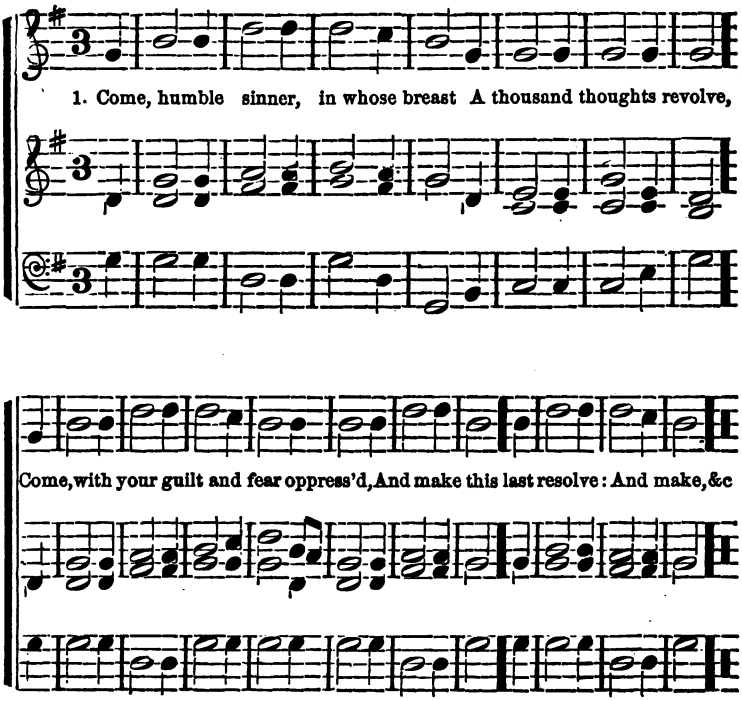
FOURTH HYMN.

1 O land of rest, for thee I sigh,
When will the moments come,
When I shall lay my armor by
And dwell with Christ at home?

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know;
No peaceful sheltering dome,
This world's a wilderness of woe;
This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest,
He bade me cease to roam;
And fly for succor to his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.

4 Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom;
I long to leave the unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.



2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him, I'm a wretch undone
Without his sov'reign grace.

4 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

5 I can but perish if I go—
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

SECOND HYMN.

1 Sinners, the voice of God regard;
'Tis mercy speaks to-day:
He calls you by his sacred word
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live, devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark, and leads to death:
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments breathe,
Shut up in black despair?

4 Why will you in the naked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap eternal wo.

5 But he that turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace:
His mercy will the guilt forgive,
Of those that seek his face.

6 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin,
Submit to him your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

THIRD HYMN.

1 Before thy mercy-seat, O Lord,
Behold, thy servants stand,
To ask the knowledge of thy word,
The guidance of thy hand.

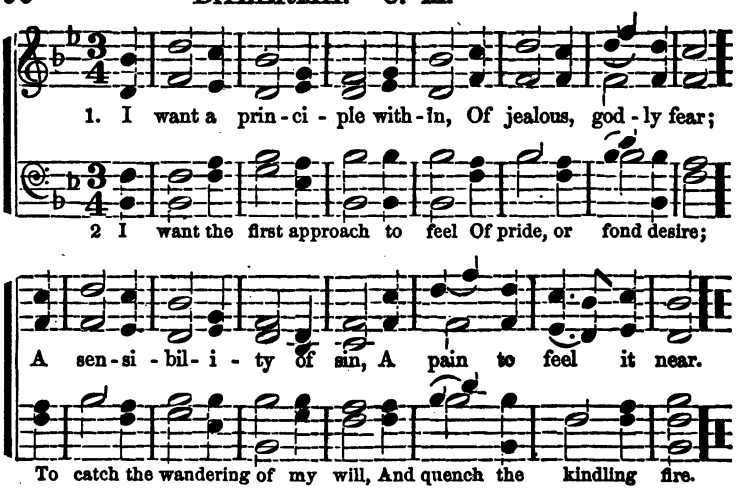
2 Let thy eternal truths, we pray,
Dwell richly in each heart;
That from the safe and narrow way,
We never may depart.

3 Lord, from thy word remove the seal,
Unfold its hidden store;
And as we hear, O may we feel,
Its value more and more.

4 Help us to see the Saviour's love,
Beaming from every page;
And let the thoughts of joys above,
Our inmost souls engage.

5 Thus while thy word our footsteps guide
Shall we be truly blest;
And safe arrive where love provides,
An everlasting rest.

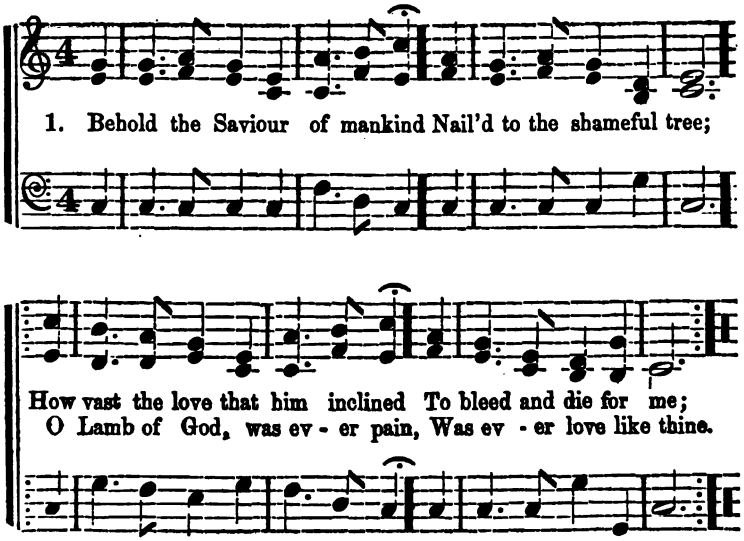
BALERMA. C. M.



3 That I from thee no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience give.
4 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God my conscience make;
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.
5 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
And let me weep my life away,
For having grieved thy love.
6 O may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul;
And drive me to the blood again
Which makes the wounded whole.

SECOND HYMN.

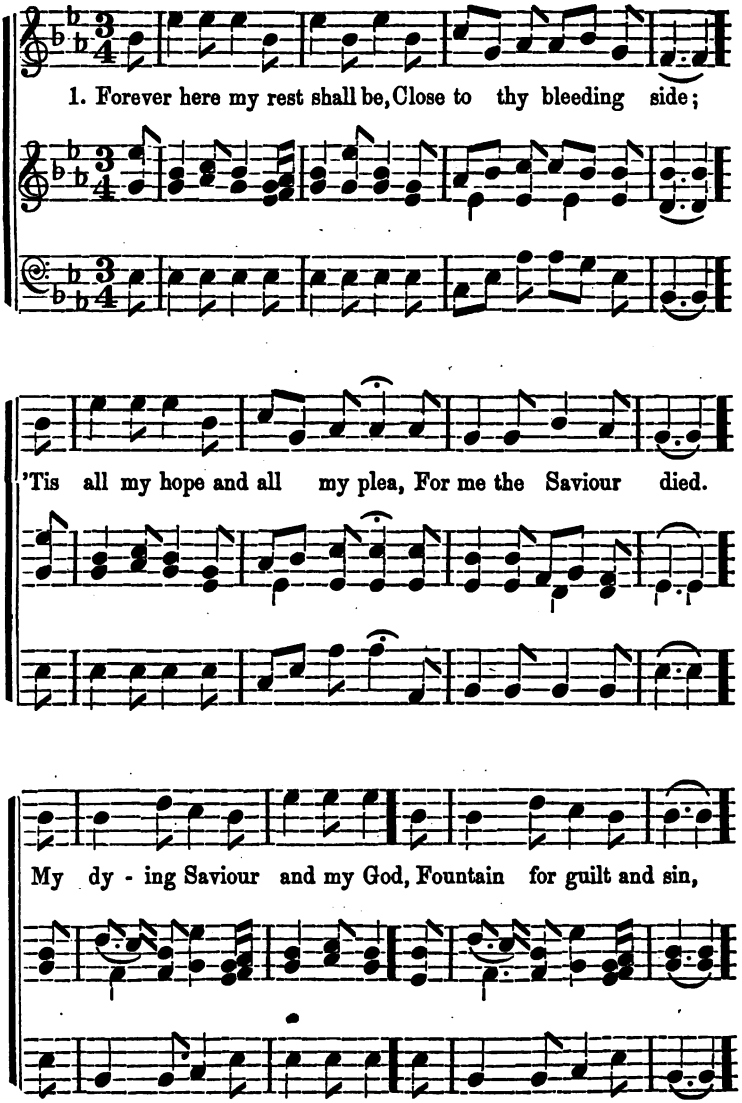
1 How sad our state by nature is!
Our sin how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.
2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word:
Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust a faithful Lord.
3 My soul obeys the gracious call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord!
O help my unbelief.
4 To the blest fountain of thy blood
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.
5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into thy arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness.
My Jesus and my all.

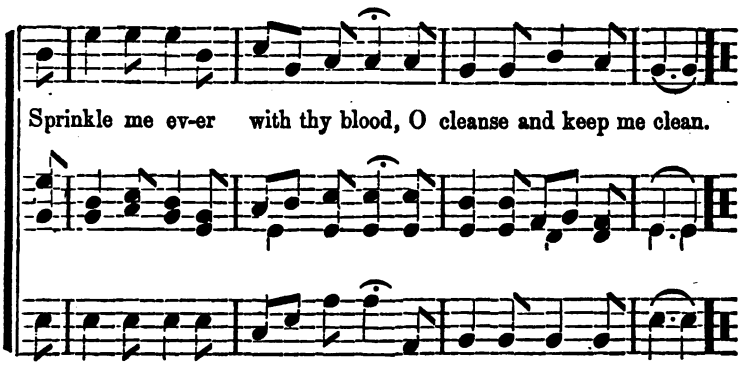


2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.
O Lamb of God, &c.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid!
'Receive my soul!' he cries:
See where he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head, and dies!
O Lamb of God, &c.

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine!
O Lamb of God, &c.


1. Forever here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleeding side;
'Tis all my hope and all my plea, For me the Saviour died.
My dy - ing Saviour and my God, Fountain for guilt and sin,



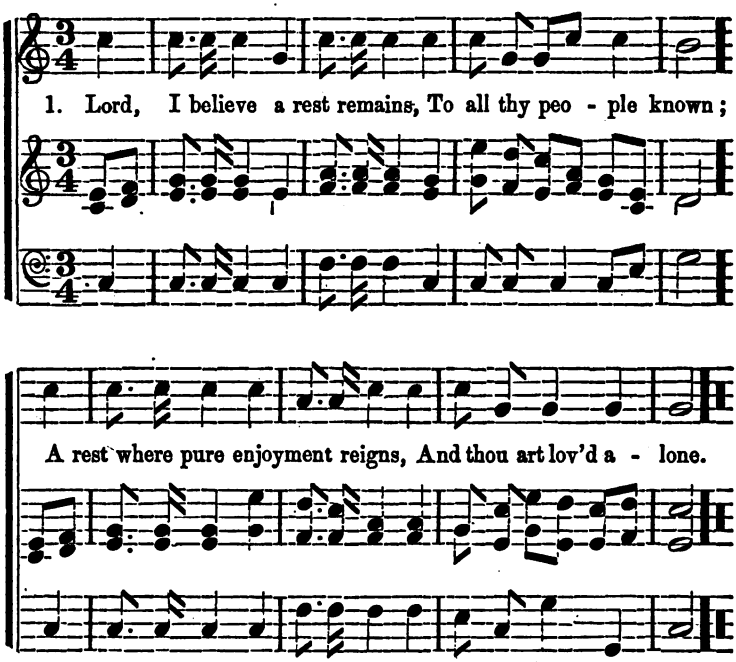
2 Wash me and make me thus thine own,
Wash me and mine thou art,
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.
The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

SECOND HYMN.

1 Jesus, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky!
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.
Jesus, the Name to sinners dear,
The Name to sinners given!
It scatters all their guilty fear:
It turns their hell to heaven.

2 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.
O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace;
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

3 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"
Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his Name!
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"



2

A rest, where all our soul's desire
Is fix'd on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3

O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin!

4

Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove:
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of thy love.

SECOND HYMN.

1

Shepherd divine, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day;
To all thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.

2

Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer!

3

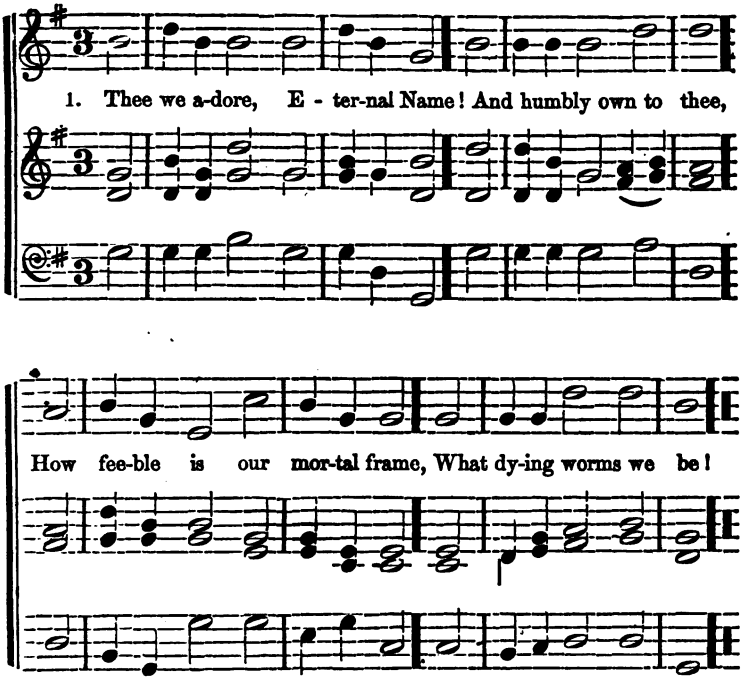
The spirit of interceding grace,
Give us in faith to claim;
To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.

4

Till thou thy perfect love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow;
Be this the cry of every heart,
I will not let thee go.

5

I will not let thee go unless
Thou tell thy name to me;
With all thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like thee.



2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase:
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.

2 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave:
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Awake, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God!

SECOND HYMN.

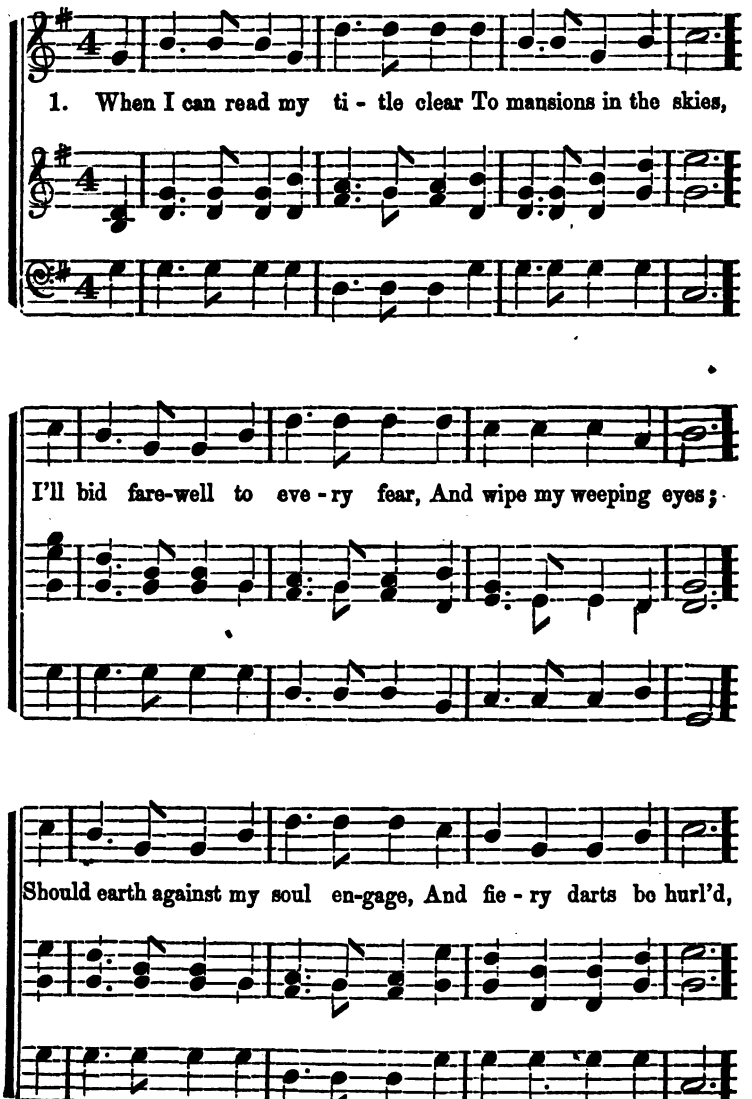
1 O for that tenderness of heart
Which bows before the Lord,
Acknowledging how just thou art,
And trembling at thy word;

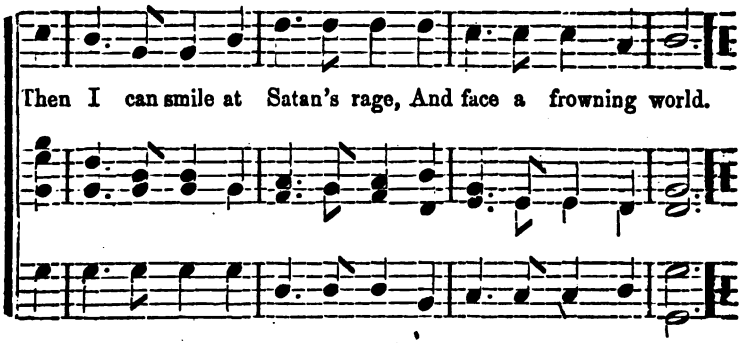
2 O for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow;
That consciousness of guilt, which fears
The long-suspended blow.

3 Saviour, to me, in pity, give
The sensible distress;
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace:

4 Wilt from the dreadful day remove,
Before the evil come:
My spirit hide with saints above,—
My body, in the tomb.

96 WHEN I CAN READ MY TITLE CLEAR. C. M. D.





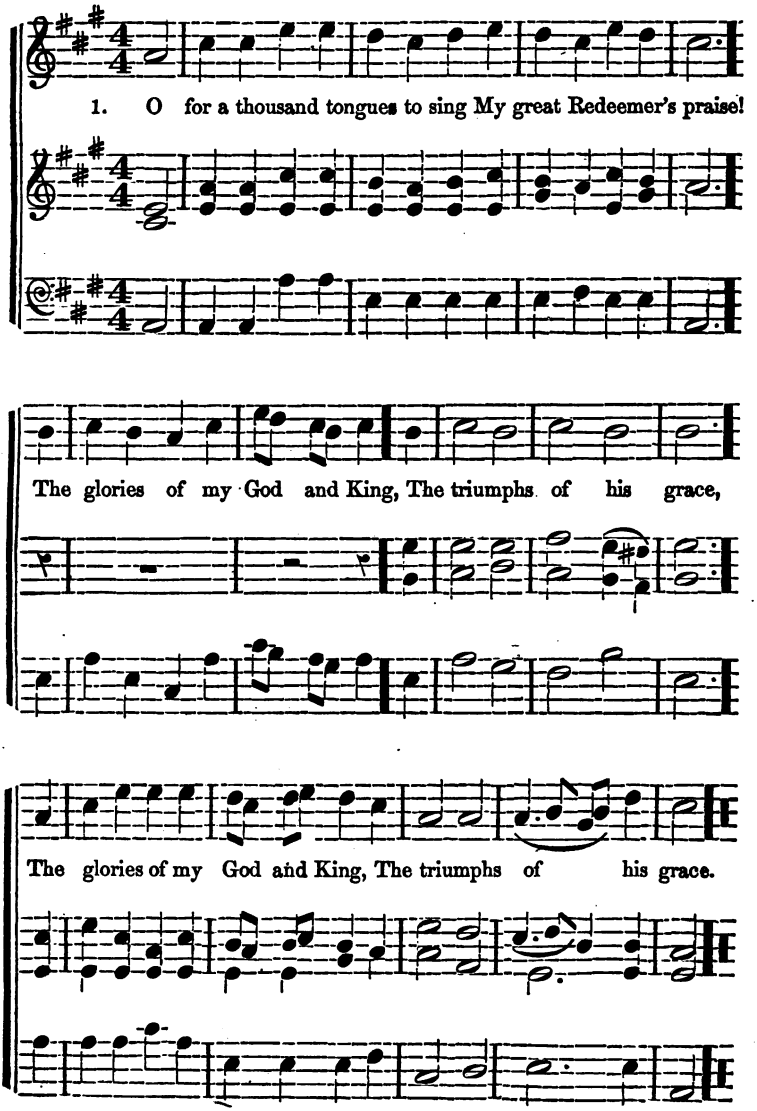
2 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall;
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all:
There I shall bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

SECOND HYMN.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease;
Whilst others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?

2 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God;
Sure, I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

3 Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh:
When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.


1. O for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace,
The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace.

2
My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of thy name.

3
Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4
He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.

5
He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

SECOND HYMN.

1
While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2
"Fear not," said he, (for mighty dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind,)
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3
To you, in David's town, this day,
"Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

4
The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5
Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels praising God, on high,
And thus address'd their song:

6
"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease."

THIRD HYMN.

1
All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

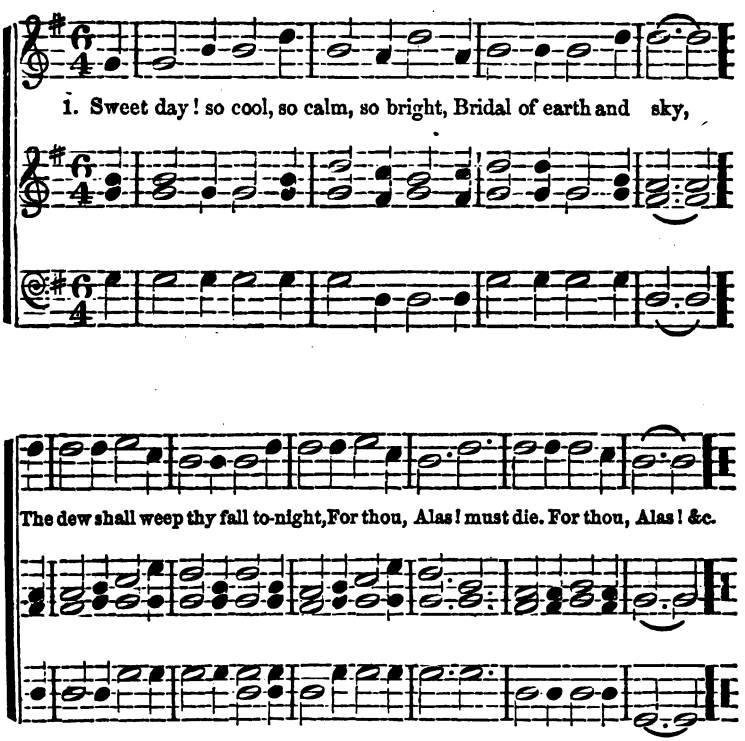
2
Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3
Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4
Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5
O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

AND THOU, ALAS! MUST DIE. C. M.



2 Sweet rose! in air whose odors wave,
And color charms the eye,
Thy root is even in its grave,
And thou, alas! must die.

3 Sweet spring! of days and roses made,
Whose charms for beauty vie,
Thy days depart, thy roses fade,
Thou too, alas! must die.

4 Only a sweet and holy soul
Hath tints that never fly;
While flowers decay, and seasons roll,
This lives, and cannot die. HERBERT.

SECOND HYMN.

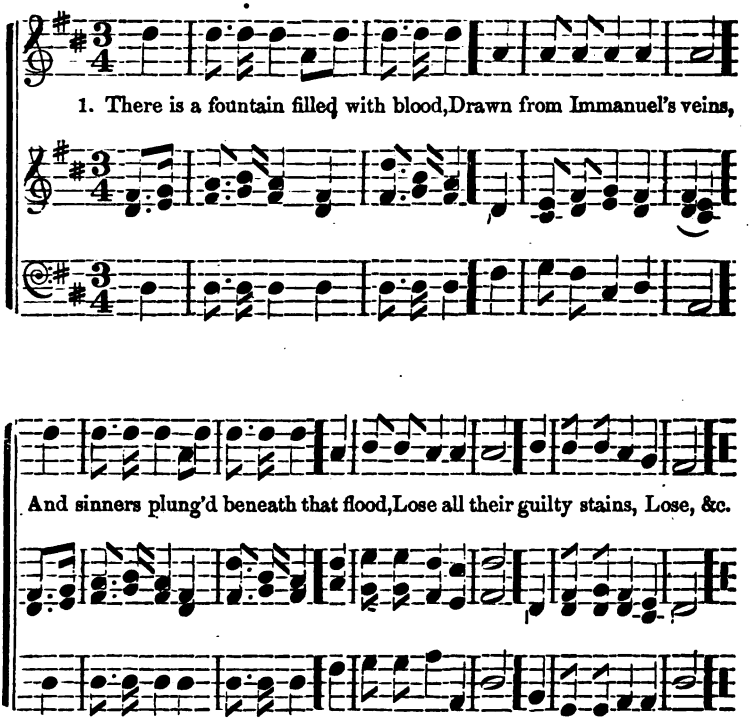
1 With joy we hail the sacred day,
Which God has call'd his own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at his throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
As here thy servants throng
To breath the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the grateful song.

3 Spirit of grace! O deign to dwell
Within thy Church below
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found—
Let all her sons unite,
To spread with holy zeal around,
Her clear and shining light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which thou hast call'd thine own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at thy throne.



2 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood,
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed saints of God,
Be saved, to sin no more.

3 E'er since by faith, I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

4 And when this lisping, faultering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save.

SECOND HYMN.

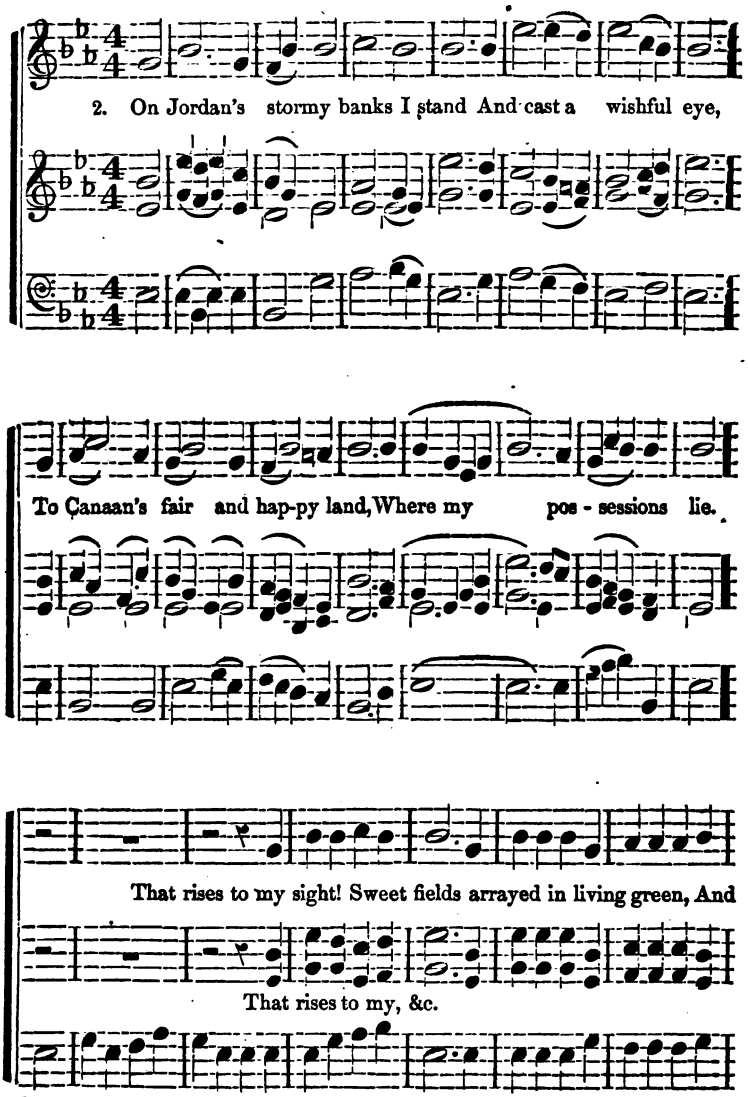
1 Plung'd in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

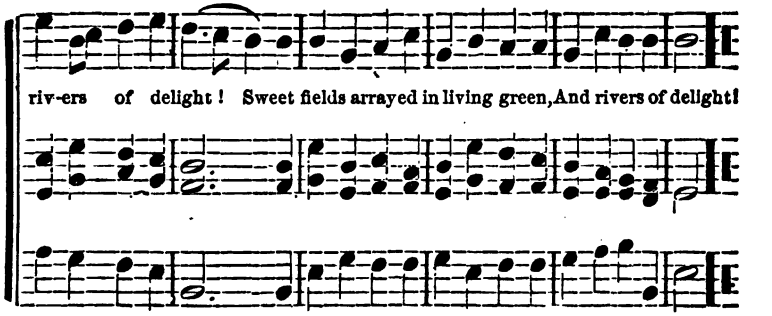
2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (O amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break!
And all harmonious human tongues,
The Saviour's praises speak.

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes
His love can ne'er be told!


2. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos - sessions lie.
That rises to my sight! Sweet fields arrayed in living green, And
That rises to my, &c.
O the transporting rapturous scene, That rises to my, &c.



2 There generous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vale,
With milk and honey flow.
All o'er those wide-extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

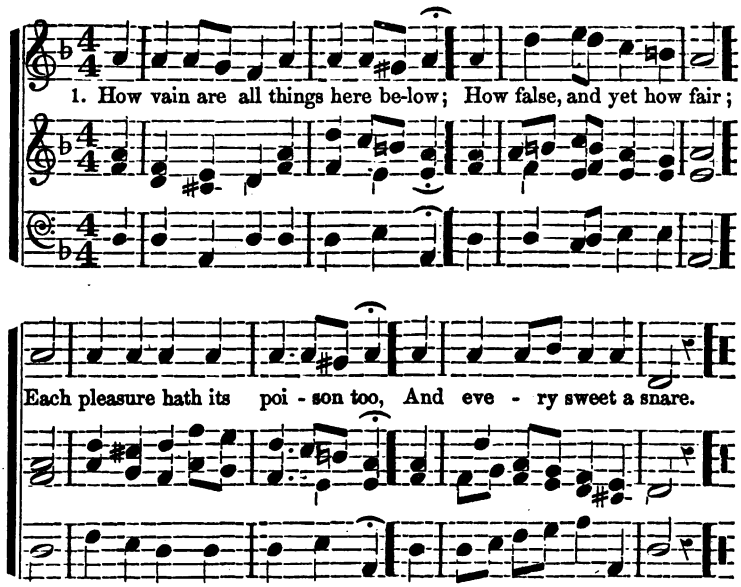
3 No chilling winds or poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

4 Filled with delight my raptured soul,
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I 'd launch away.
There on those high and flowery plains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire;
But in perpetual, joyful strains,
Redeeming love admire.

SECOND HYMN.

1 Mortals, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine,
To hail th' auspicious day.
In heaven the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

2 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the song, the joy, was new,—
'Twas more than heaven could hold.
Down through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.



2

The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3

Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God.

4

The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense;
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5

My Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food:
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

SECOND HYMN.

And must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?

2

Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.

3

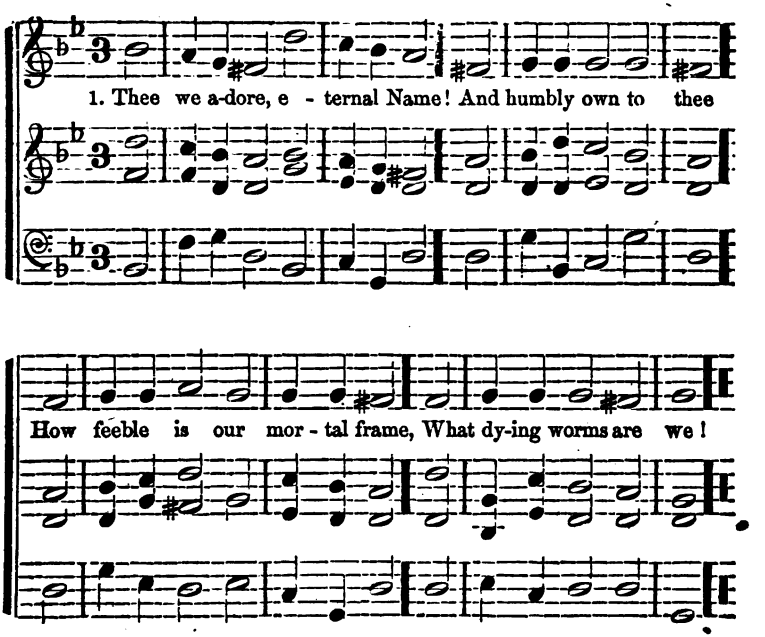
How careful then ought I to live;
With what religious fear;
Who such a strict account must give
For my behaviour here.

4

Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,—
To all I speak or do.

5

If now thou standest at the door,
O let me feel thee near;
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear.



2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase;
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave:
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Infinite joy, or endless wo,
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go,
Upon the brink of death!

6 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dang'rous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God!

SECOND HYMN.

1 My span of life will soon be done,
The passing moments say;
As length'ning shadows o'er the mead,
Proclaim the close of day.

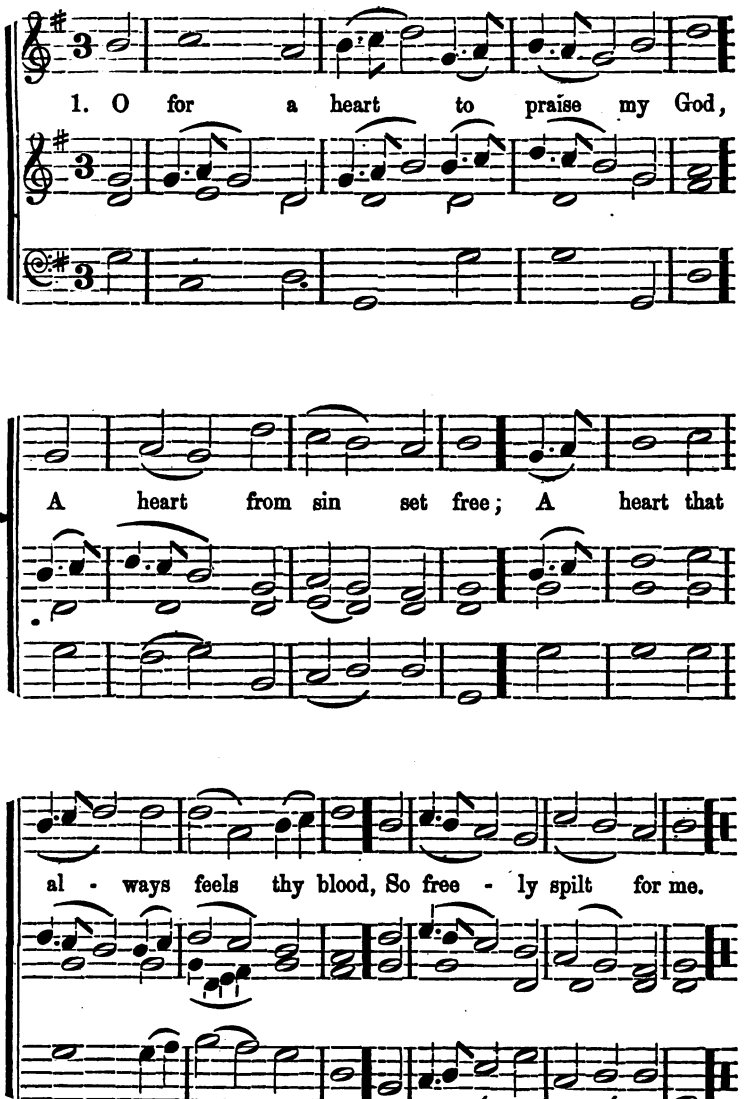
2 O that my heart might dwell aloof
From all created things;
And learn that wisdom from above,
Whence true contentment springs.

3 Courage, my soul; thy bitter cross,
In every trial here,
Shall bear thee to thy heaven above,
But shall not enter there.

4 The sighing ones, that humbly seek
In sorrowing paths below,
Shall in eternity rejoice,
Where endless comforts flow.

5 Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er,
Of sub'unary care,
And life's dull vanities no more
This anxious breast ensnare.

6 Courage, my soul; on God rely;
Deliv'rance soon will come;
A thousand ways has Providence
To bring believers home.


1. O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free; A heart that
al - ways feels thy blood, So free - ly spilt for me.

2
A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,—
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3
O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within:—

4
A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5
Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,—
Thy new, best name of love.

SECOND HYMN.

1
With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2
Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.

3
He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out strong cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4
He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5
Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In every trying hour.

THIRD HYMN.

1
Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne:
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2
Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.

3
Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And plessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4
The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

FOURTH HYMN.

1
Let every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sov'reign Lord of all;
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2
When sorrows bow the spirit down,
When virtue lies distress'd,
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.

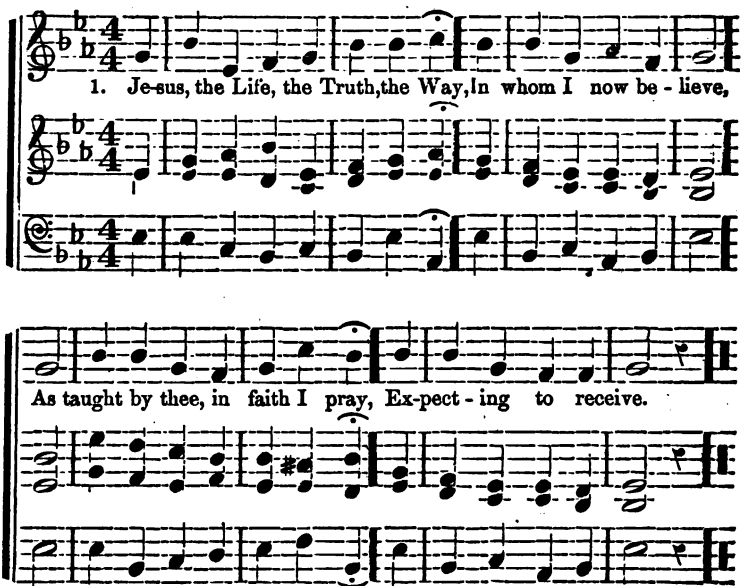
3
Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,
Thou hear'st thy children's cry;
And their best wishes to fulfil,
Thy grace is ever nigh.

4
Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere:
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

5
My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honors of their God.

DUNDEE. C. M.

From the Scotch Psalter.



2 Thy will by me on earth be done,
As by the powers above,
Who always see thee on thy throne,
And glory in thy love.

3 I ask in confidence the grace,
That I may do thy will,
As angels, who behold thy face,
And all thy words fulfil.

4 Surely I shall, the sinner I,
Shall serve thee without fear,
If thou my nature sanctify
In answer to my prayer.

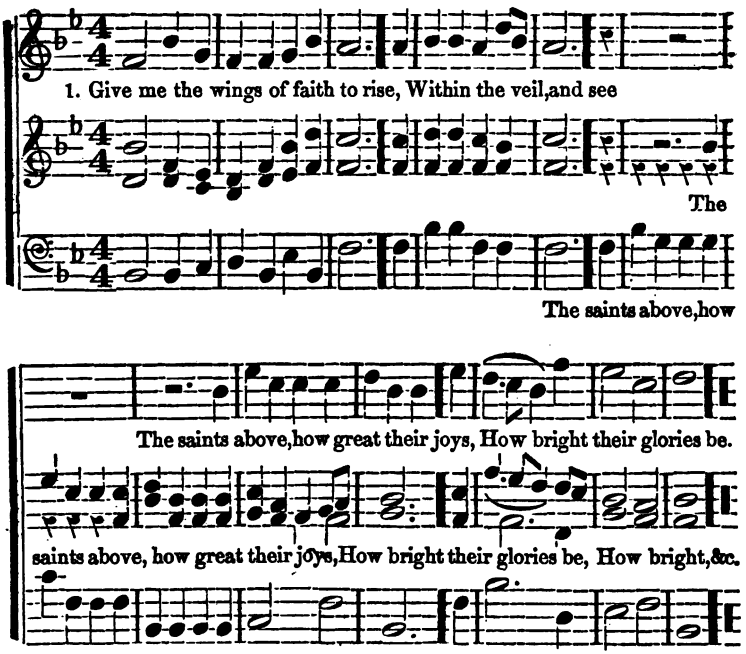
SECOND HYMN.

1 My Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,—
The numbers of thy grace?

2 I trust in thy eternal word;
Thy goodness I adore;
Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord,
That I may love thee more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And march, with courage in thy strength,
To see the Lord my God.

4 Awake! Awake! my tuneful powers,
With this delightful song;
And entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.



2

Once they were mourners here below,
And pour'd out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3

I ask them whence their vict'ry came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,—
Their triumph to his death.

4

They mark'd the footsteps that he trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, foll'wing their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5

Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

SECOND HYMN.

1

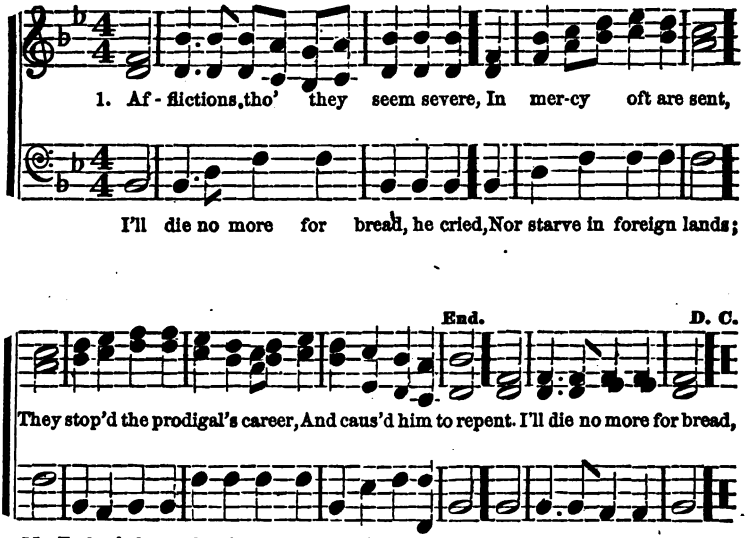
Ride forth victorious Conqu'ror, ride,
Till all thy foes submit,
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at thy feet.

2

Send forth thy word, and let it fly
The spacious earth around,
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound.

3

From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Be thou, O Christ, adored;
And earth, with all her millions, shout
Hosannas to the Lord.



2 What have I gained by sin, he said,
But hunger, shame and fear?
My father's house abounds with bread,
While I am starving here. I'll die no more, &c.

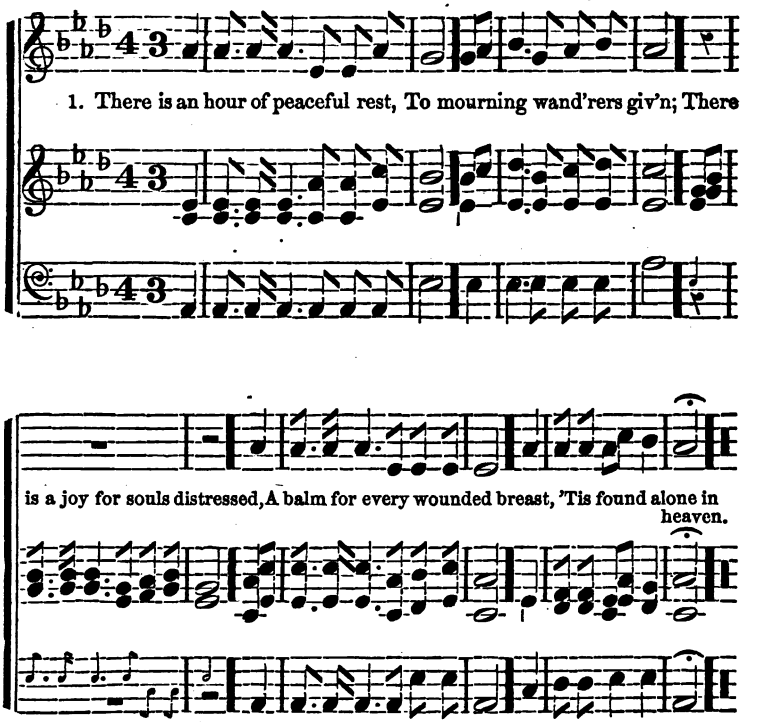
3 I'll go and tell him all I've done,
Fall down before his face,
Unworthy to be called his son,
I'll seek a servant's place. I'll die no more, &c.

4 His Father saw him coming back,
He saw, and ran, and smiled,
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child. I'll die no more, &c.

5 Father, I've sinned, but O forgive!
Enough! the Father said;
Rejoice, my house, my Son's alive,
For whom I mourn'd as dead. I'll die no more, &c.

6 Now let the fatted calf be slain,
And spread the news around;
My son was dead, and lives again;
Was lost, but now is found. I'll die no more, &c.

7 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
To call poor sinners home,
More than a Father's love he feels,
And welcomes all that come. I'll die no more, &c.

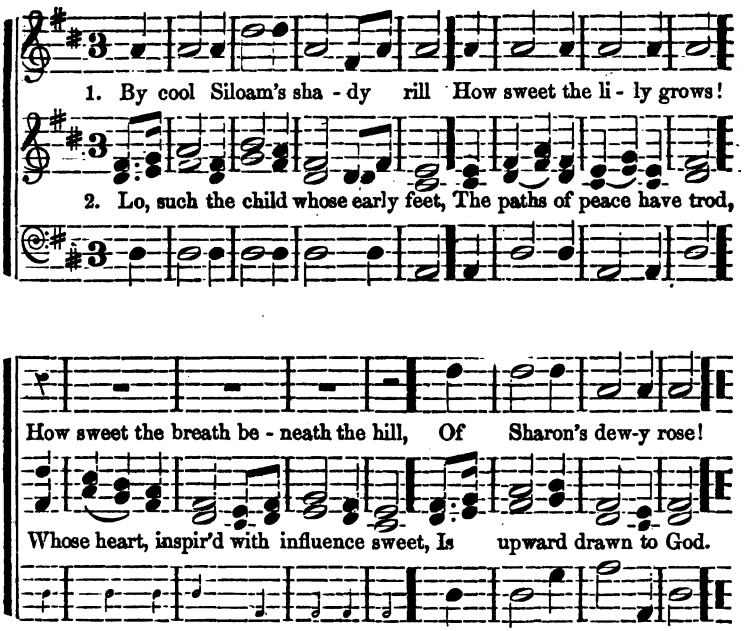


2 There is a home for weary souls;
By sin and sorrow driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear, but heaven.

3 There Faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given;
It views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom:
Beyond the dark, the narrow tomb,
Appears the dawn of heaven.

SILOAM. C. M. L. B. WOODBURY.



3

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5

O Thou! who giv'st us life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

SECOND HYMN.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear

2

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3

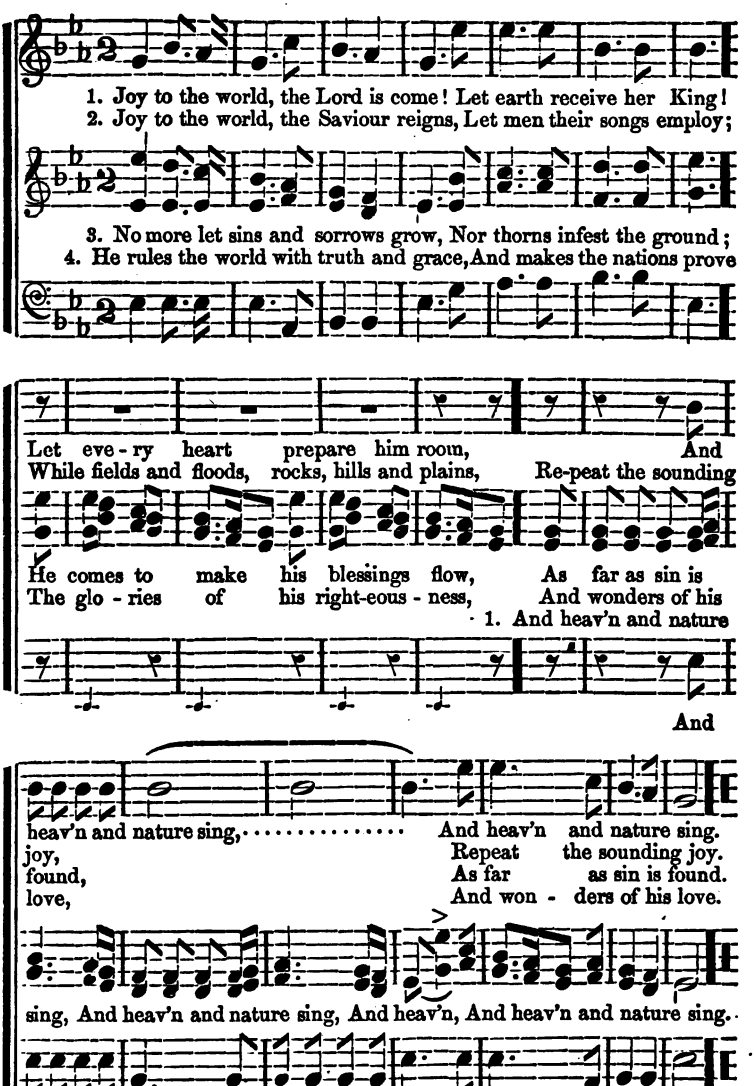
Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing-treasure, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace:

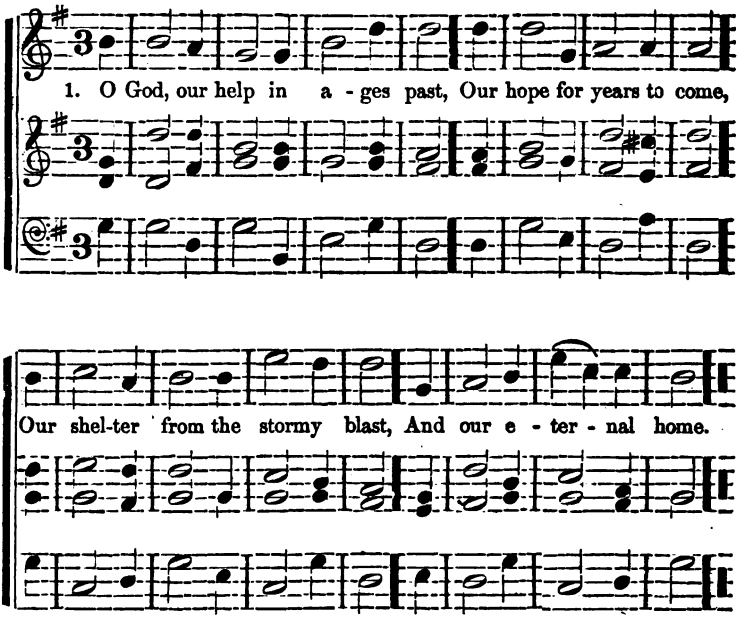
4

Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5

I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.


1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King!
2. Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns, Let men their songs employ;
3. No more let sins and sorrows grow, Nor thorns infest the ground;
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove
Let eve - ry heart prepare him room, And
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re-peat the sounding
He comes to make his blessings flow, As far as sin is
The glo - ries of his right-eous - ness, And wonders of his
1. And heav'n and nature
And
heav'n and nature sing, ... And heav'n and nature sing.
joy, Repeat the sounding joy.
found, As far as sin is found.
love, And won - ders of his love.
sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and nature sing.
heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, &c



2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone:
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in foll'wing years.

7 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be thou our guide while life shall last,
And our perpetual home!

SECOND HYMN.

1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

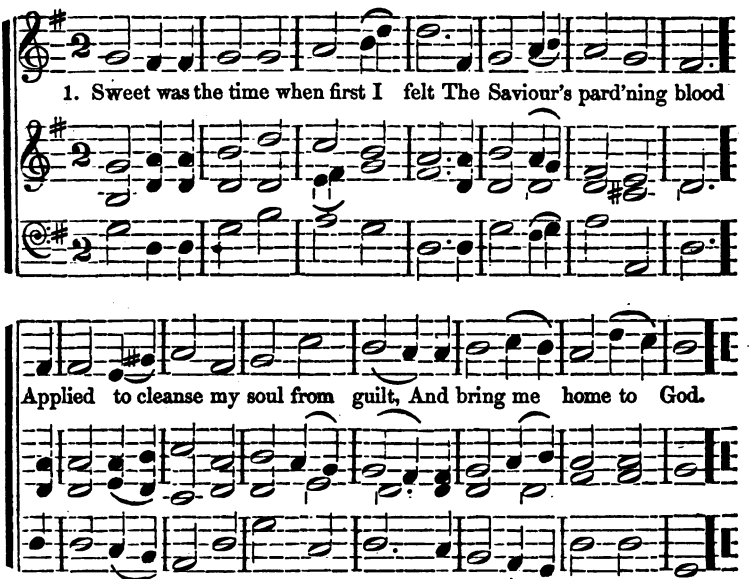
2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.



2

Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.

3

In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.

4

But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5

Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail;
O make my soul thy care;
I know thy mercy cannot fail;—
Let me that mercy share.

SECOND HYMN.

See, Jesus, thy disciples see;
The promised blessing give;
Met in thy name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.

2

Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in thy name are join'd;
We wait, according to thy word,
Thee in the midst to find.

3

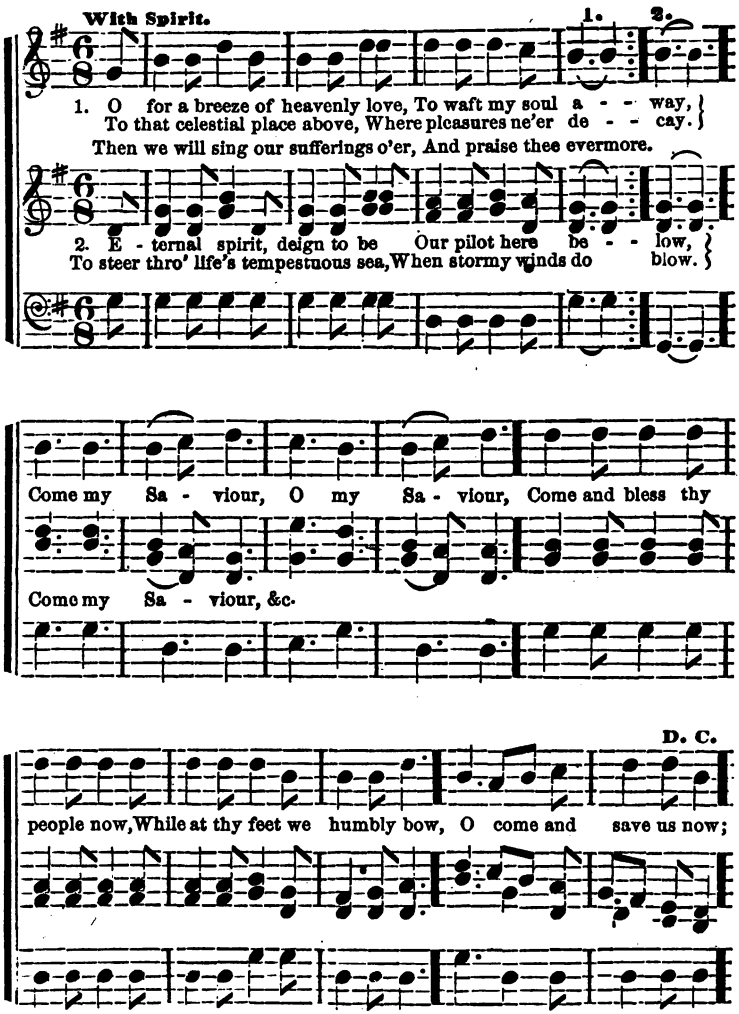
With us thou art assembled here,
But O, thyself reveal;
Son of the living God, appear!
Let us thy presence feel.

4

Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live;
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
The Holy Ghost receive.

5

Whom now we seek, O may we meet,
Jesus, the crucified;
Show us thy bleeding hands and feet,
Thou who for us hast died.

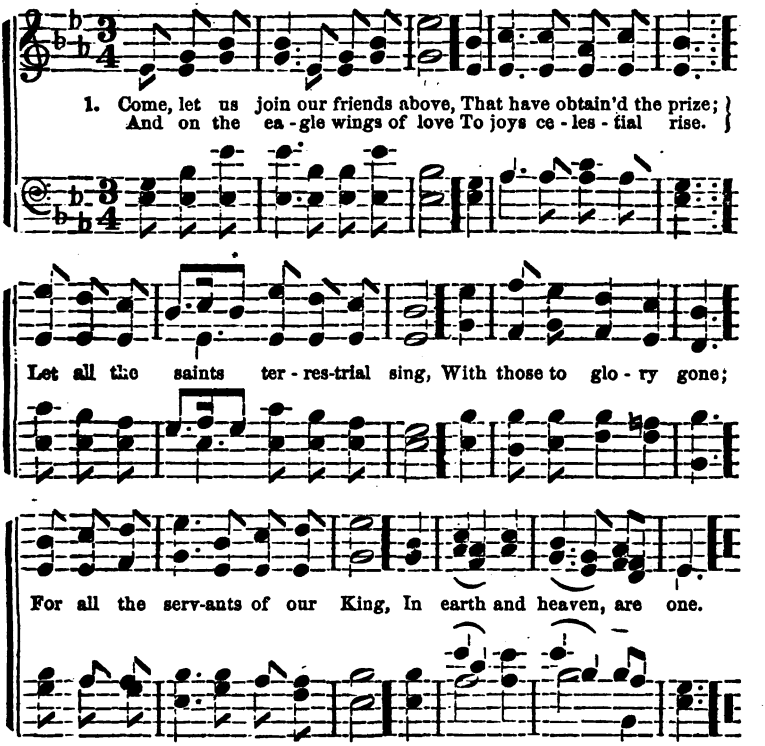


3

From rocks of pride on either hand,
From quicksands of despair—
O guide us safe to Canaan's land,
Through every latent snare.
Come, my Saviour. &c.

4

Anchor us in that port above,
On that celestial shore,
Where dashing billows never move,
Where tempests never roar.
Come, my Savionr, &c.



2

One family we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death.
One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of his host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.

3

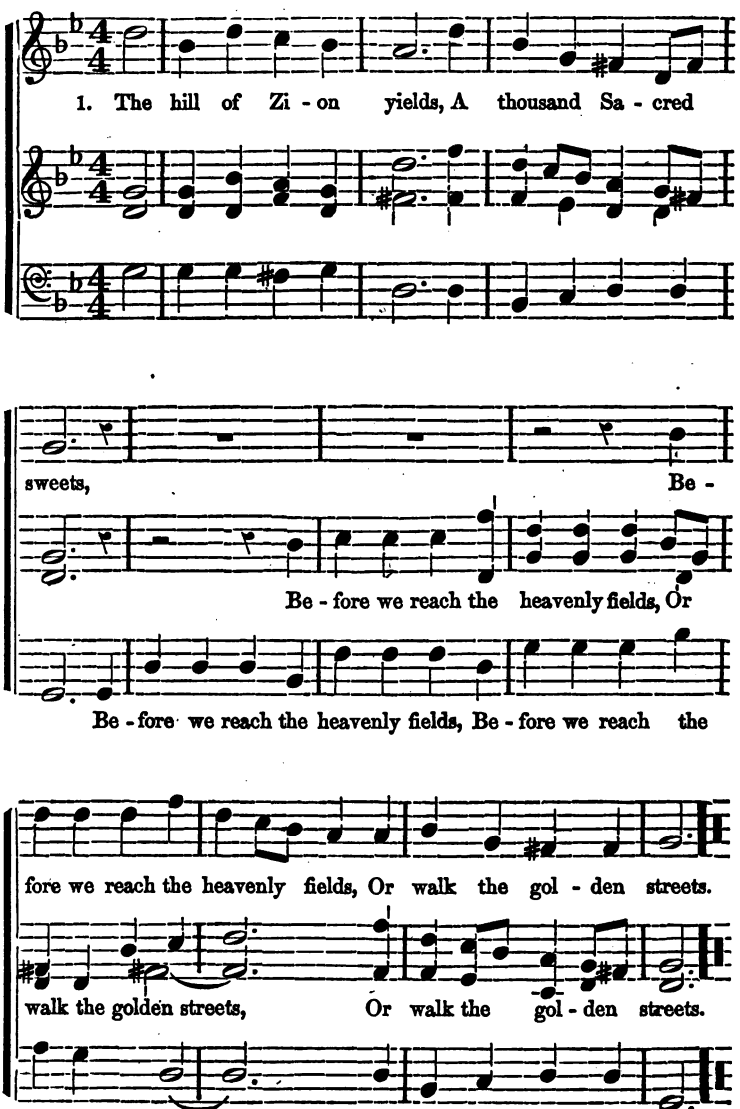
Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die.
His militant embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land.

SECOND HYMN.

There is a glorious world of light,
Above the starry sky,
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.
And hark, amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand thousand infant tongues,
Unite in perfect praise.

2

Those are the hymns that we shall know,
If Jesus we obey;
That is the place where we shall go,
If found in wisdom's way.
Soon will our earthly race be run —
Our mortal frame decay;
Children and teachers, one by one,
Must die and pass away.


1. The hill of Zi - on yields, A thousand Sa - cred
sweets, Be -
Be - fore we reach the heavenly fields, Or
Be - fore we reach the heavenly fields, Be - fore we reach the
fore we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the gol - den streets.
walk the golden streets, Or walk the gol - den streets.
heavenly fields,

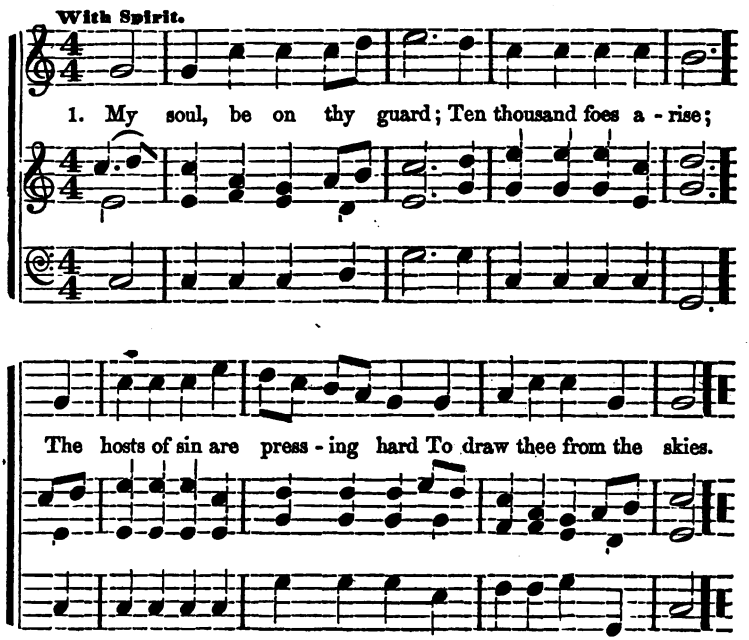
2 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
3 Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.
4 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.
5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry:
We'er marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

SECOND HYMN.

1 Ye fearful saints, march on,
It is the Lord's command;
Never let trifles stop your way,
To Canaan's promised land.
2 Though numerous foes arise,
And hell your course withstand:
Still force your passage through them all,
To Canaan's promised land.
3 Keep on a forward pace,
And never, never stand,
Till you behold your Saviour's face,
In Canaan's promised land.
4 Then shall you join above,
With all the ransomed band;
To celebrate redeeming love,
In Canaan's promised land.

THIRD HYMN.

1 Far from these scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of joy and pure delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.
2 Fair land!—could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!
3 No cloud those regions know,—
Realms ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal wo,
Can never enter there.
4 O may the prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,
Bear every thought above.



2

O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3

Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4

Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

SECOND HYMN.

The Lord my shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2

He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3

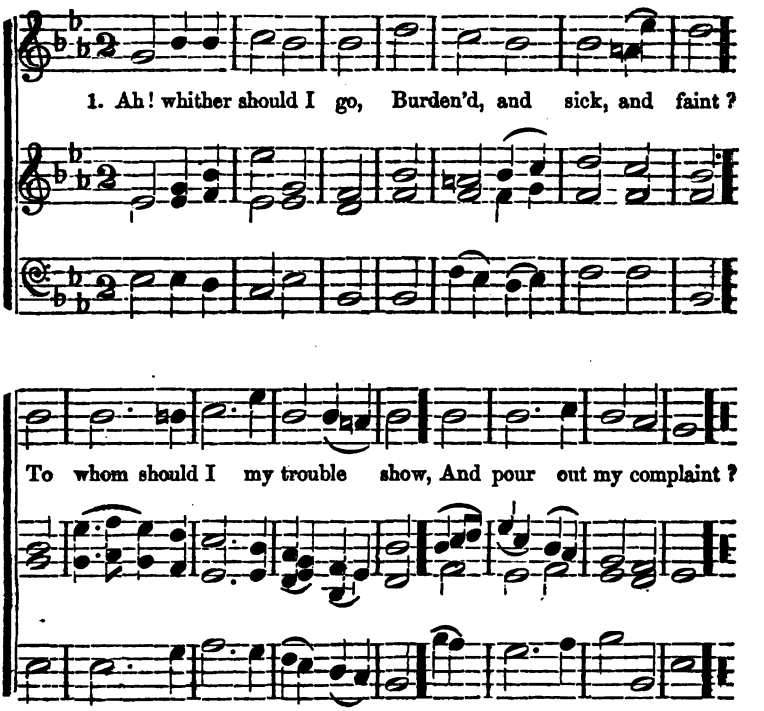
While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

4

In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

5

The bounties of thy love,
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.



2 My Saviour bids me come;
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay,

3 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part,—
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?

4 Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

5 I now believe, in thee,
Compassion reigns alone;
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done!

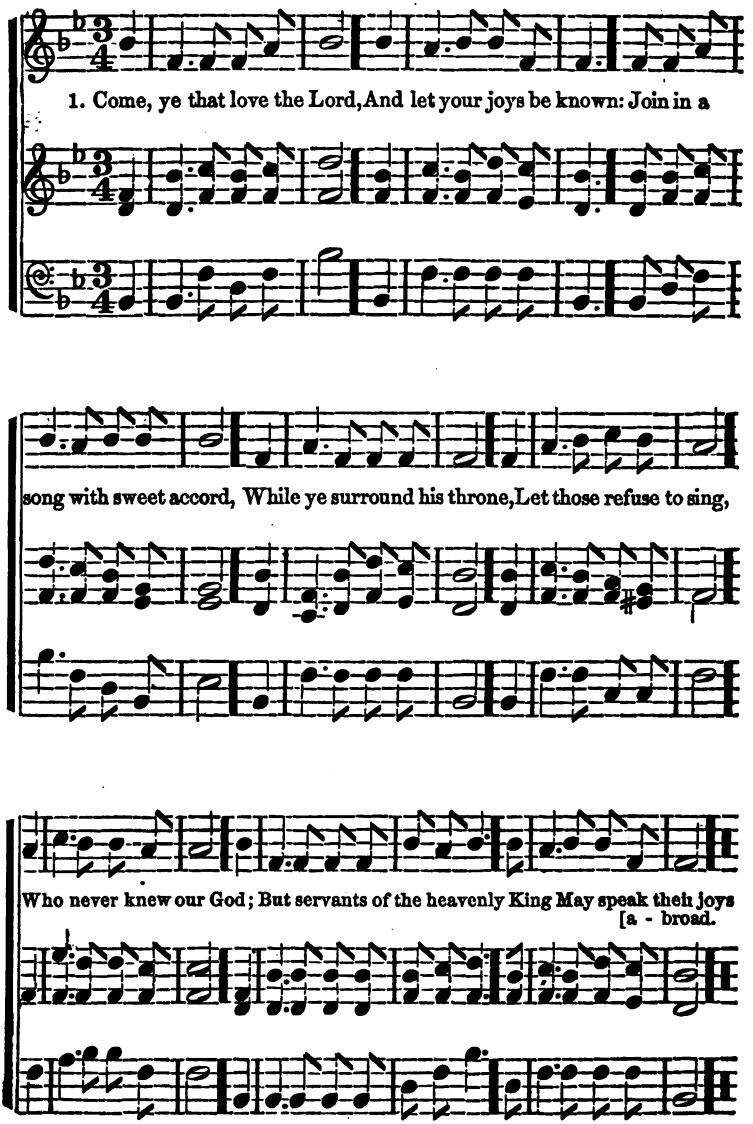
6 In me is all the bar,
Which thou wouldst fain remove;
Remove it, and I shall declare
That God is only love.

SECOND HYMN.

1 My Maker and my King,
To thee my all I owe;
Thy sov'reign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow.

2 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live;
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than I can give.

3 O, let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.


1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known: Join in a
song with sweet accord, While ye surround his throne, Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God; But servants of the heavenly King May speak their joys
[a - broad.

2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas;
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He will send down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above.

3 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in:
Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

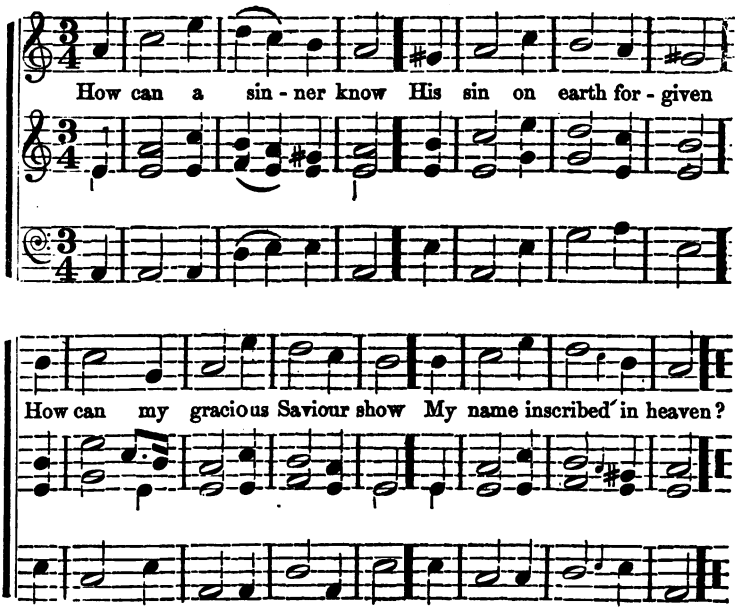
4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruit on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow:
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry:
We'er marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high

SECOND HYMN.

1 How beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill;
That bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!
How charming is their voice,
So sweet the tidings are;
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here!"

2 How happy are our ears,
That hear the joyful sound,
Which Kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!
How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But died without the sight!

3 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.



2 What we have felt and seen
With confidence we tell;
And publish to the sons of men,
The signs infallible.

3 We who in Christ believe
That he for us hath died,
We all his unknown peace receive,
And feel his blood applied.

4 Exults our rising soul,
Disburden'd of her load,
And swells, unutterably full
Of glory and of God.

5 His love, surpassing far
The love of all beneath,
We find within our hearts, and dare
The pointless darts of death.

6 Stronger than death or hell
The sacred power we prove;
And conqu'ors of the world, we dwell
In heaven, who dwell in love.

SECOND HYMN.

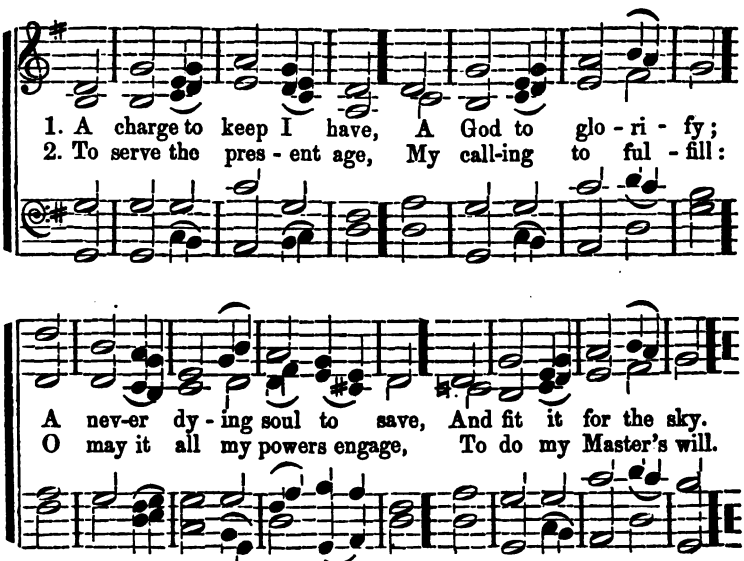
1 And let our bodies part,—
To diff'rent climes repair;
Inseparably join'd in heart
The friends of Jesus are.

2 O let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below;
And, foll'wing our triumphant Head,
To further conquests go.

3 The vineyard of the Lord
Before his lab'rers lies;
And lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.

4 O let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labours end;

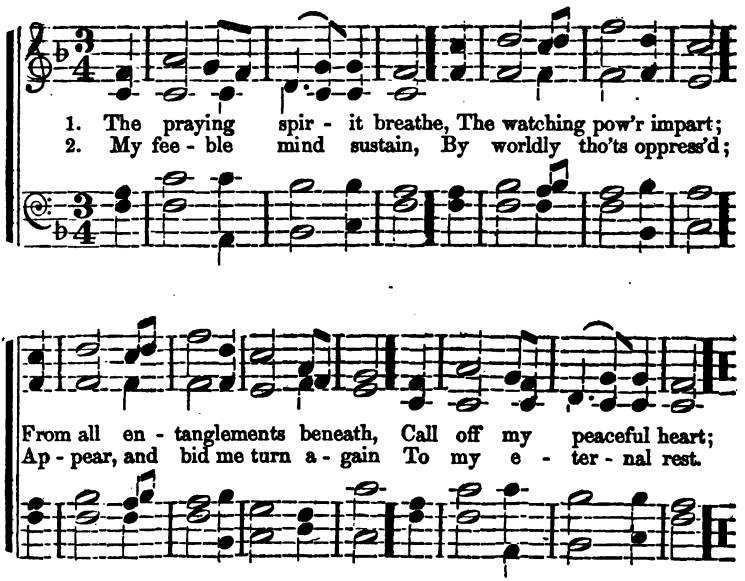
5 Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suff'ring and our pain:
Who meet on that eternal shore,
Shall never part again.



3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give!
4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assur'd if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

SECOND HYMN.

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.
2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see!
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul
He shed those tears for thee.
3 He wept that we might weep,
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
[11*] And there's no weeping there.



3 Swift to my rescue come,
Thine own this moment seize;
Gather my wand'ring spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace:

4 Suffer'd no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the pris'ner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

SECOND HYMN.

1 When shall thy love constrain,
And force me to thy breast?
When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest?

2 Ah! what avail my strife,—
My wand'ring to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life;
Ah! whither should I go?

3 Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move;
It calls me still to seek thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.

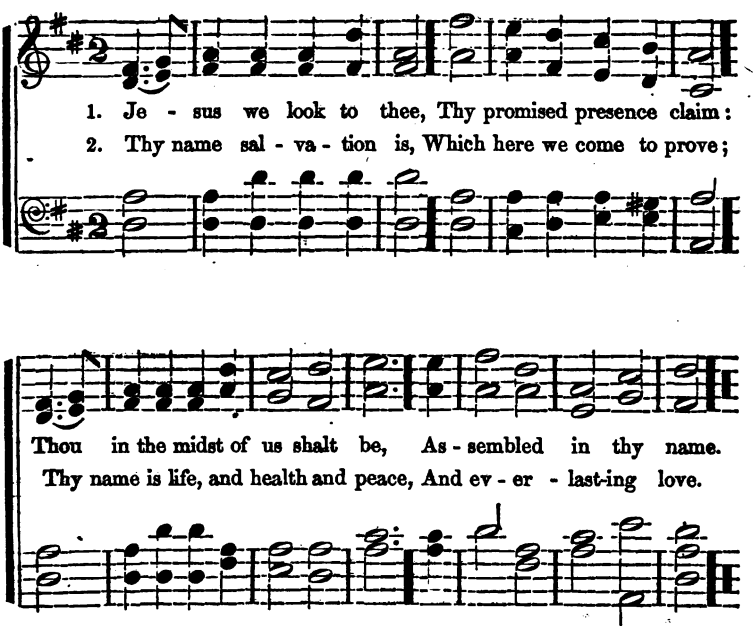
4 Lord, at thy feet I fall;
I groan to be set free;
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for thee,

1 O That I could repent,
With all my idols part,
And to thy gracious eye present
An humble, contrite heart;

2 A heart with grief oppress'd,
For having grieved my God;
A troubled heart, that cannot rest
Till sprinkled with thy blood.

3 Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire;
With true sincerity of wo,
My aching breast inspire.

4 With soft'ning pity look,
And melt my hardness down:
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone.



3 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet;
From nature's path we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget;

4 We meet the grace to take,
Which thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

5 Present we know thou art;
But, O, thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
Thy mighty comfort feel!

5 O may thy quick'ning voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hopes of perfect love!

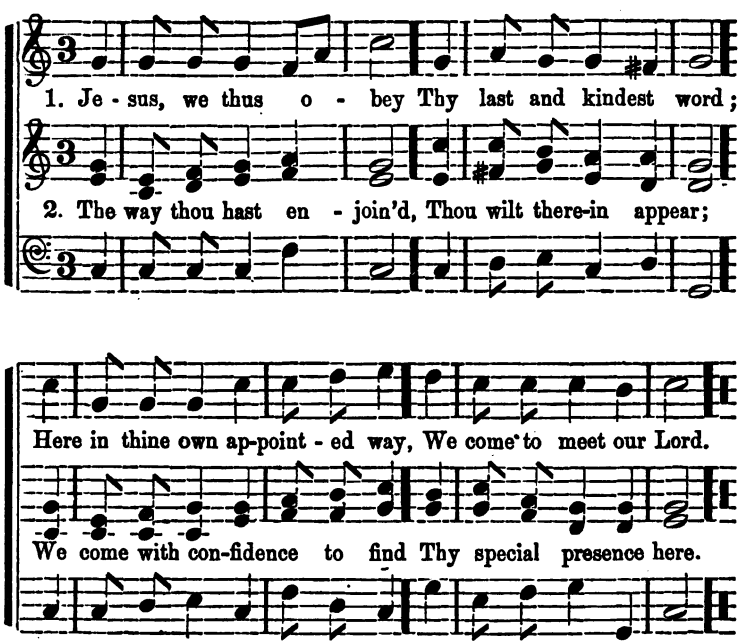
SECOND HYMN.

1 My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise:
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armour down;
The work of faith will not be done
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.



3 Whate'er the' Almighty can
To pardon'd sinners give,
The fulness of our God made man,
We here with Christ receive.

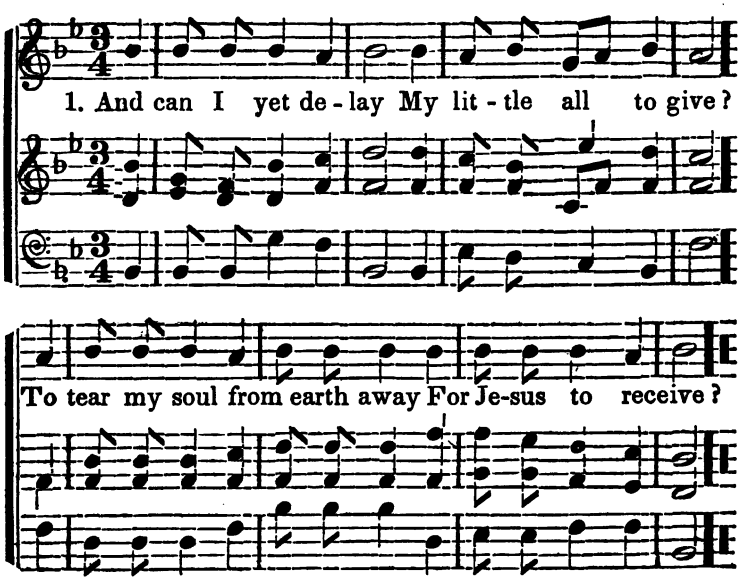
SECOND HYMN.

1 Let all who truly bear
The bleeding Saviour's name,
Their faithful hearts with us prepare,
And eat the Paschal Lamb.

2 This eucharistic feast,
Our every want supplies,
And still we by his death are blest,
And share his sacrifice.

3 Who thus our faith employ,
His suff'rings to record,
E'en now we mournfully enjoy
Communion with our Lord.

4 We too with him are dead,
And shall with him arise;
The cross on which he bows his head
Shall lift us to the skies.



2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compell'd,
And own thee conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all, resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all thy weight of love.

5 My one desire be this,—
Thy only love to know;
To seek and taste no other bliss,—
No other good below.

6 My life, my portion thou,
Thou all-sufficient art:
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter, and keep my heart.

SECOND HYMN.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

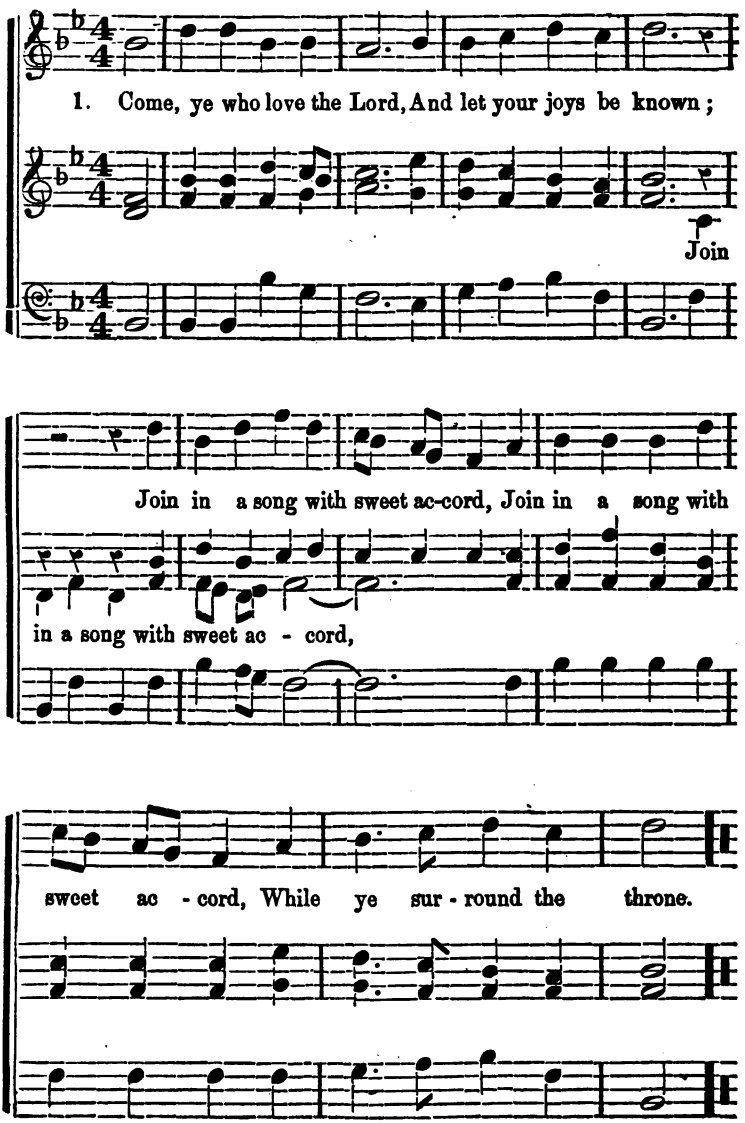
2 Before our father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers:
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain,
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.


1. Come, ye who love the Lord, And let your joys be known;
Join
Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, Join in a song with
in a song with sweet ac - cord,
sweet ac - cord, While ye sur - round the throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But Servants of the heavenly King,
May speak their joys abroad.
3 The God who rules on high,
And all the earth surveys,
Who rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas.
4 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He will send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.
5 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in.
6 Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss,
Should constant joys create.
7 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope do grow.
8 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

SECOND HYMN.

1 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
2 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
3 Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.
4 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.
5 Then let our songs abound,
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We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
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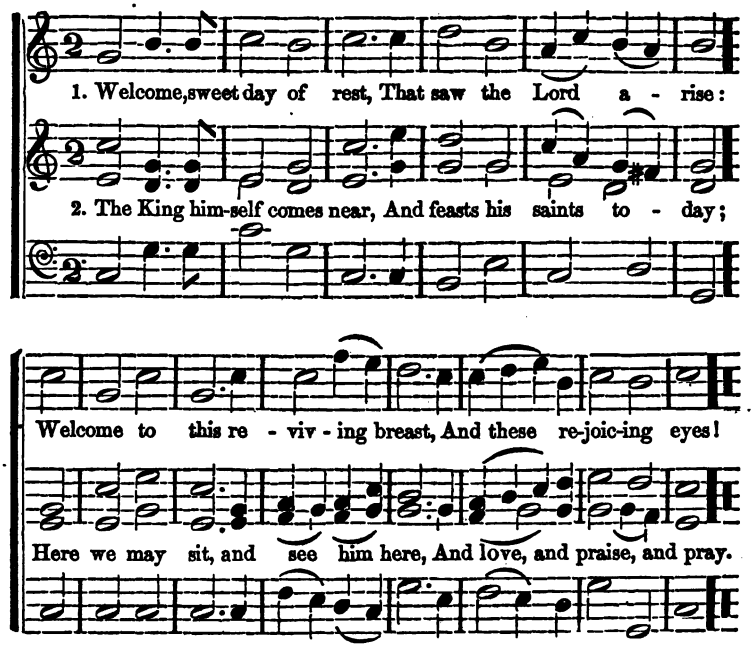


3 One day in such a place,
Where thou, my God, art seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

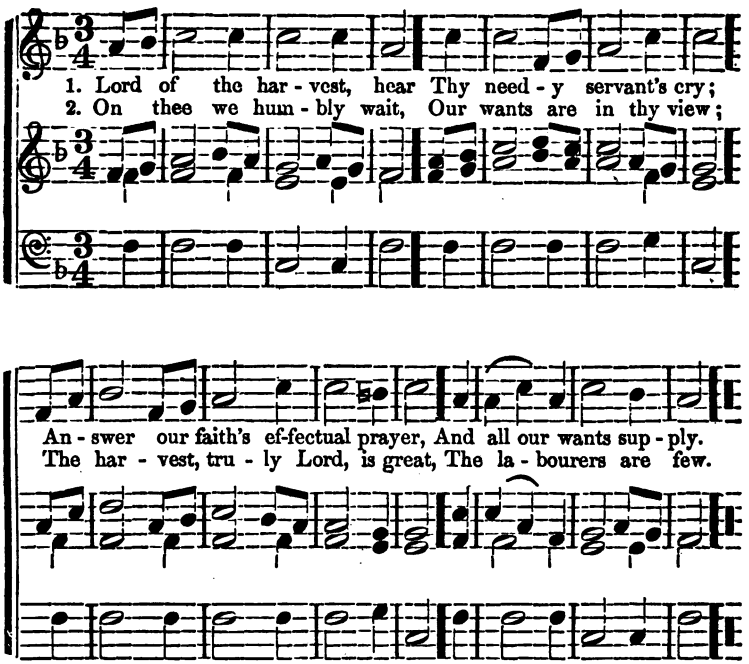
SECOND HYMN.

1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.



3 Convert, and send forth more
Into thy church abroad,
And let them speak thy word of power,
As workers with their God.

4 Give the pure Gospel word,
The word of general grace;
Then let them preach the common Lord,
Saviour of human race.

5 O let them spread thy name,
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming love!

SECOND HYMN.

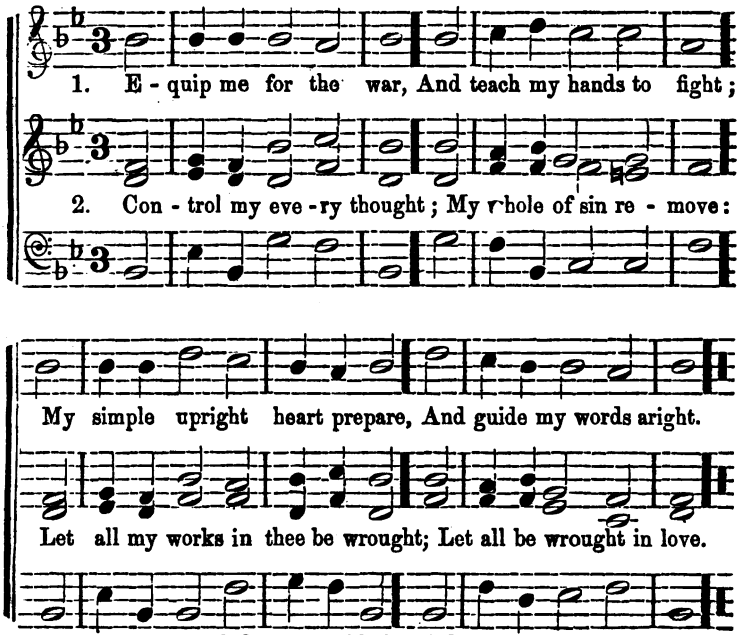
1 Far from these scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of joy and pure delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair land!—could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

3 No cloud those regions know,—
Realms ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal wo,
Can never enter there.

4 O may the prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,
Bear every thought above.

5 Prepared, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high,
Lord, bid our spirits rise and join
The chorus of the sky.



3 O arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb, that was in thee;
And let my knowing zeal be join'd
With perfect charity.

4 With calm and temper'd zeal
Let me enforce thy call;
And vindicate thy gracious will;
Which offers life to all.

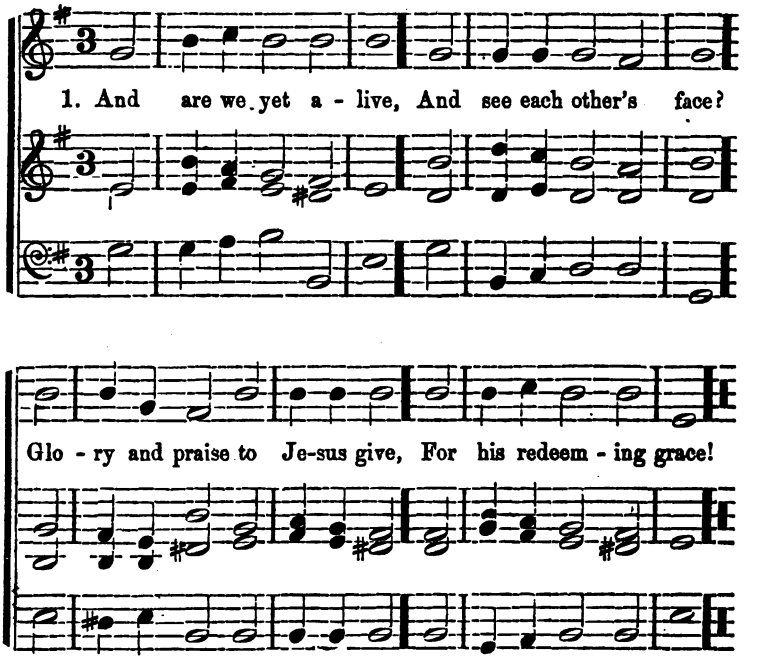
SECOND HYMN.

1 Great is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches, his abode
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand:—
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

4 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair;
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliv'rance there.



2 Preserv'd by power divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

3 What troubles have we seen!
What conflicts have we past!
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last.

4 But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

5 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more:

6 Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

SECOND HYMN.

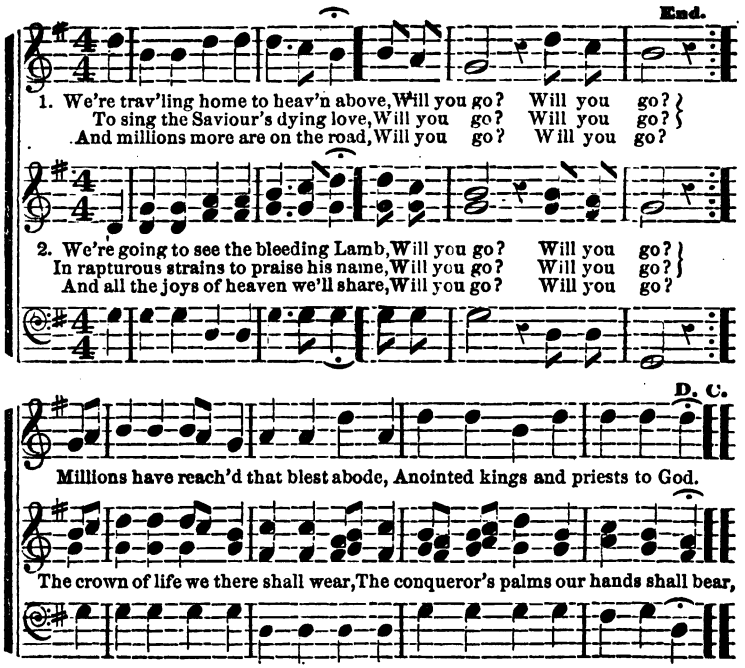
1 And wilt thou yet be found,
And may I still draw near?
Then listen to the plaintive sound
Of a poor sinner's prayer.

2 Jesus, thine aid afford,
If still the same thou art:
To thee I look, to thee, my Lord,
I lift my helpless heart.

3 Thou seest my troubled breast,
The strugglings of my will,
The foes that interrupt my rest,
The agonies I feel.

4 O my offended Lord,
Restore my inward peace;
I know thou canst; pronounce the word,
And bid the tempest cease.

WILL YOU GO?

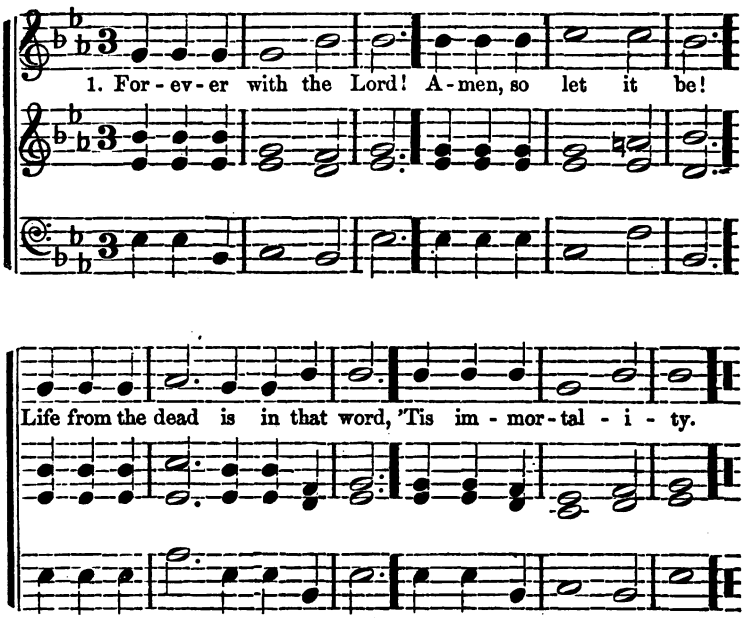


3 We're going to join the Heavenly Choir,
To raise our voice and tune the lyre;
There saints and angels gladly sing
Hosanna to their God and King,
And make the heavenly arches ring.
Will you go? &c.

4 Ye weary, heavy laden come,
In the blest house there still is room
The Lord is waiting to receive,
If thou wilt on him now believe,
He'll give thy troubled conscience ease.
Will you go? &c.

5 The way to Heaven is free for all,
For Jew and Gentile, great and small,
Make up your mind, give God your heart,
With every sin and idol part,
And now for glory make a start.
Will you go? &c.

6 The way to Heaven is straight and plain,
Repent, believe, be born again;
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow me,"
And thou shalt my salvation see.
Will you go? &c.



2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 Forever with the Lord
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
E'en here to me fulfil.

4 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the vail in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

5 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
Forever with the Lord!

SECOND HYMN.

1 O where shall rest be found,—
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

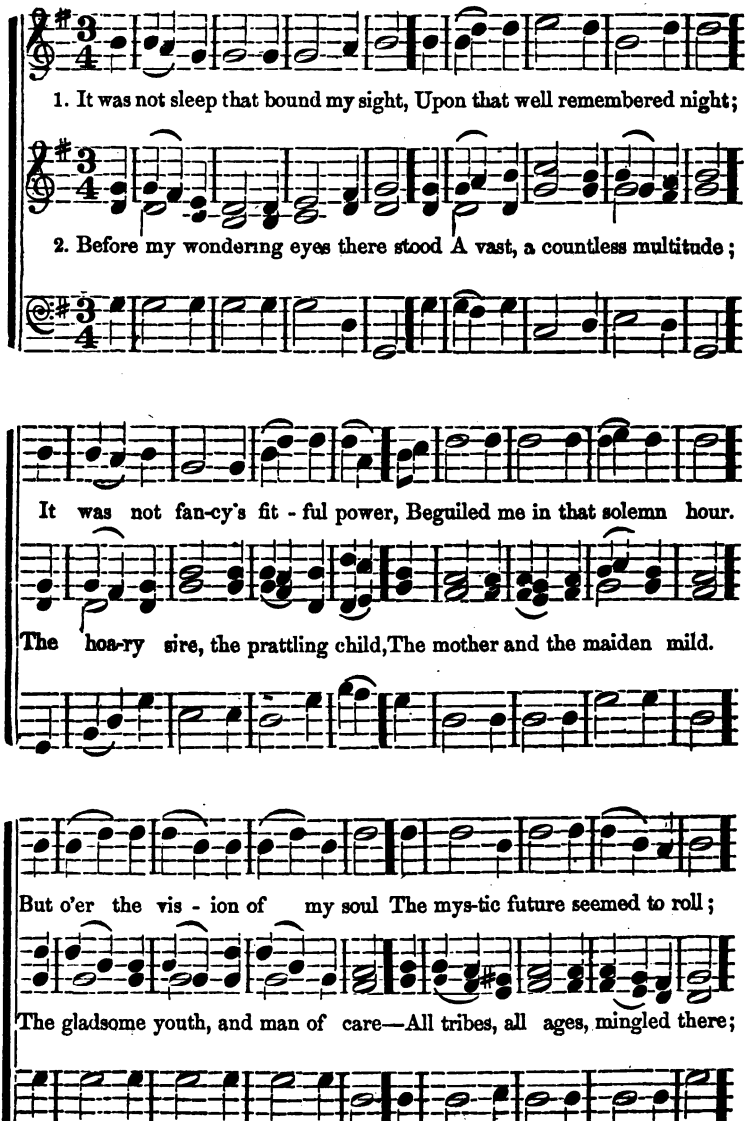
3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

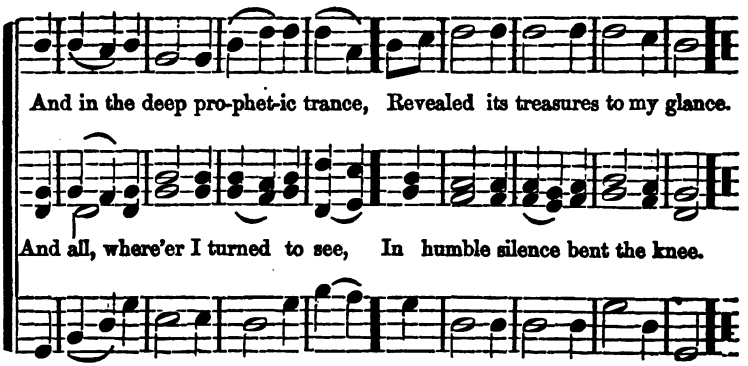
4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Thou God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banish'd from thy face,
Forever more undone.

THE DREAM.

Matt. 27, 19. S. H. Words by Rev. C. W. BAIRD.





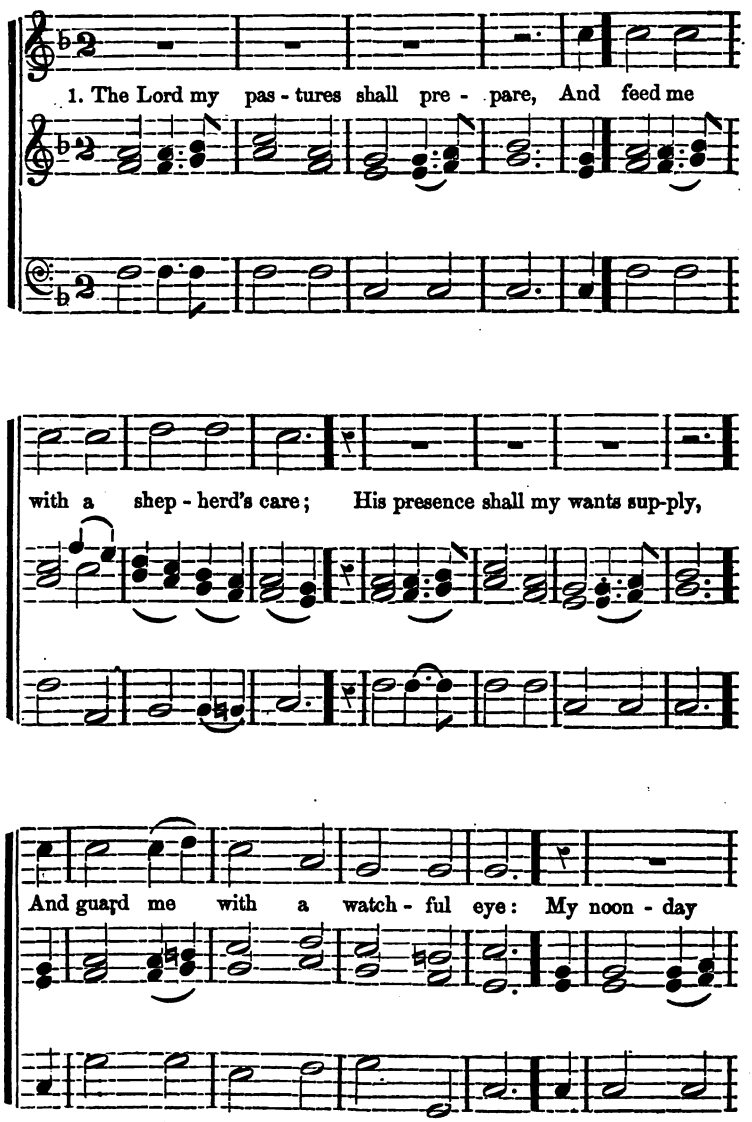
3 Still o'er the crowded scene I gazed:
Against the lurid eastern sky
I saw the shameful CROSS upraised;
I saw the sufferer doomed to die.
'Twas he whom late with sorrowing mien,
In Zion's streets I oft had seen;
And now, in blood and agony,
He turned a dying look on me.

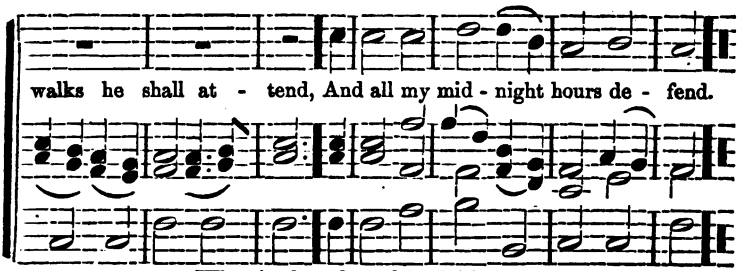
4 Then softly from that gathering throng
Arose the sound of solemn song;
And while I caught the swelling lay,
The myriad voices seemed to say—
'And we believe in him that died,
By PONTIUS PILATE crucified—
That He shall come, when time is fled,
To judge the living and the dead.'

5 I woke;—thou wast not by my side,
I heard a loud exulting cry:
I heard the scornful priests deride,
The elders murmur 'Crucify!'
O PILATE! hadst thou marked my prayer,
That guiltless blood to shield and spare,
That deed of horror would not be
A stain to thine—a curse to thee!

6 Our scenes of early love are past;
Our youthful spring is withered all;
Afar from Rome our lot is cast,
Beneath the sunny skies of Gaul; *
The thoughts that memory treasures yet
Of other days, begin to flee;
But never shall my heart forget
The CRUCIFIED OF GALILEE!

* Pontius Pilate died in exile at Vienna, a small town near Lyons, in France.


1. The Lord my pas - tures shall pre - pare, And feed me
with a shep - herd's care; His presence shall my wants sup-ply,
And guard me with a watch - ful eye: My noon - day



2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

SECOND HYMN.

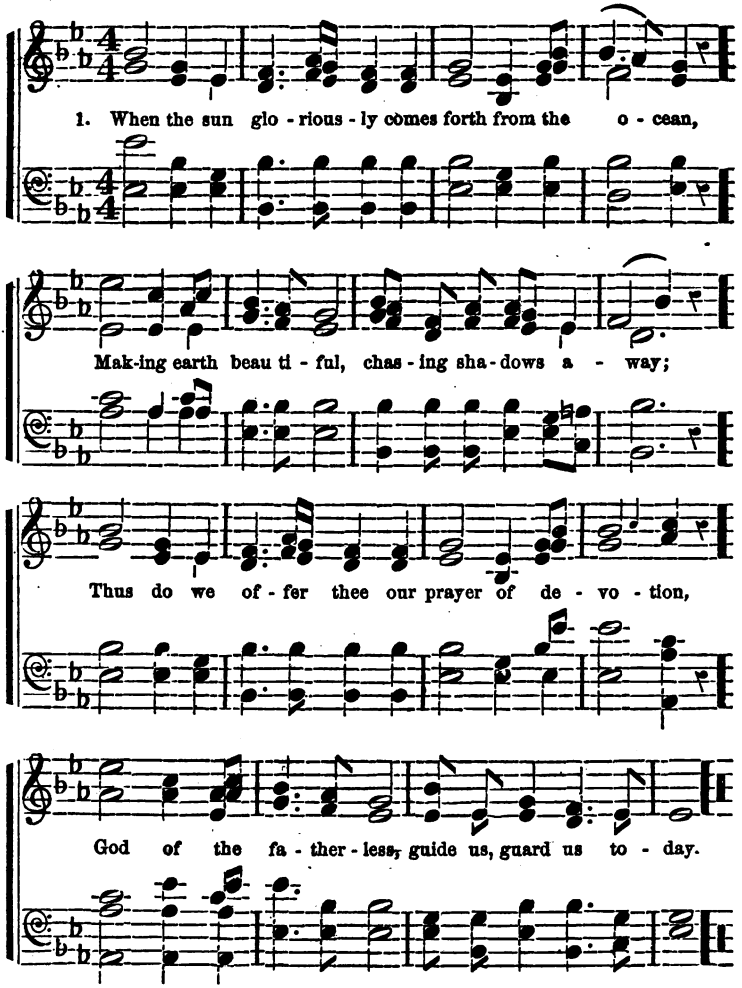
1 See, sinners, in the Gospel glass,
The Friend and Saviour of mankind!
Not one of all th' apostate race,
But may in him salvation find!
His thoughts, and words, and actions prove,
His life and death—that God is love.

2 Behold the Lamb of God, who bears
The sins of all the world away!
A servant's form he meekly wears,
He sojourns in a house of clay;
His glory is no longer seen,
But God with God, is man with men.

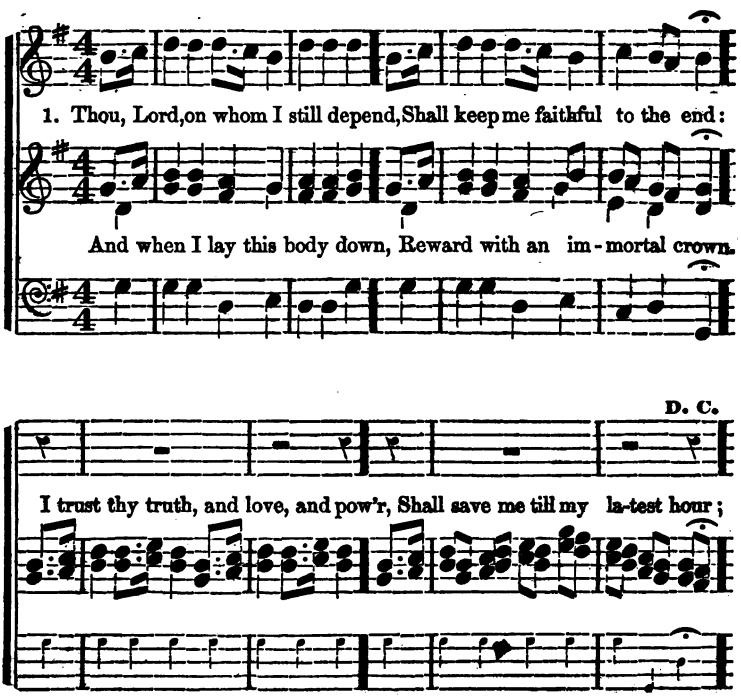
3 See where the God incarnate stands,
And calls his wand'ring creatures home:
He all day long spreads out his hands;
Come, weary souls, to Jesus come!
Ye all may hide you in his breast;
Believe, and he will give you rest.

GOD OF THE FATHERLESS.

Arranged from VON WEBER.



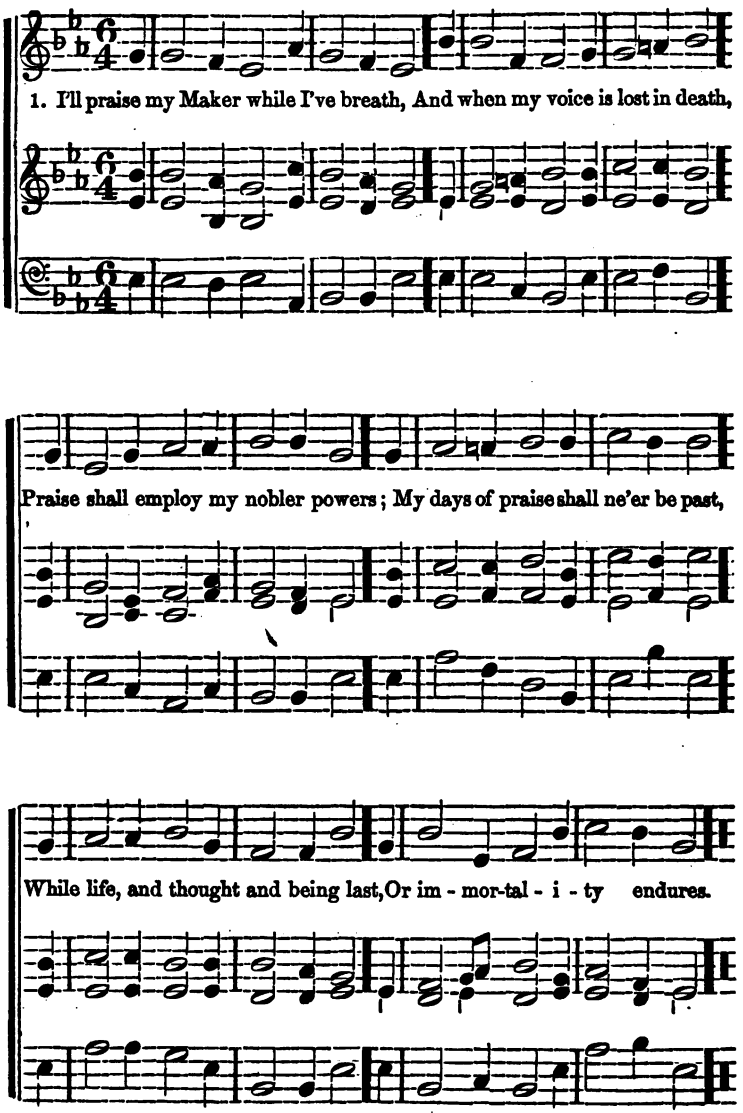
2 When o'er the western hills, the sunset tints blending,
Show us how quickly fades all that on earth seems bright,
When to unfading realms our pray'r is ascending,
God of the fatherless, guide us, guard us to-night.



2 Jesus, in thy great name I go,
To conquer death, my final foe;
And when I quit this cumbrous clay,
And soar on angels' wings away,
My soul the second death defies,
And reigns eternal in the skies.

3 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
What Christ has for his saints prepared,
Who conquer through their Saviour's might,
Who sink into perfection's height,
And trample death beneath their feet,
And gladly die their Lord to meet.

4 Dost thou desire to know or see
What thy mysterious name shall be?
Contending for thy heavenly home,
Thy latest foe in death o'ercome;—
Till then thou searchest out in vain,
What only conquest can explain.


1. I'll praise my Maker while I've breath, And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers; My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought and being last, Or im - mor-tal - i - ty endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth forever stands secure;
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind:
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

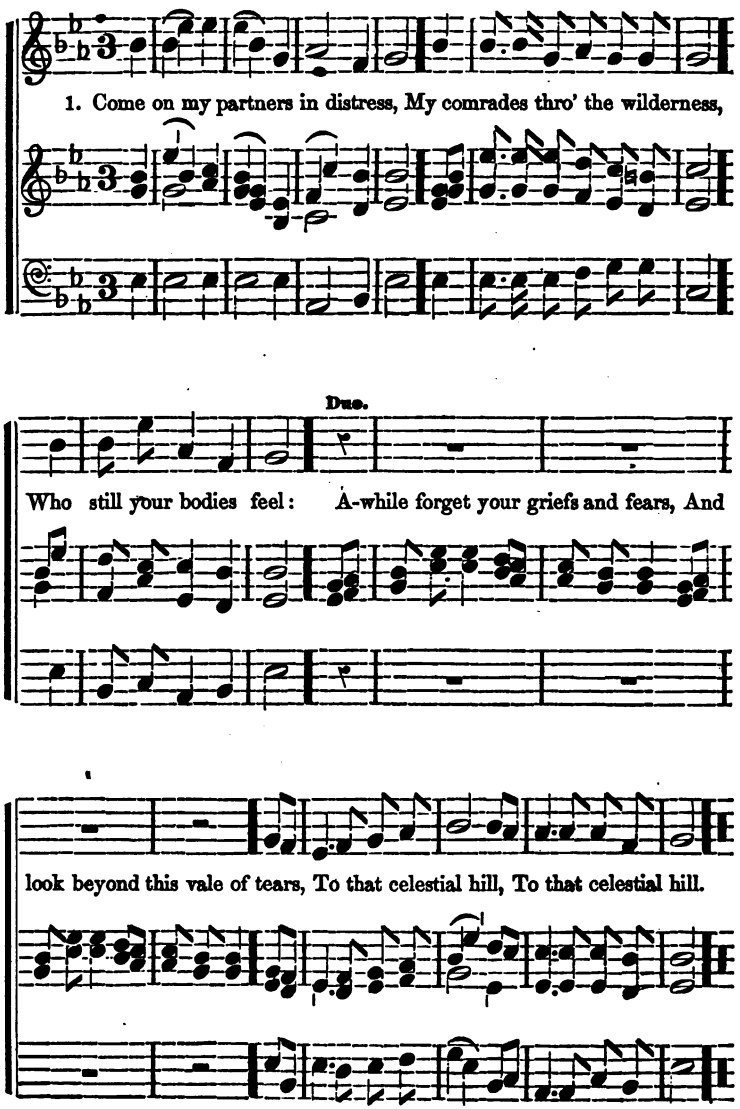
SECOND HYMN.

1 Where shall my wond'ring soul begin?
How shall I all to heaven aspire?
A slave redeem'd from death and sin,—
A brand pluck'd from eternal fire,—
How shall I equal triumphs raise,
Or sing my great Deliv'rer's praise?

2 O how shall I the goodness tell,
Father, which thou to me hast show'd?
That I, a child of wrath and hell,
I should be call'd a child of God,
Should know, should feel my sins forgiven,
Blest with this ante-past of heaven.

3 And shall I slight my Father's love,
Or basely fear his gifts to own?
Unmindful of his favours prove?
Shall I, the hallow'd cross to shun,
Refuse his righteousness to' impart,
By hiding it within my heart?

4 No: though the ancient dragon rage,
And call forth all his hosts to war;
Though earth's self-righteous sons engage,
Them and their god alike I dare;
Jesus, the sinner's Friend, proclaim;
Jesus, to sinners still the same.


1. Come on my partners in distress, My comrades thro' the wilderness,
Duo.
Who still your bodies feel: A-while forget your griefs and fears, And
look beyond this vale of tears, To that celestial hill, To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up;
It brings to life the dead:
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

5 That great mysterious Deity,
We soon with open face shall see;
The beatific sight
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

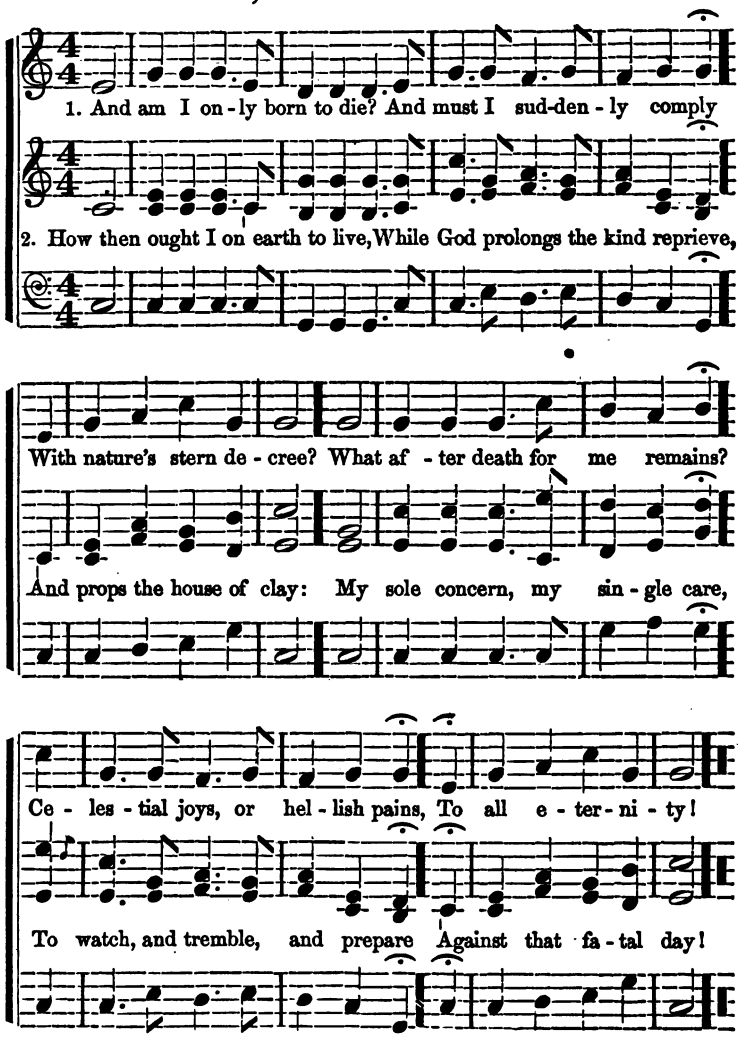
SECOND HYMN.

1 Jesus, thou soul of all our joys,
For whom we now lift up our voice,
And all our strength exert,—
Vouchsafe the grace we humbly claim;
Compose into a thankful frame,
And tune thy people's heart,

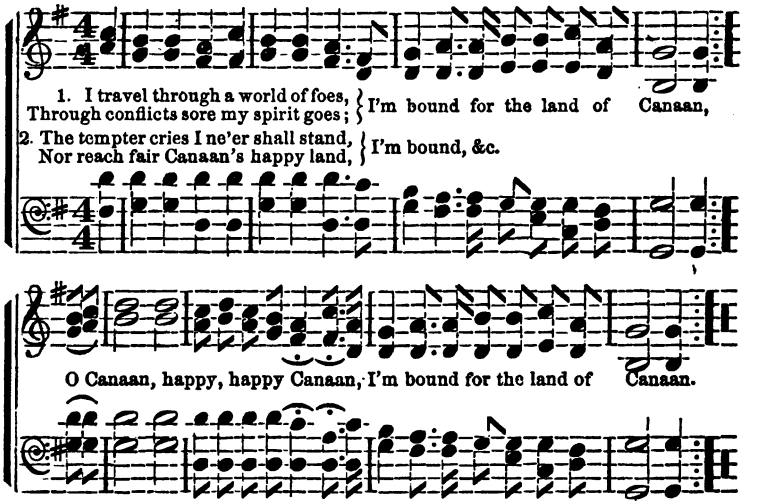
2 While in the heavenly work we join,
Thy glory be our whole design,
Thy glory, not our own:—
Still let us keep this end in view,
And still the pleasing task pursue,
To please our God alone.

3 Thee let us praise, our common Lord,
And sweetly join, with one accord,
Thy goodness to proclaim:
Jesus, thyself in us reveal,
And all our faculties shall feel
Thy harmonizing Name.

4 With calmly reverential joy,
O let us all our lives employ
In setting forth thy love;
And raise in death our triumph higher,
And sing, with all the heavenly choir,
That endless song above.



3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
Th' inexorable throne!



CHORUS FOR THE SECOND HYMN:—We'll all rise together in the morning, In the morning, children, in the morning, We'll all rise together in the morning.

3

Come life, come death, come then what will,
His footsteps I will follow still.

4

Through dangers thick and hell's alarms,
I shall be safe in his dear arms.

5

Then, O my soul, arise and sing,
Yonder's my Saviour, Friend and King.

6

With pleasing smiles he now looks down,
And cries, "Press on, and here's the crown.

7

"Prove faithful, then, a few more days,
Fight the good fight, and win the race.

8

"And then thy soul with me shall reign,
Thy head a crown of glory gain."

SECOND HYMN.

1

Although you see me happy now,
I have my trials here below.

2

And Oh! the crowns that we shall wear,
They will outshine the morning star.

3

And Oh! the robes that we shall wear,
Where saints and angels will appear!

4

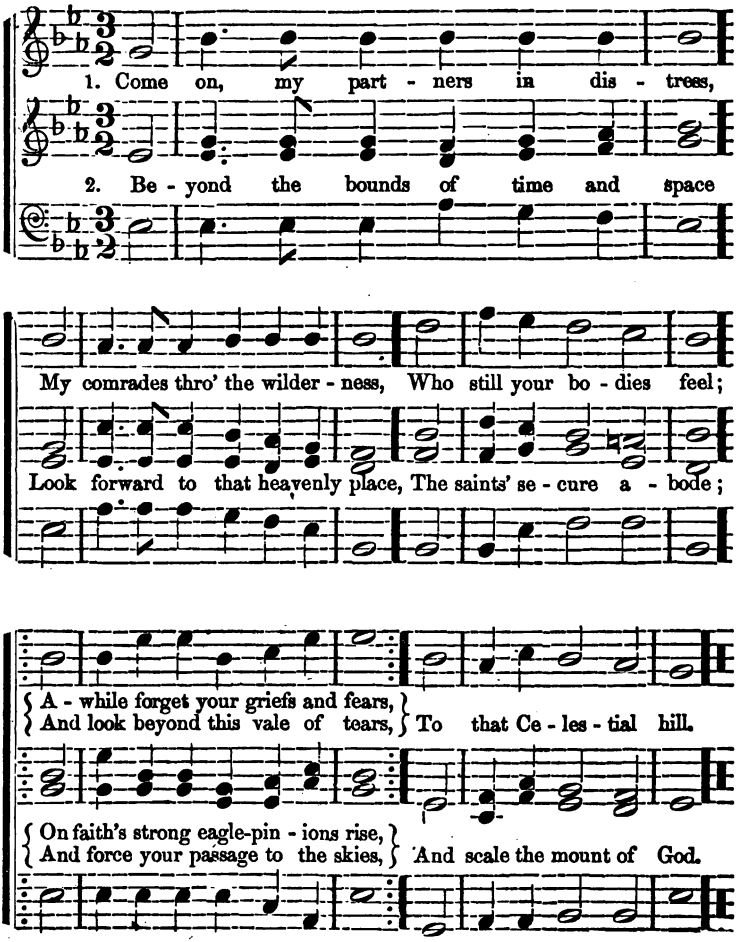
If you get there before I do,
Look out for me, I'm coming too.

5

I have some friends before me gone,
And I'm resolved to travel on.

6

There is a tree in Paradise,
The Christian's called the tree of life.



*By permission.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up,
It brings to life the dead:
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

5 That great mysterious Deity
We soon with open face shall see;
The beatific sight
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

6 In hope of that ecstatic pause,
Jesus, we now sustain the cross,
And at thy footstool fall;
Till thou our hidden life reveal,
Till thou our ravish'd spirits fill,
And God be all in all.

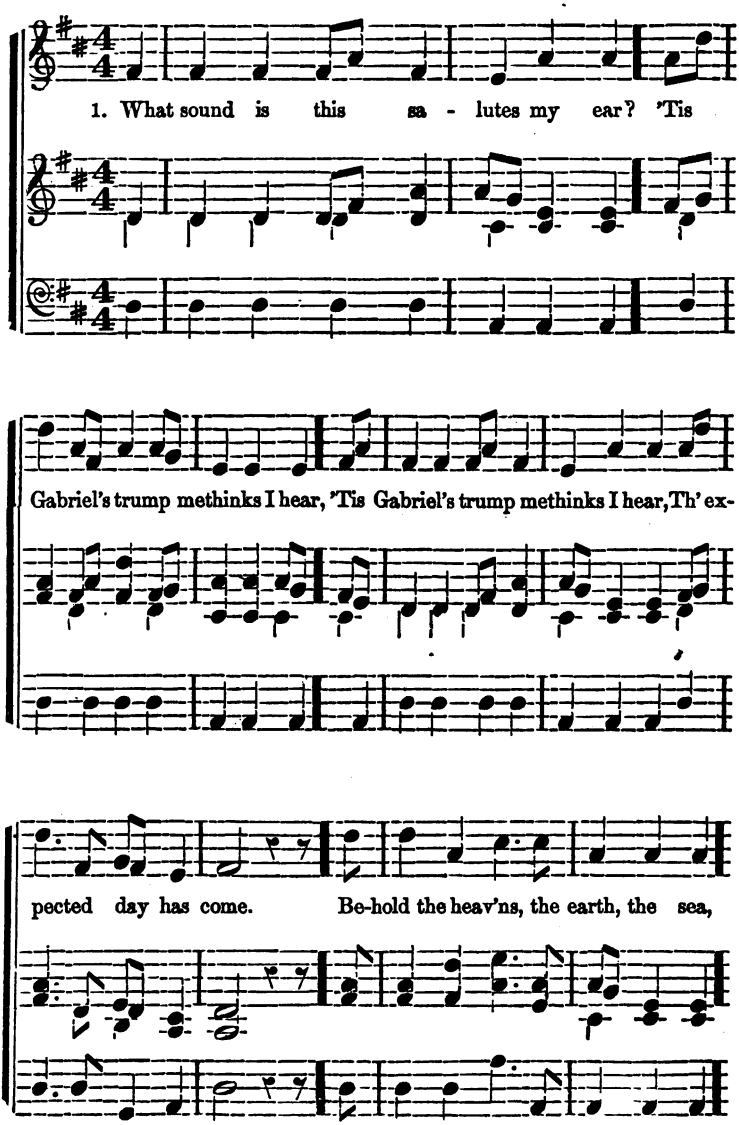
SECOND HYMN.

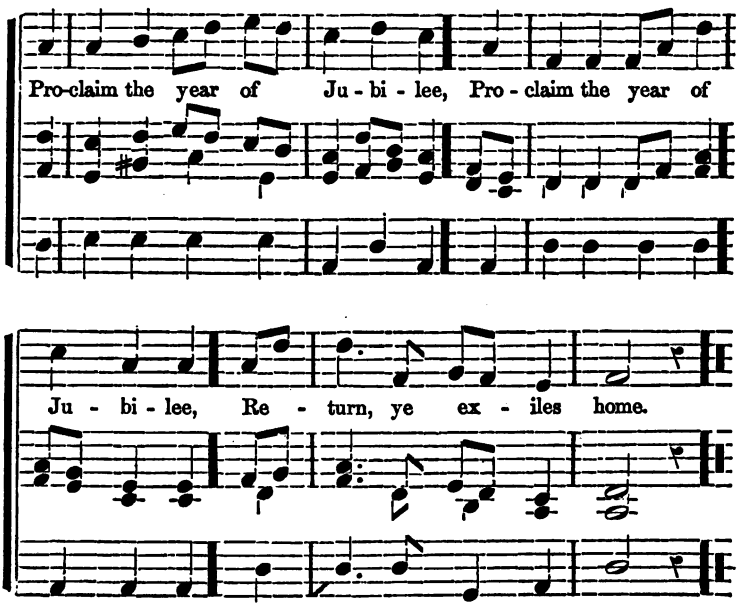
1 How happy is the pilgrim's lot;
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confin'd to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

2 This happiness in part is mine,
Already sav'd from low design,
From every creature love!
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3 There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come!

4 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies;
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest!
Now let the pilgrim's journey end;
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast!

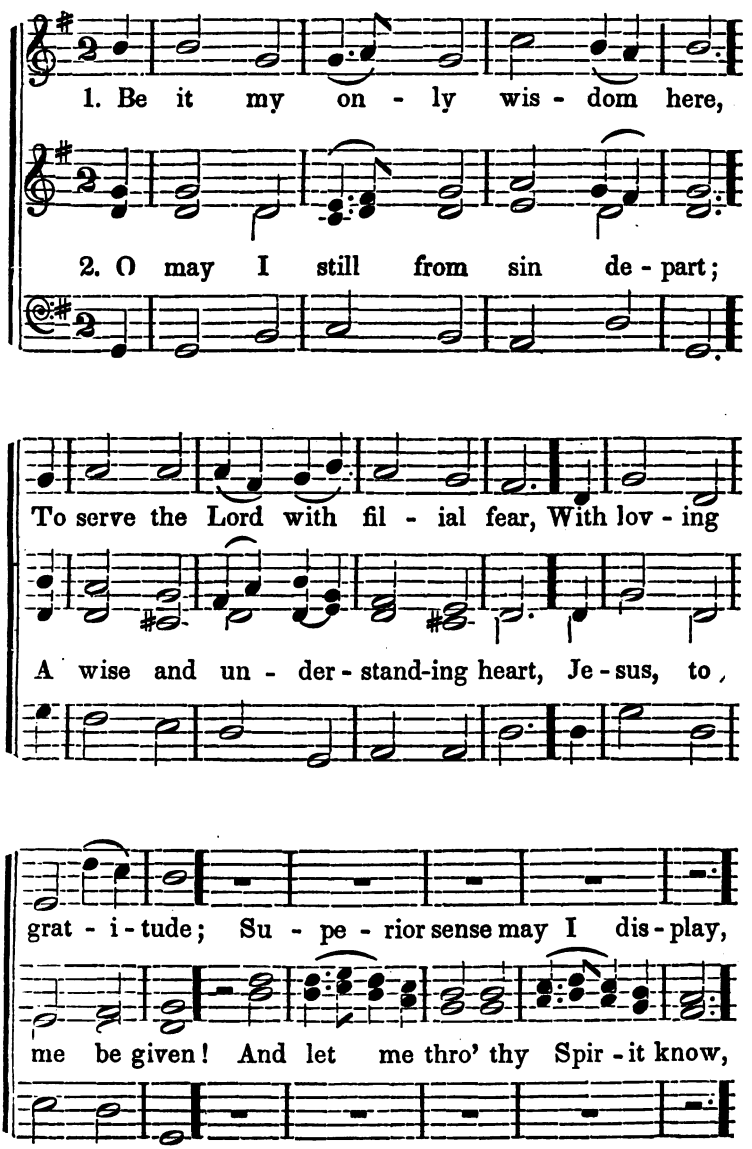

1. What sound is this sa - lutes my ear? 'Tis
Gabriel's trump methinks I hear, 'Tis Gabriel's trump methinks I hear, Th' ex-
pected day has come. Be-hold the heav'ns, the earth, the sea,

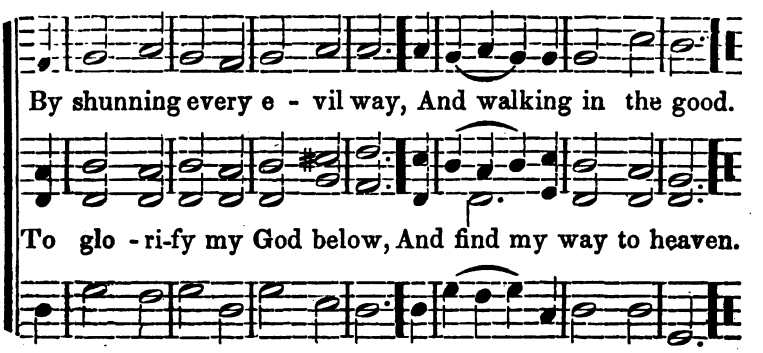


2 Behold the fair Jerusalem,
Illuminated by the Lamb,
In glory doth appear;
Fair Zion rising from the tombs,
To meet the Bridegroom, lo! he comes,
And hails the festive year.

3 My soul is striving to be there;
I long to rise and wing the air,
And trace the sacred road;
Adieu, adieu, all earthly things,
O that I had an angel's wings,
I'd quickly see my God.

4 Fly, lingering moments fly, O fly,
I thirst, I pant, I long to try,
Angelic joys to prove!
Soon shall I quit this house of clay,
Clap my glad wings and soar away,
And shout redeeming love.


1. Be it my on - ly wis - dom here,
2. O may I still from sin de - part;
To serve the Lord with fil - ial fear, With lov - ing
A wise and un - der - stand-ing heart, Je - sus, to,
grat - i - tude; Su - pe - rior sense may I dis - play,
me be given! And let me thro' thy Spir - it know,



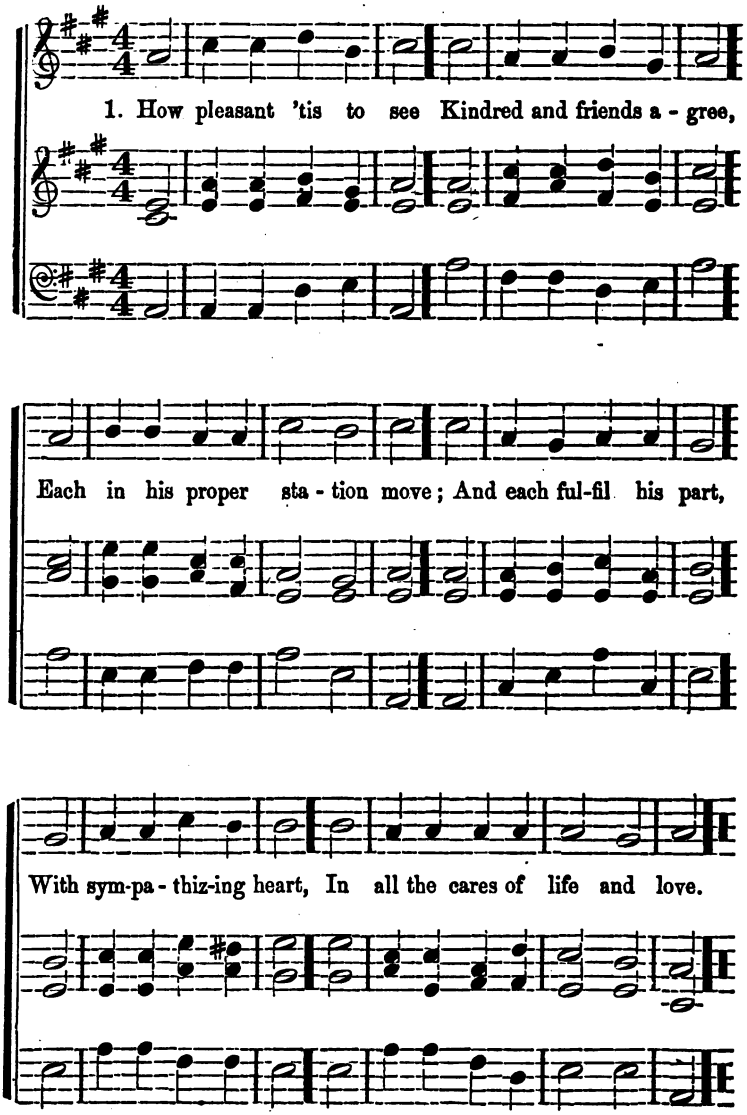
SECOND HYMN.

1 How happy, gracious Lord! are we,
Divinely drawn to follow thee,
Whose hours divided are
Betwixt the mount and multitude;
Our day is spent in doing good,
Our night in praise and prayer.

With us no melancholy void,
No moment lingers unemploy'd,
Or unimproved below:
Our weariness of life is gone,
Who live to serve our God alone,
And only thee to know.

3 The winter's night, and summer's day,
Glide imperceptibly away,—
Too short to sing thy praise;
Too few we find the happy hours,
And haste to join those heavenly powers
In everlasting lays.

4 With all who chant thy name on high,
And, Holy, holy, holy, cry,
(A bright, harmonious throng!)
We long thy praises to repeat,
And ceaseless sing around thy seat
The new eternal song.


1. How pleasant 'tis to see Kindred and friends a - gree,
Each in his proper sta - tion move; And each ful-fil his part,
With sym-pa - thiz-ing heart, In all the cares of life and love.

2 Like fruitful show'rs of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighboring hills;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through every friendly soul,
Where love, like heavenly dew, distils.

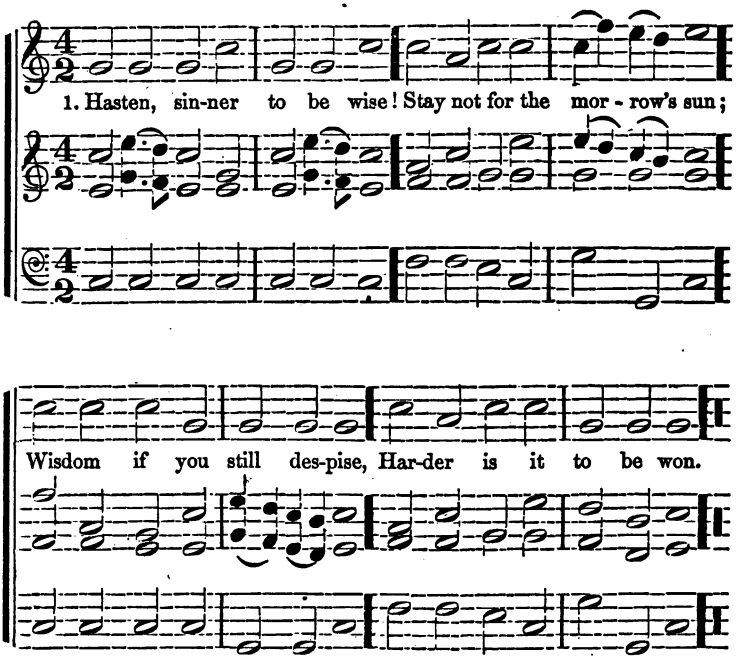
SECOND HYMN.

1 The Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crowned;
Arrayed in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.

2 Upheld by thy commands,
The world securely stands,
And skies and stars obey thy word;
Thy throne was fixed on high
Ere stars adorned the sky;
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

3 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their power engage;
Let swelling tides assault the sky;
The terrors of thy frown
Shall beat their madness down;
Thy throne forever stands on high.

4 Thy promises are true,
Thy grace is ever new;
There fixed, thy church shall ne'er remove:
Thy saints with holy fear
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.



2

Hasten, mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3

Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4

Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

SECOND HYMN.

Lord, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O, do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2

Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3

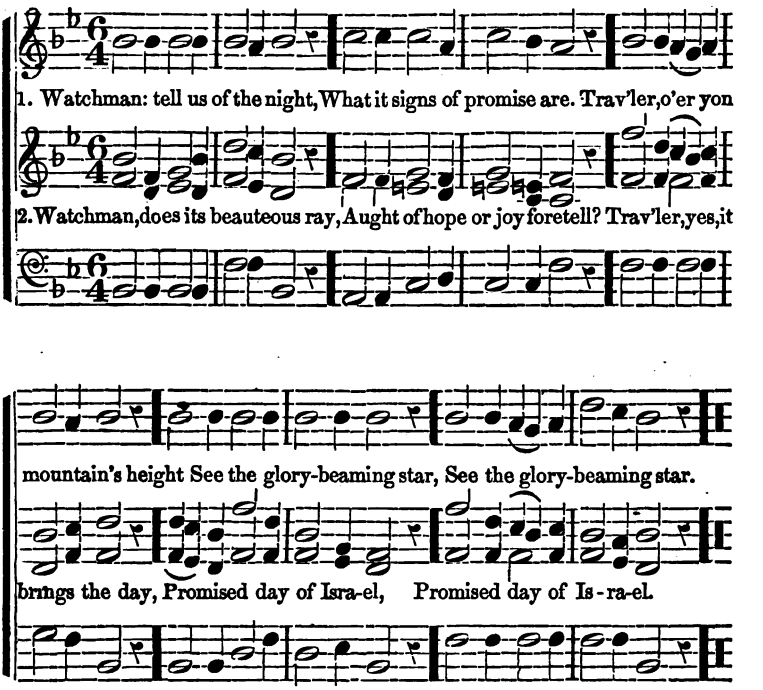
Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

4

Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

5

Grant that all may seek and find
Thee, a gracious God and kind:
Heal the sick, the captive free:
Let us all rejoice in thee.



3 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Trav'ler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.

4 Watchman, will its beams, alone,
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ler, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

5 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

6 Watchman, let thy wand'ring cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

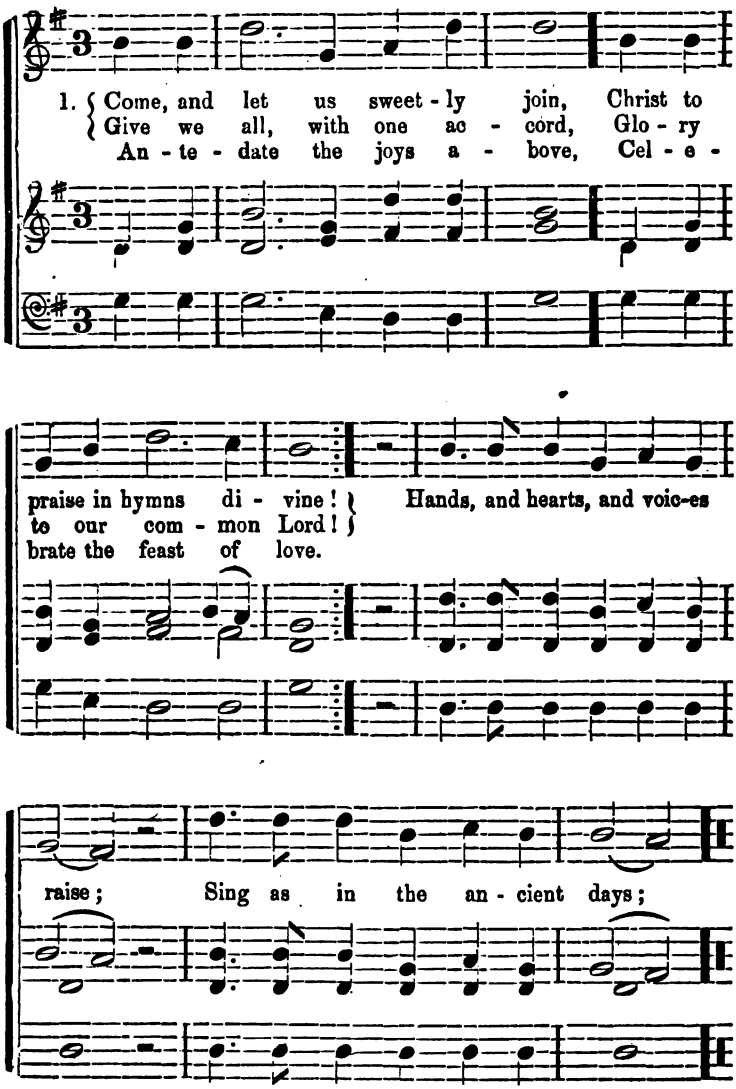
SECOND HYMN.

1 Lord, whom winds and seas obey,
Guide us through the wartery way;
In the hollow of thy hand
Hide, and bring us safe to land.

2 Jesus, let our faithful mind
Rest, on thee alone reclined:
Every anxious thought repress;
Keep our souls in perfect peace.

3 Keep the souls whom now we leave
Bid them to each other cleave;
Bid them walk on life's rough sea;
Bid them come by faith to thee.

4 Save, till all these tempests end,
All who on thy love depend;
Waft our happy spirits o'er;
Land us on the heavenly shore.



* From Carmina Sacra—by permission.

2 Strive we, in affection strive:
Let the purer flame revive;
Such as in the martyrs glow'd,
Dying champions for their God;
We like them may live and love;
Call'd we are their joys to prove;
Saved with them from future wrath;
Partners of like precious faith.

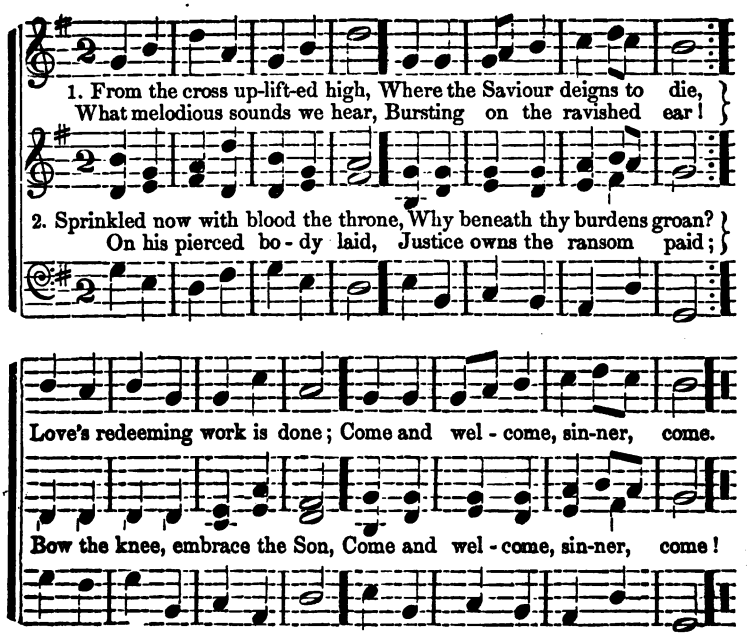
3 Sing we then in Jesus' name,
Now as yesterday the same;
One in every time and place,
Full for all of truth and grace;
We for Christ, our Master, stand,
Lights in a benighted land:
We our dying Lord confess,
We are Jesus' witnesses.

4 Witness we that Christ hath died:
We with him are crucified:
Christ hath burst the bands of death,
We his quick'ning Spirit breathe:
Christ is now gone up on high:
Thither all our wishes fly:
Sits at God's right hand above;
There with him we reign in love.

SECOND HYMN.

1 Who are these array'd in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun?
Foremost of the sons of light;
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they that bore the cross;
Nobly for their Master stood;
Suff'rers in his righteous cause,
Foll'wers of the dying God.

2 Out of great distress they came:
Wash'd their robes, by faith, below,
In the blood of yonder Lamb,—
Blood that washes white as snow;
Therefore are they next the throne;
Serve their Maker day and night;
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.



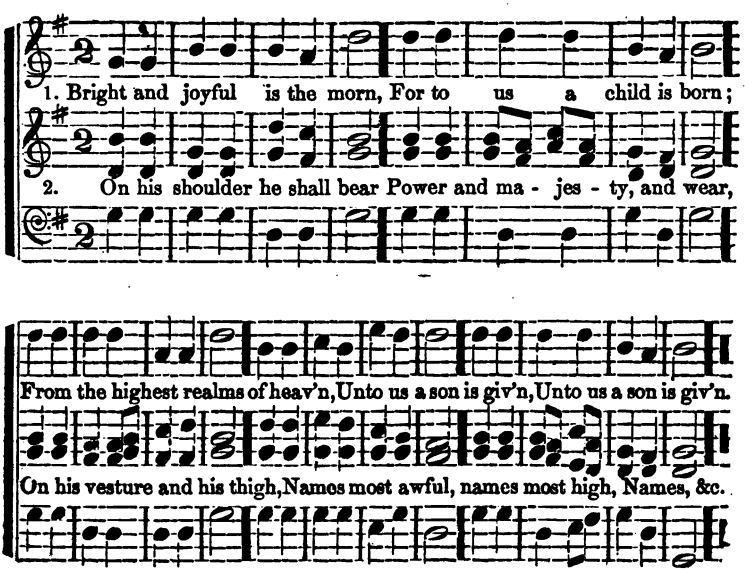
3 Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest bounty stored;
To thy Father's bosom press'd,
Thou shalt be a child confess'd,
Never from his house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

SECOND HYMN.

1 Once I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fixed, no more to move;
Then my Savior was my song,
Then my soul was filled with love.
Those were happy, golden days,
Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

2 Little then myself I knew,
Little thought of Satan's power;
Now I feel my sins anew;
Now I feel the stormy hour.
Sin has put my joys to flight;
Sin has turned my day to night

3 Saviour, shine and cheer my soul,
Bid my dying hopes revive;
Make my wounded spirit whole,
Far away the tempter drive;
Speak the word and set me free,
Let me live alone to thee.



3 Wonderful in counsel He,
Christ, the' incarnate Deity;
Sire of ages, ne'er to cease;
King of kings, and Prince of peace.

4 Come and worship at his feet;
Yield to him the homage meet:
From the manger to the throne,
Homage due to God alone.

SECOND HYMN.

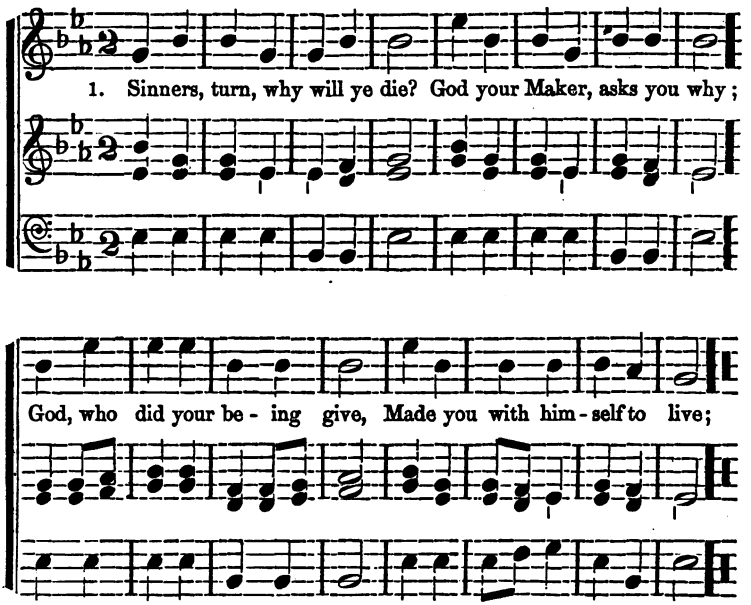
1 Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

4 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, How shall I give thee up?—
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

5 There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.



2 He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands;
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
Chirst your Saviour, asks you why;
He who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live.

4 Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

5 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why?
He who all your lives hath strove,
Wooed you to embrace his love.

6 Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long sought sinners, why
Will you grieve your God, and die?

SECOND HYMN.

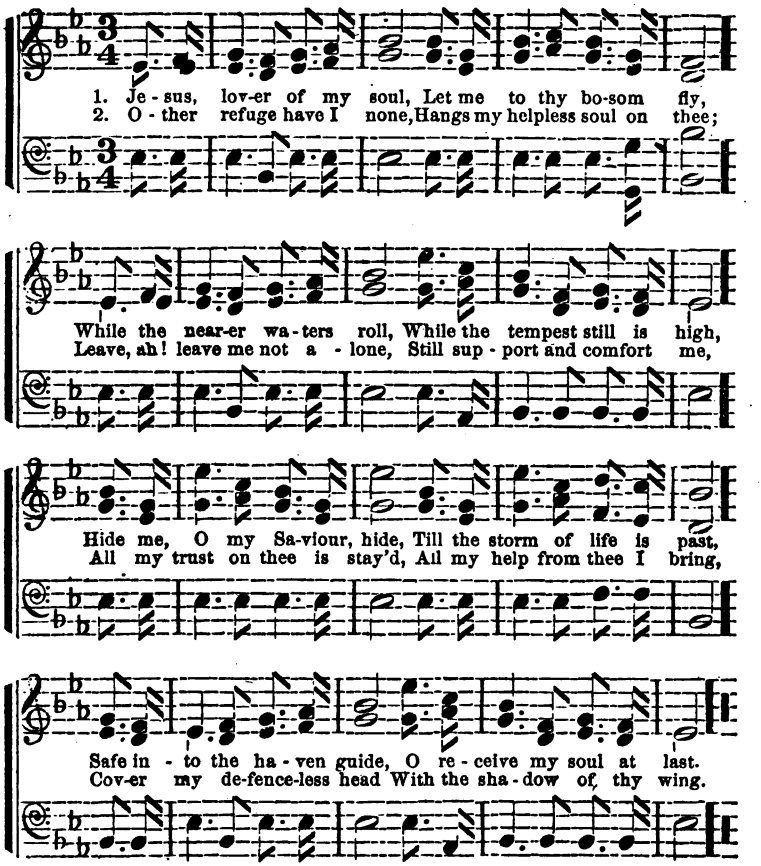
1 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens, and earth, reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,—
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal
Christ has burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath open'd Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Follow our exalted head;
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

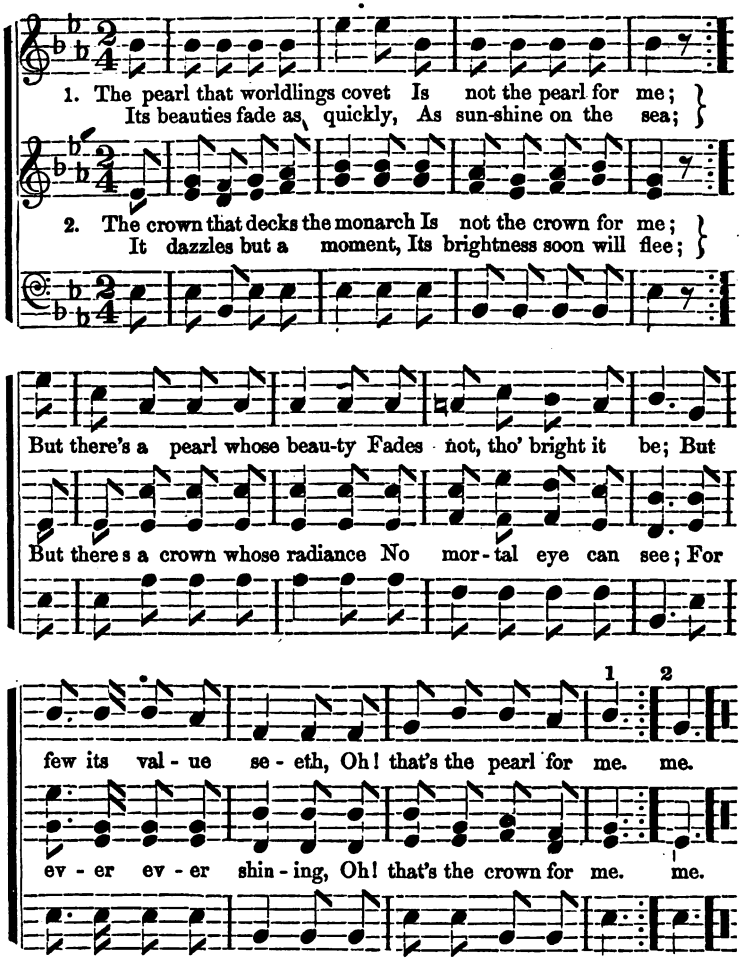


3

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find,
Raise the fall'n, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

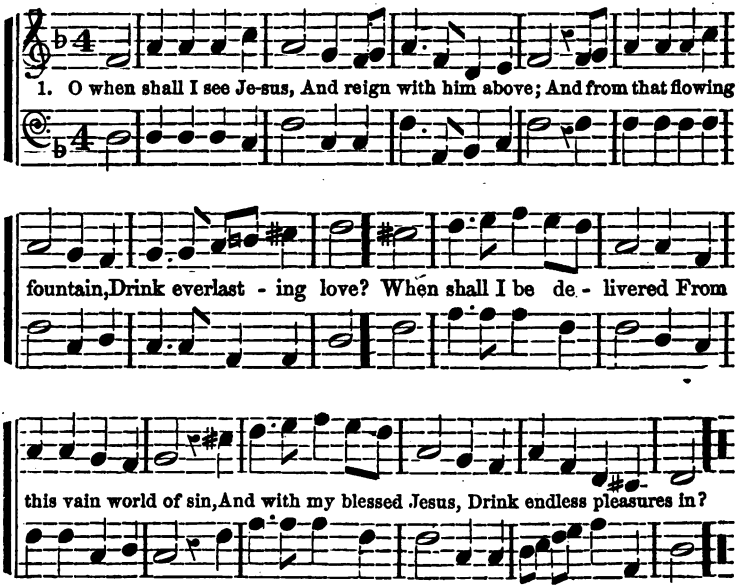
4

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!



3 The road that many travel
Is not the road for me;
It leads to death and sorrow,
In it I would not be.
But there's a road, though narrow,
Hath pleasures rich and free;
'Tis marked by Jesus' footsteps;
Oh! tha 's the road for me.

4 The hope that sinners cherish
Is not the hope for me;
Most surely will they perish,
Unless from sin made free;
But there's a hope that calmeth
The waves of life's dark sea;
It pointeth up to heaven—
Oh! that's the hope for me.

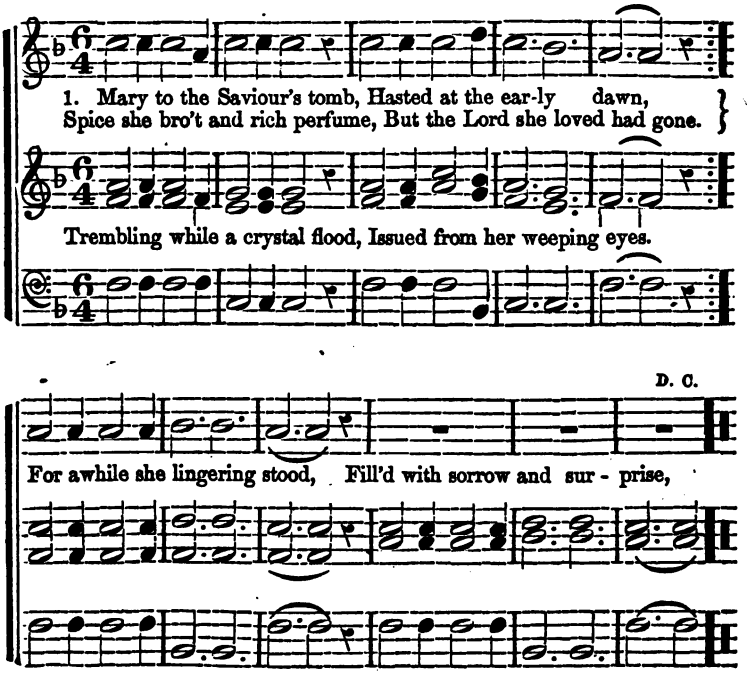


2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before,
He's given me my orders,
And bids me not give o'er;
And since he has proved faithful,
A righteous crown he'll give,
And all his valient soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace, I am determined
To conquer, though I die;
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love, I'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid you all adieu;
Then O my friends prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

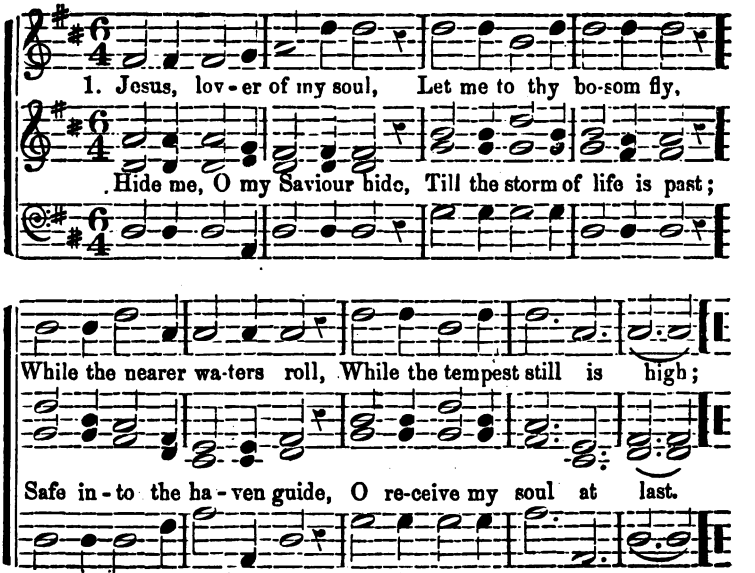
4 Whene'er you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
O cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love;
Then, when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.

168 Mary at the Saviour's Tomb. 7s & 6s. S. B. MARSH.



2 But her sorrows quickly fled
When she heard his welcome voice;
Christ had risen from the dead—
Now he bids her heart rejoice.
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day;
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away;

3 He who came to comfort her,
When she thought her all was lost,
Will for your relief appear
Though you now are tempest tost.
On His arm your burden cast;
On his love your thoughts emplo
Weeping for a while may last,
But the morning brings the joy.



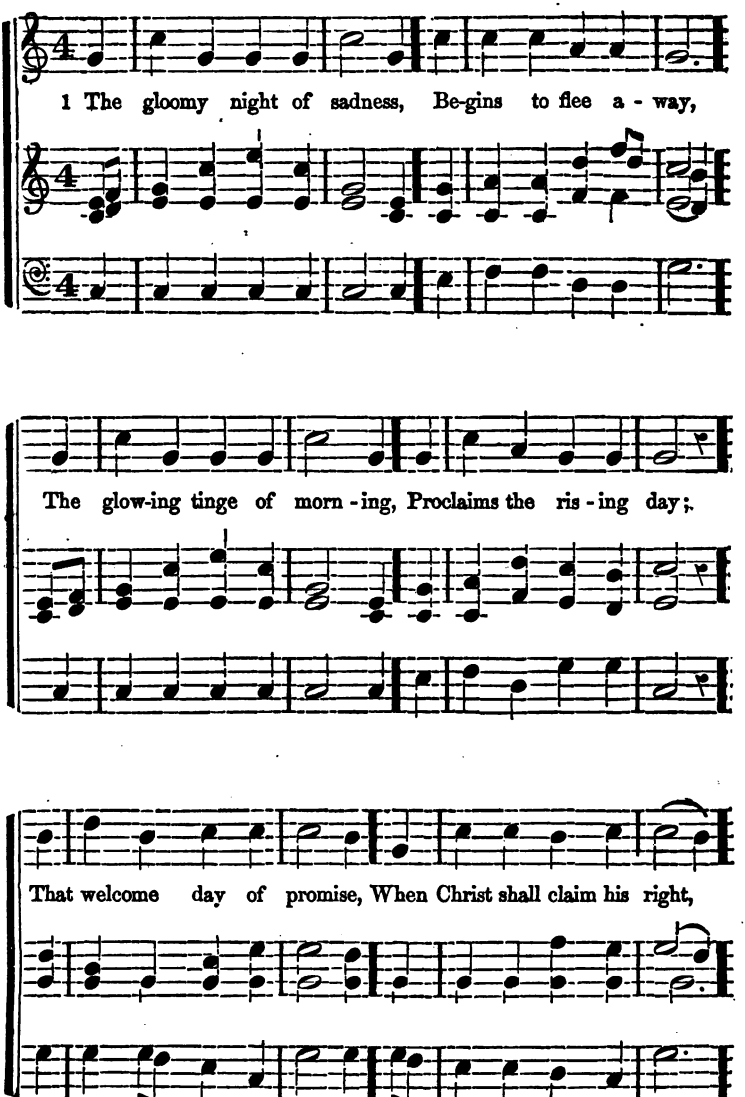
2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

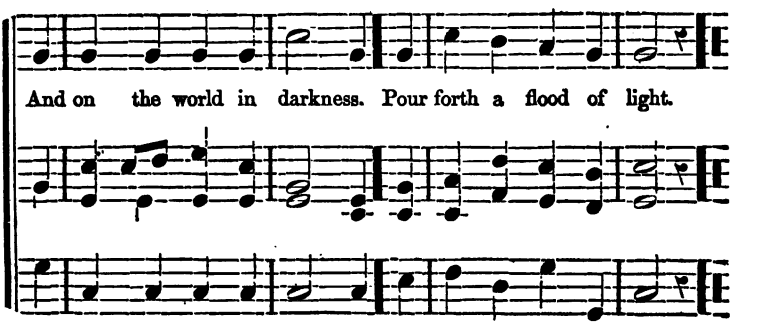
3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want:
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False, and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,—
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

THE RISING DAY. 7s & 6s.

A Western Melody.





2

Now truth, unveiled, is shining,
With beams of sacred light,
The mourning pilgrims wonder,
And leave the paths of night.
Their glowing hearts in rapture,
All filled with joy divine,
Burst forth in shouting glory,
And like their Master shine.

3

Come let's begin the anthems,
And join the choir above,
To praise our blessed Jesus,
And bless the God we love.
All honor, praise and glory,
Salvation to our God;—
Hosanna to our Jesus,
Who washed us in his blood.

4

The courts of heaven are ringing,
With songs of highest strains,
And ceaseless praise is rolling,
Along the flowery plains.
O could we rise triumphant,
And join with those above,
To shout and sing for ever,
Free grace and dying love.

SECOND HYMN.

How lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one Physician
Can cure the sin-sick soul.

Next door to death he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave,
To tell to all around me,
His wondrous power to save.

2

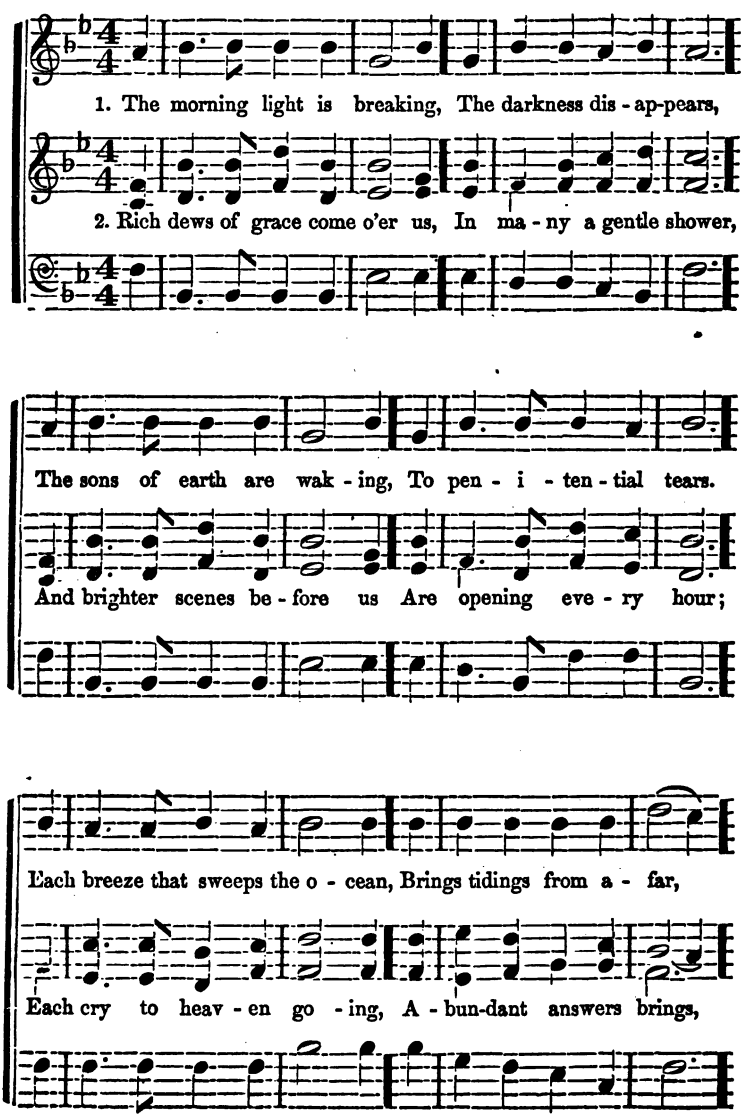
The worst of all diseases
Is light compared to sin;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within.
'Tis palsy, plague and fever,
And madness, all combin'd;
And none but a believer
The least relief can find.

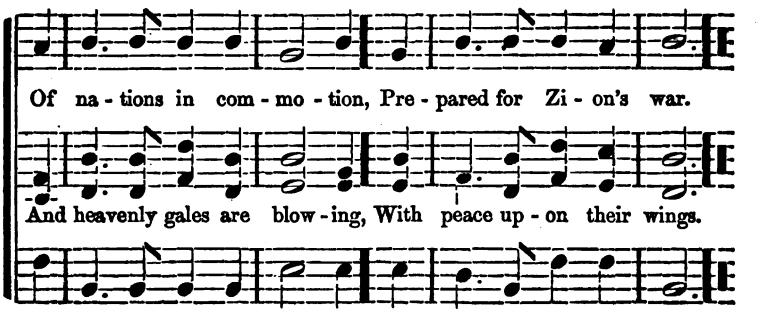
3

From men, great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain;
But this prov'd more distressing
And added to my pain;
Some said that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave me up for lost!
Thus ev'ry refuge fail'd me,
And all my hopes were cross'd.

4

At length this great Physician,
(How matchless is his grace!)
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case.
He gave me sight to view him,
For sin my eyes had seal'd;
Then bade me look unto him!
I look'd, and I was heal'd.


1. The morning light is breaking, The darkness dis - ap-pears,
2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us, In ma - ny a gentle shower,
The sons of earth are wak - ing, To pen - i - ten - tial tears.
And brighter scenes be - fore us Are opening eve - ry hour;
Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean, Brings tidings from a - far,
Each cry to heav - en go - ing, A - bun-dant answers brings,



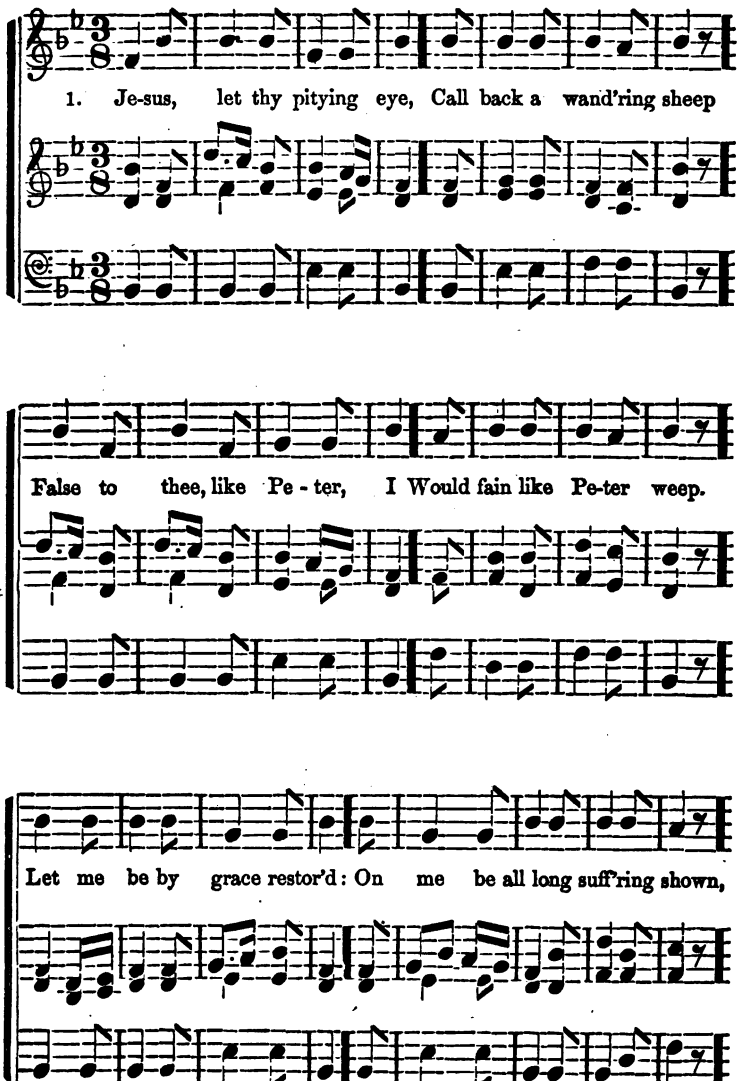
3 See heathen nations bending,
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

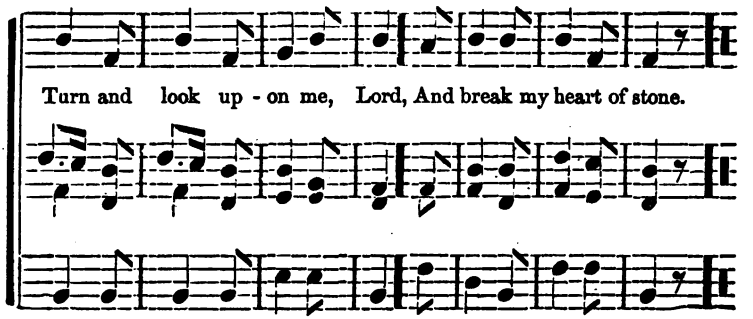
4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly,
Triumphant, reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim the Lord has come.

SECOND HYMN.

1 When shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign.

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply.
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujahs swelling
In one eternal sound!


1. Je-sus, let thy pitying eye, Call back a wand'ring sheep
False to thee, like Pe - ter, I Would fain like Pe-ter weep.
Let me be by grace restor'd: On me be all long suff'ring shown,



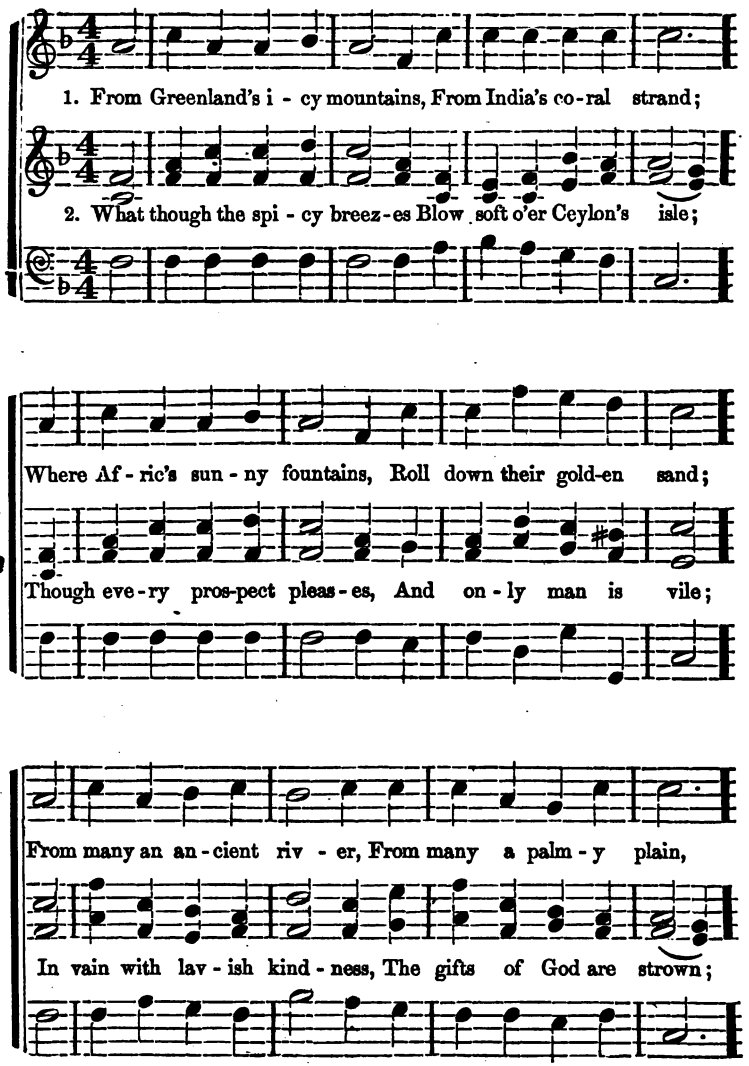
2 Saviour, Prince, enthron'd above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:
Give what I have long implor'd,
A portion of thy grief unknown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

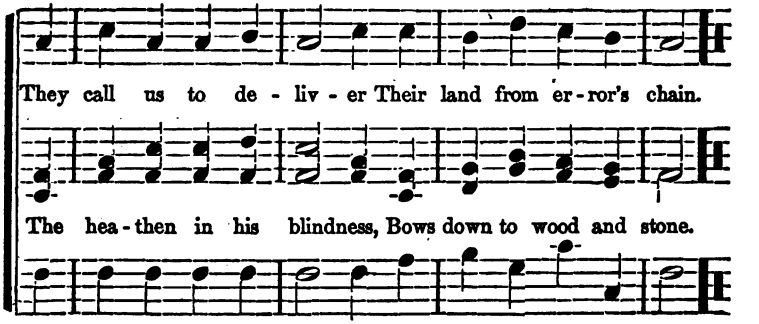
3 For thine own compassion's sake
The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind thy back,
And wash me white as snow:
If thy bowels now are stirr'd,
If I now myself bemoan,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

4 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die!
Life, and happiness, and love,
Drop from thy gracious eye:
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

5 Look, as when thine eye pursu'd
The first apostate man;
Saw him welt'ring in his blood,
And bade him rise again:
Speak my paradise restor'd,
Redeem me by thy grace alone:
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

By permission.





3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation,
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story:
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
Returns in bliss to reign.

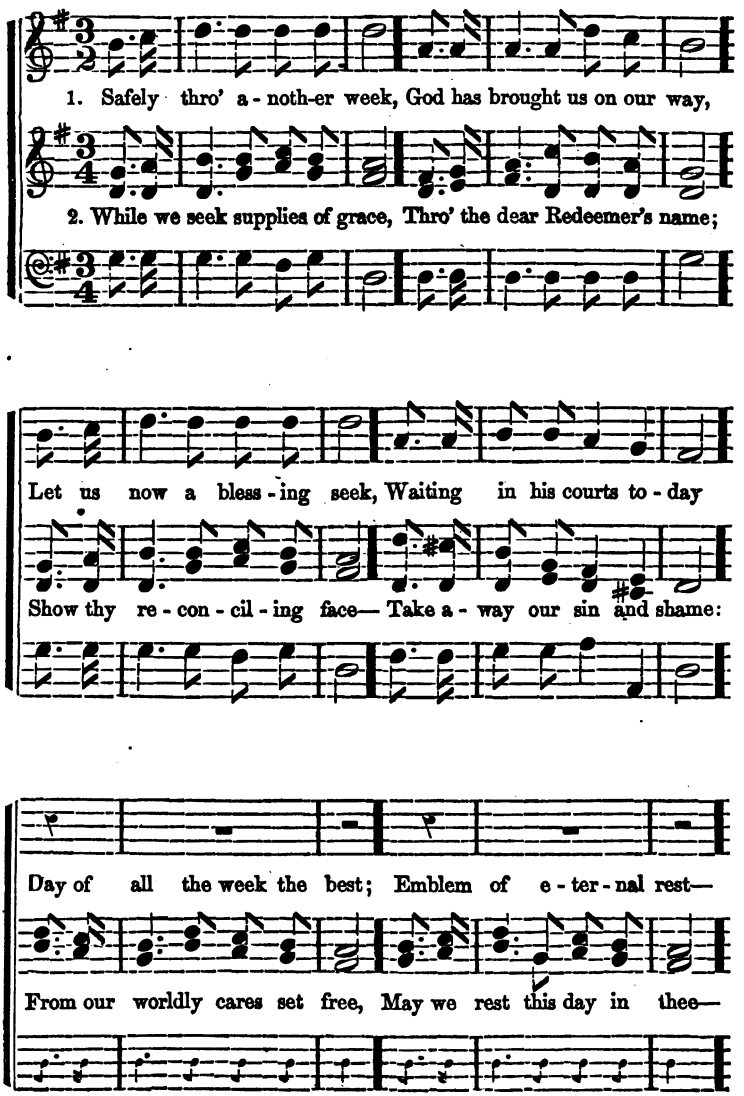
SECOND HYMN.

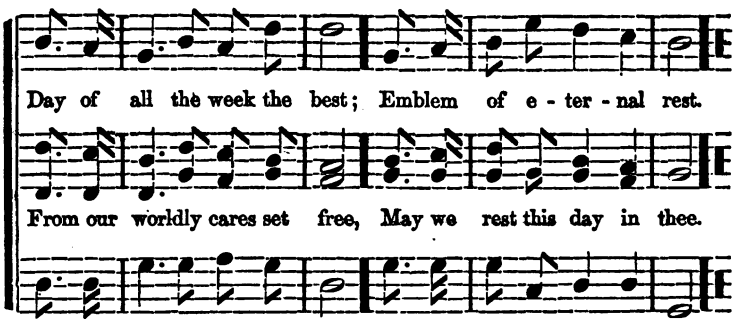
1 When shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And him who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign.

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply.
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujahs swelling
In one eternal sound!

SABBATH MORN. 8 Lines, 7s.

L. MASON.
By permission.





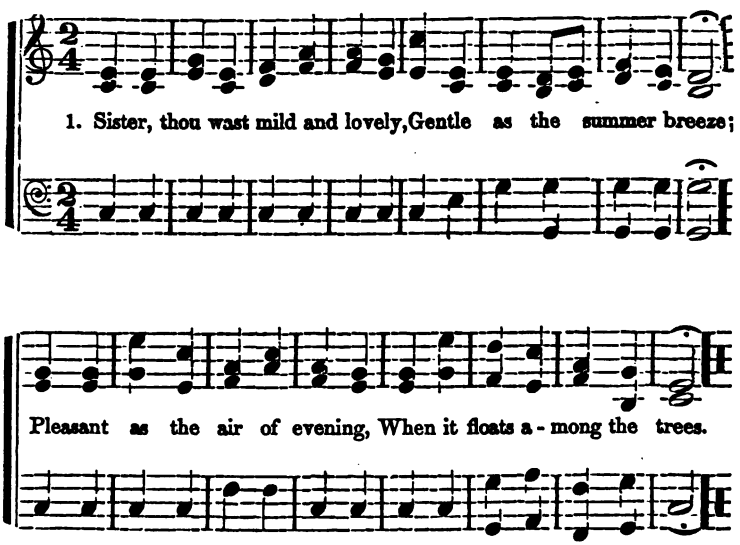
3 Here we come thy name to praise,
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast—
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound,
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above—
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

SECOND HYMN.

1 Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake and it was done.
Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

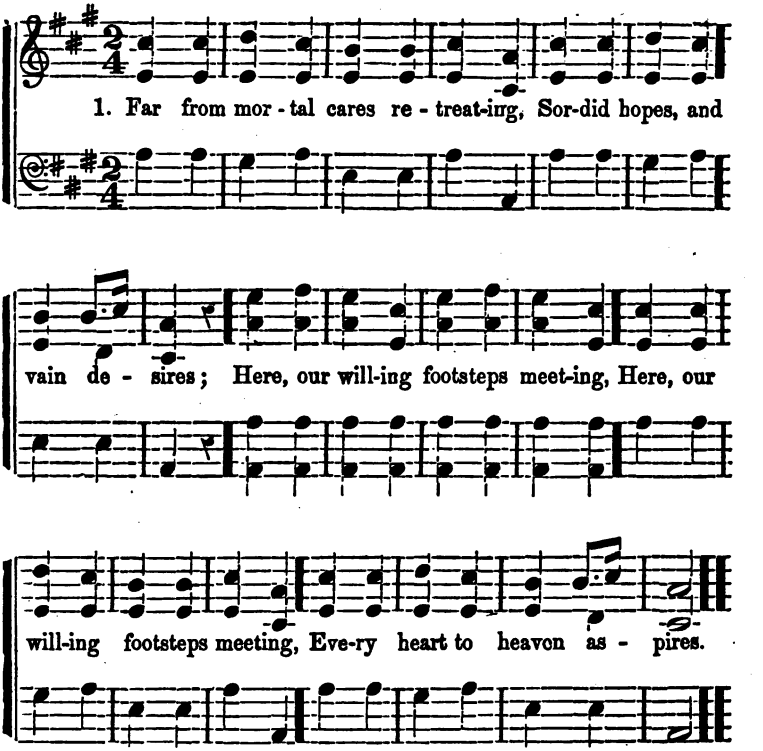
2 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amid eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.



2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low;
Thou no more wilt join our number;
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us;
He can still our sorrow heal.

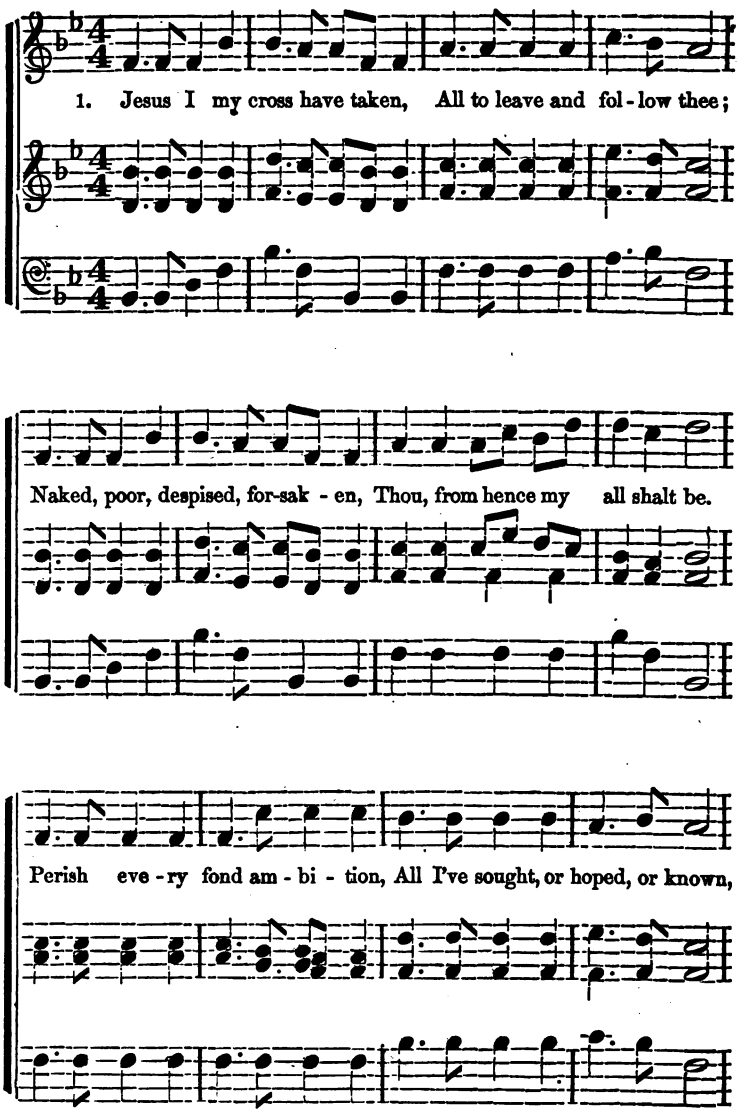
4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled;
Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

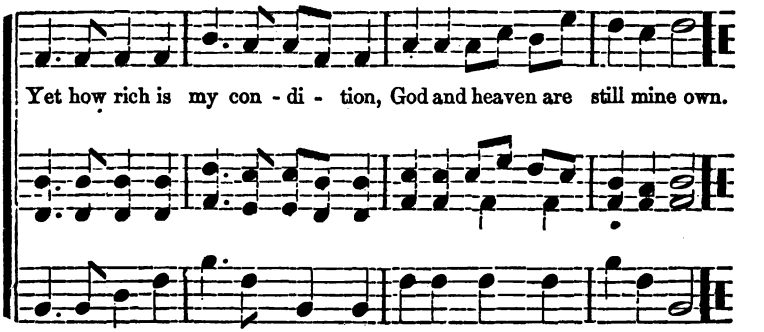


2 From the fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes;
Mercy from above proclaiming,
Peace and pardon from the skies.

3 Who may share this great salvation?
Every pure and humble mind;
Every kindred, tongue and nation,
From the stains of guilt refined.

4 Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
[16] From the fountain of his throne.


1. Jesus I my cross have taken, All to leave and fol - low thee;
Naked, poor, despised, for-sak - en, Thou, from hence my all shalt be.
Perish eve - ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known,



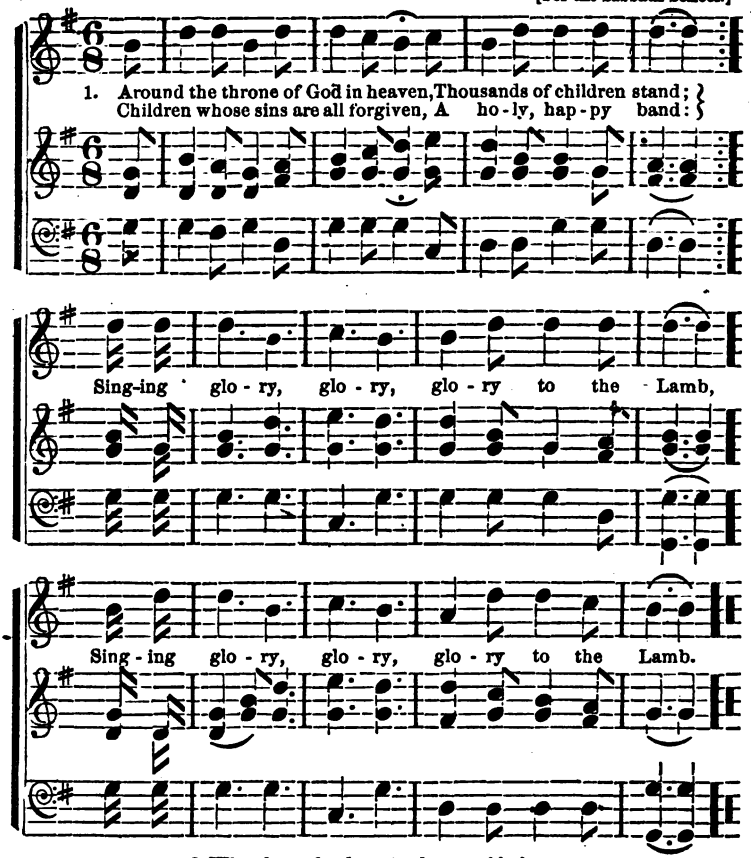
2 Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go then, earthly fame and treasure,
Come, disaster, scorn and pain;
In thy service, pain is pleasure,
With thy favor, loss is gain;
I have called thee Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer,
Heaven's eternal day before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition;
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

SINGING GLORY.

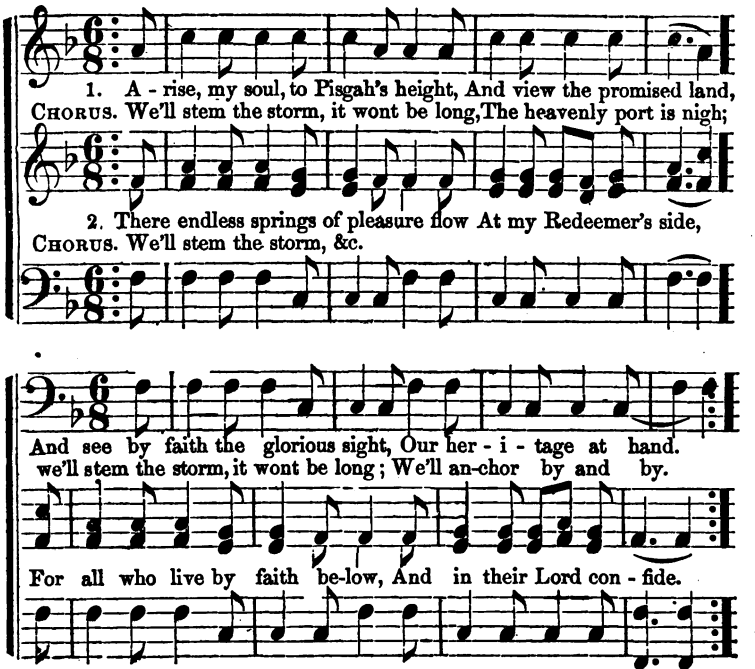
[For the Sabbath School.]



2 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair —
Where all is peace, and joy, and love? —
How came those children there,
Singing glory, glory, glory?

3 Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean —
Singing glory, glory, glory.

4 On earth they sought their Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb —
Singing glory, glory, glory.



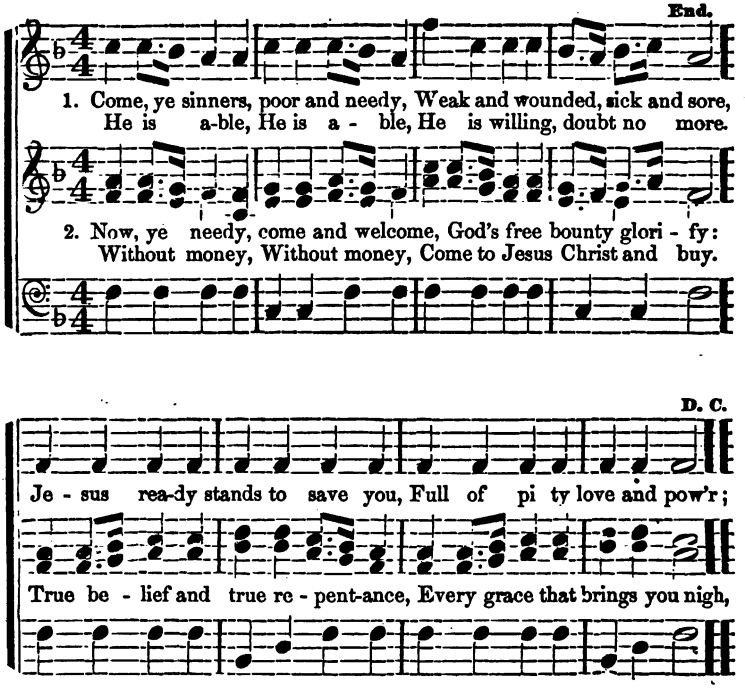
3 Fair Salem's dazzling gates are seen,
Just o'er the narrow flood,
And fields adorned in living green,
The residence of God.
We'll stem the storm, &c.

4 My conflicts here will soon be past,
Where wild distraction reigns;
Through toil and death I'll reach at last
Fair Canaan's happy plains.
We'll stem the storm, &c.

5 O could I cross rough Jordan's wave,
No danger would I fear;
My bark would every tempest brave,
For O! my Captain's near,
We'll stem the storm, &c.

6 My lamp of life will soon grow pale,
The spark will soon decay;
And then my happy soul will sail
To everlasting day.
We'll stem the storm, &c.

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s. Double.



3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finish'd!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

SECOND HYMN.

1 O thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise thee:
Where shall I thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests his pard'ning favour:
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,—
Glory to the great I AM,
I with them will still be vying—
Glory! glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

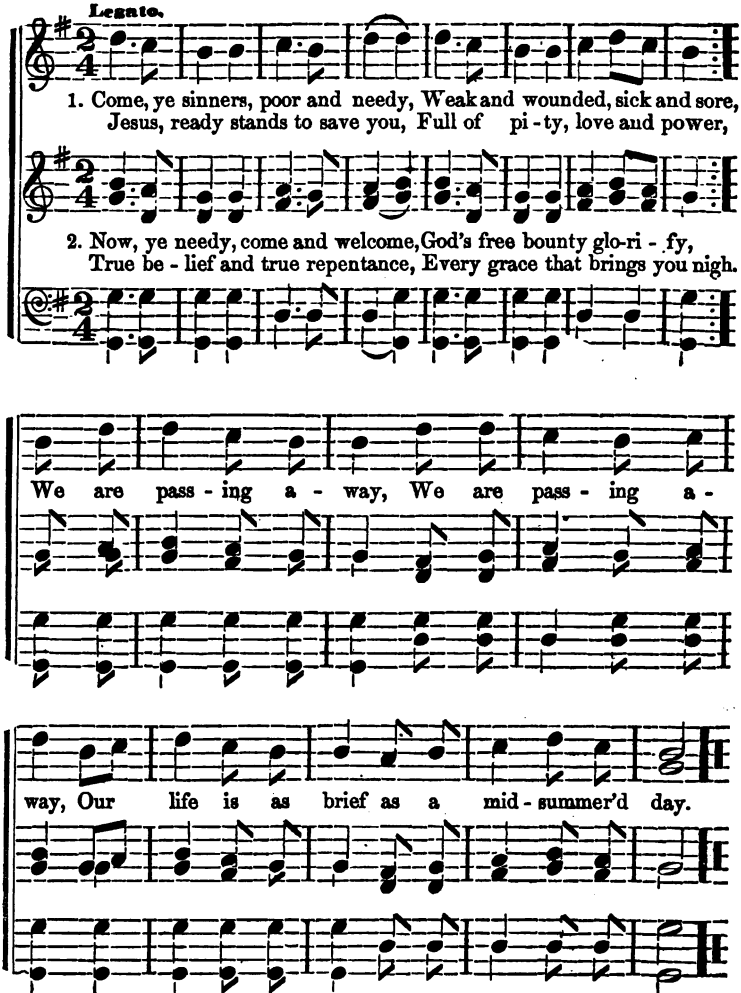
4 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
Unperceived amid the throng;
Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,
Glad to join the holy song:
Hallelujah,
Love and praise to Christ belong!

THIRD HYMN.

1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it;
Mount of thy redeeming love!

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here 's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.



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All the fitness he requireth
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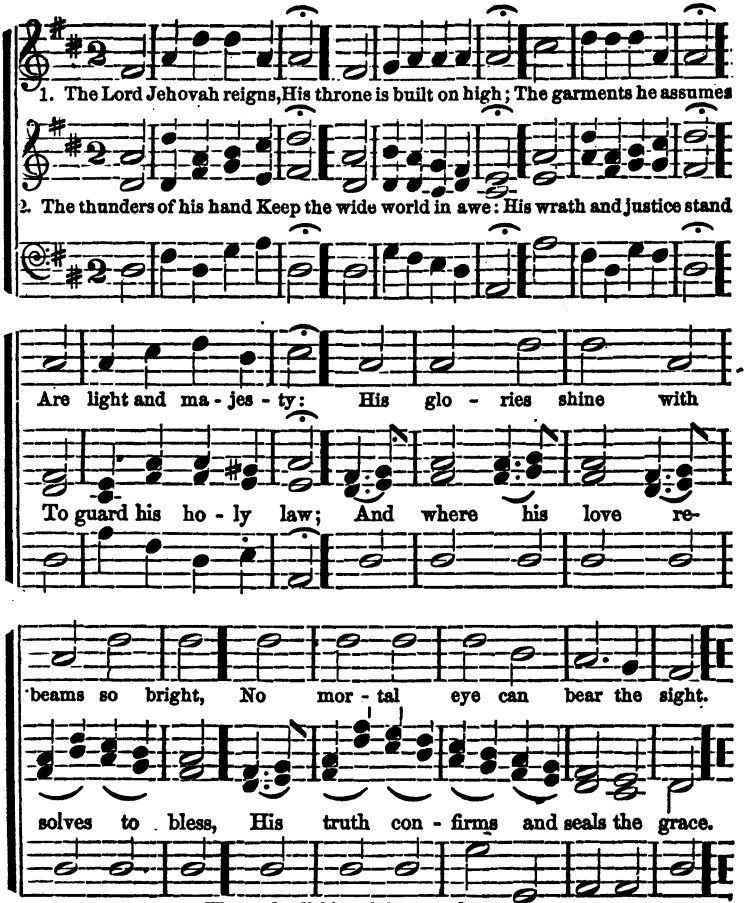
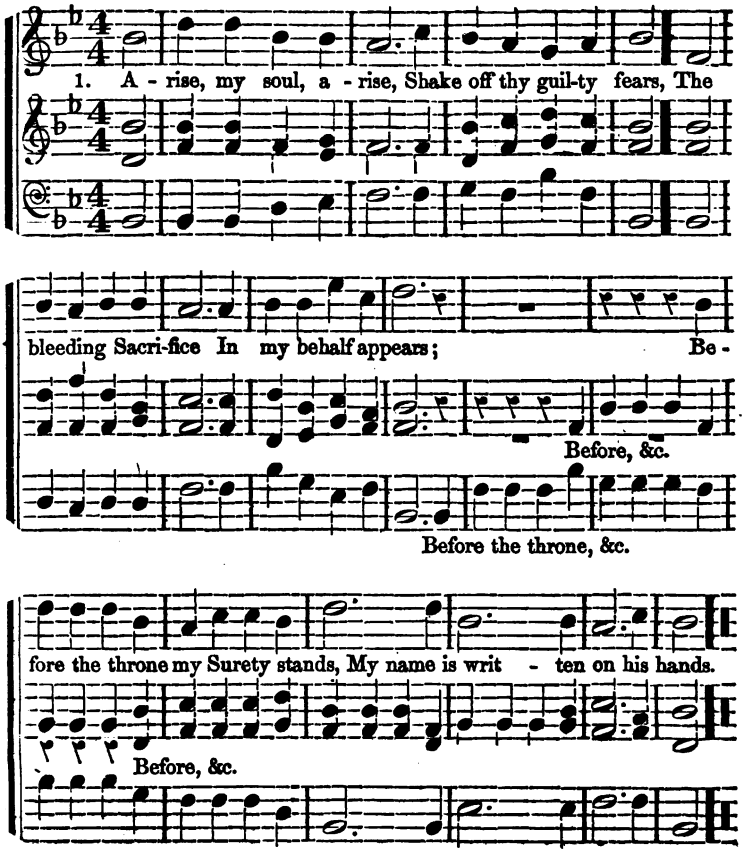
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you 're better,
You will never come at all.



3 Through all his mighty works
Amazing wisdom shines:
Confounds the powers of hell,
And all their dark designs;
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfil
His great decrees and sov'reign will.

4 And will this sov'reign King
Of glory condescend;—
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love his Name, I love his word;
Join all my powers to praise the Lord.



2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede:
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary:
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me;
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die!

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled,
His pard'ning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

SECOND HYMN.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

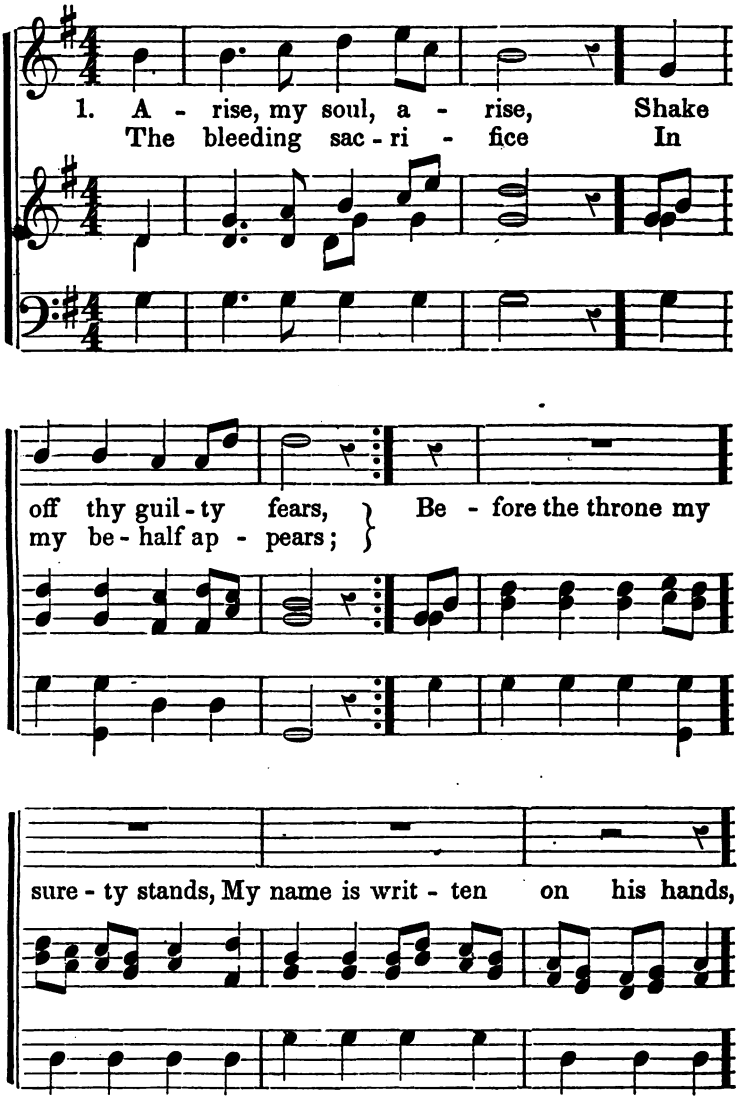
2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

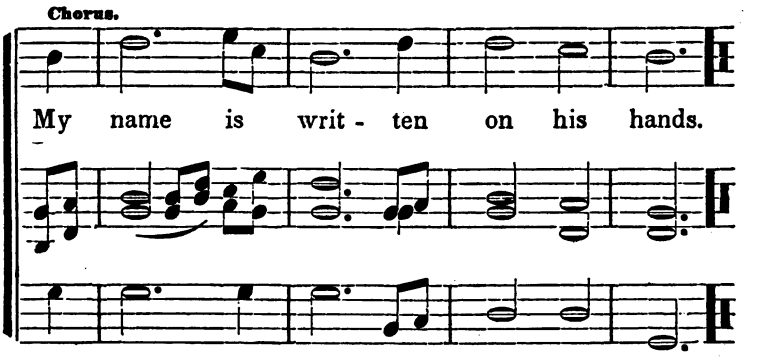
4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

6 The Gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, sav'd from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.



* From Carmina Sacra—by permission.



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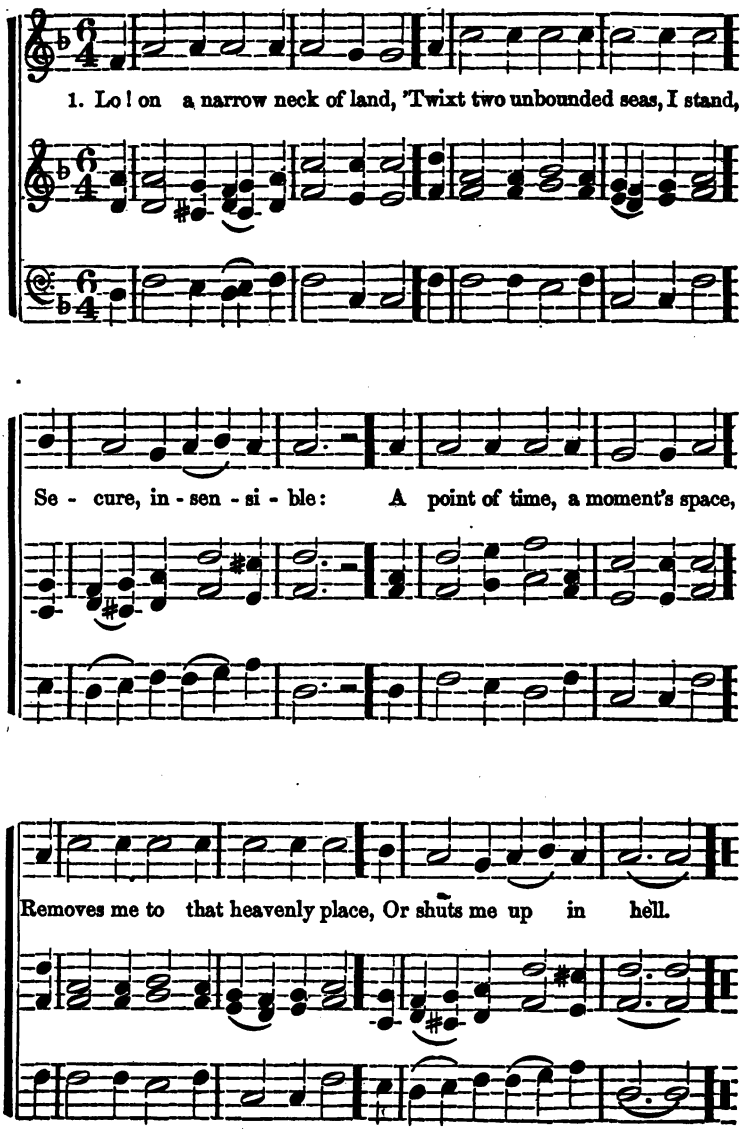
With confidence I now draw nigh,
[17] And Father, Abba, Father, cry


1. Lo! on a narrow neck of land, 'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,
Se - cure, in - sen - si - ble: A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place, Or shuts me up in hell.

2 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

3 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

4 Be this my one great business here—
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss to' ensure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

5 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

SECOND HYMN.

1 Except the Lord conduct the plan,
The best concerted schemes are vain,
And never can succeed;
We spend our wretched strength for nought;
But if our works in thee be wrought,
They shall be blest indeed.

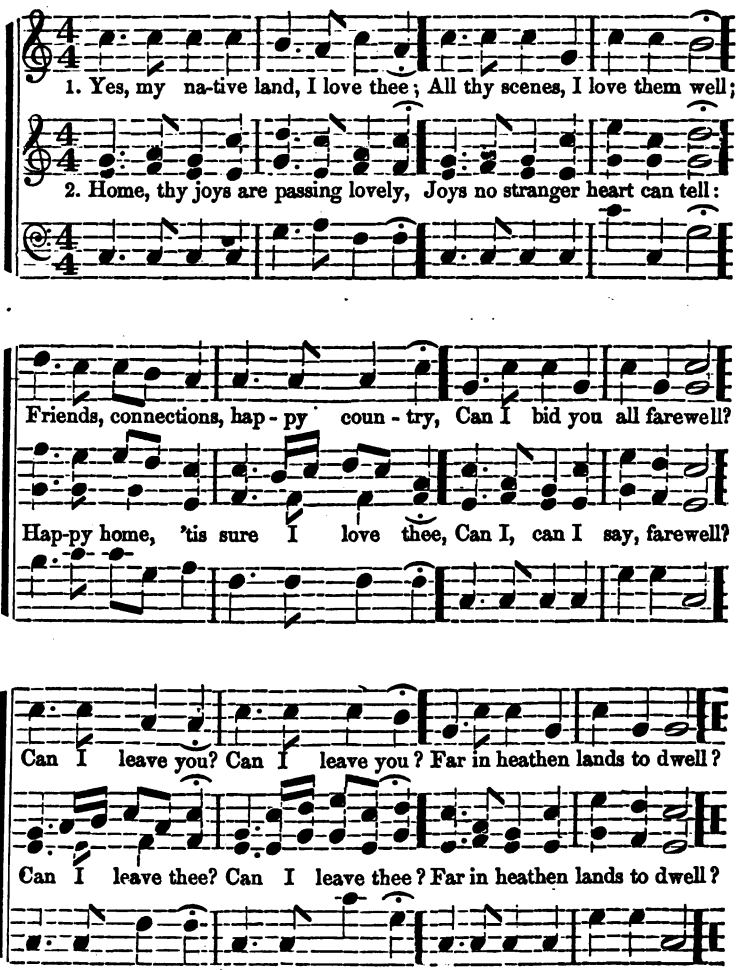
2 Lord, if thou didst thyself inspire
Our souls with this intense desire,
Thy goodness to proclaim;
Thy glory if we now intend,
O let our deeds begin and end
Complete in Jesus' name!

3 In Jesus' name behold we meet,
Far from an evil world retreat,
And all its frantic ways;
One only thing resolv'd to know,
And square our useful lives below
By reason and by grace,

4 O let our love and faith abound!
O let our lives to all around
With purest lustre shine:
That all around our works may see,
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,
The heavenly light divine!

NATIVE LAND, FAREWELL! 8s, 7s & 4s.

J. B. PACKARD.



3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days, and Sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

4 Yes!—I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I love so well:
Far away, ye billows, bear me,
Lovely, native land, farewell!
Pleased, I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5 In the deserts let me labor,
On the mountains let me tell
How he died—the blessed Saviour,
To redeem a world from hell;
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean,
Let the winds my canvass swell;
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell:
Glad, I bid thee,
Native land, Farewell! Farewell!

SECOND HYMN.

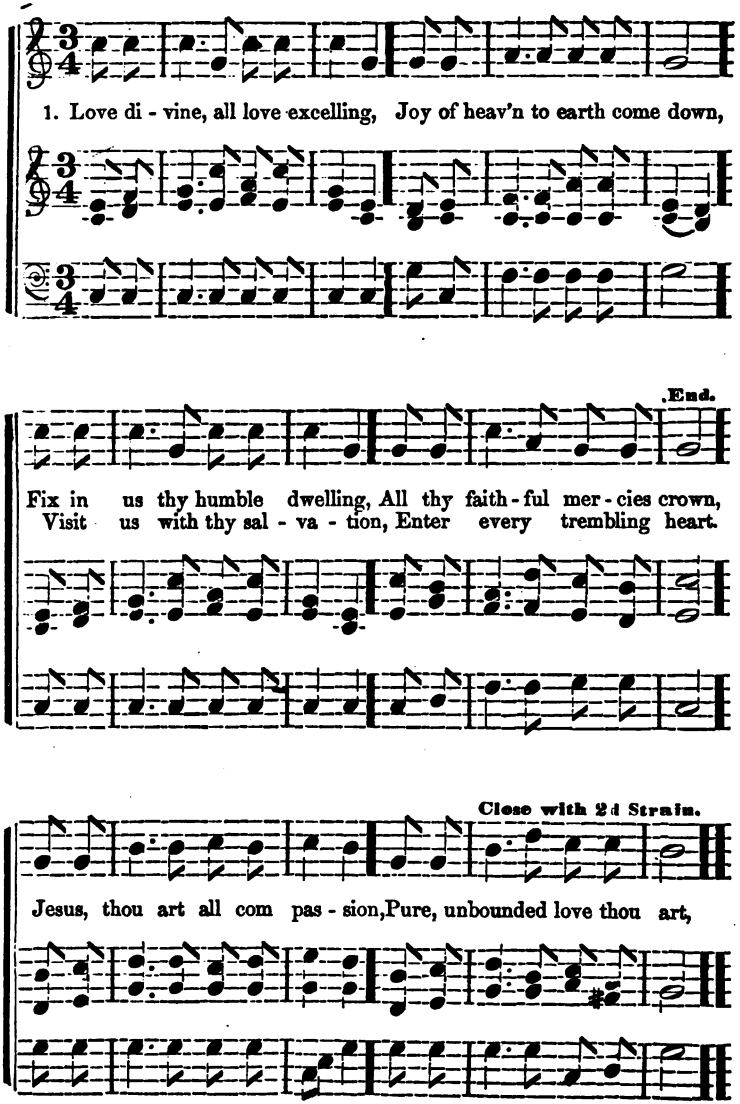
1 Angels, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth:
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born king.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the infant light:
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born king

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,—
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations:
Ye have seen his natal star:
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born king.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born king.

5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doom'd for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,—
Mercy calls you,—break your chains:
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born king.


1. Love di - vine, all love excelling, Joy of heav'n to earth come down,
End.
Fix in us thy humble dwelling, All thy faith - ful mer - cies crown,
Visit us with thy sal - va - tion, Enter every trembling heart.
Close with 2d Strain.
Jesus, thou art all com pas - sion, Pure, unbounded love thou art,

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving spirit,
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest,
Take away our bent of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy grace receive,
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave!
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

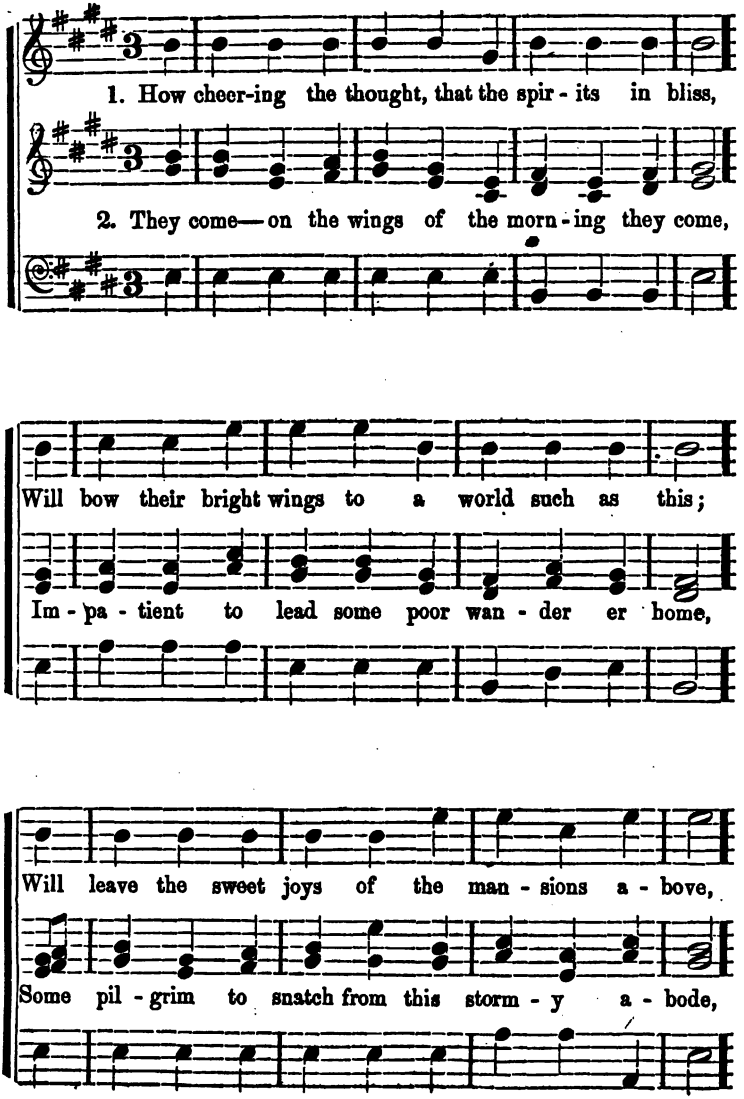
4 Finish then, thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee!
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise!

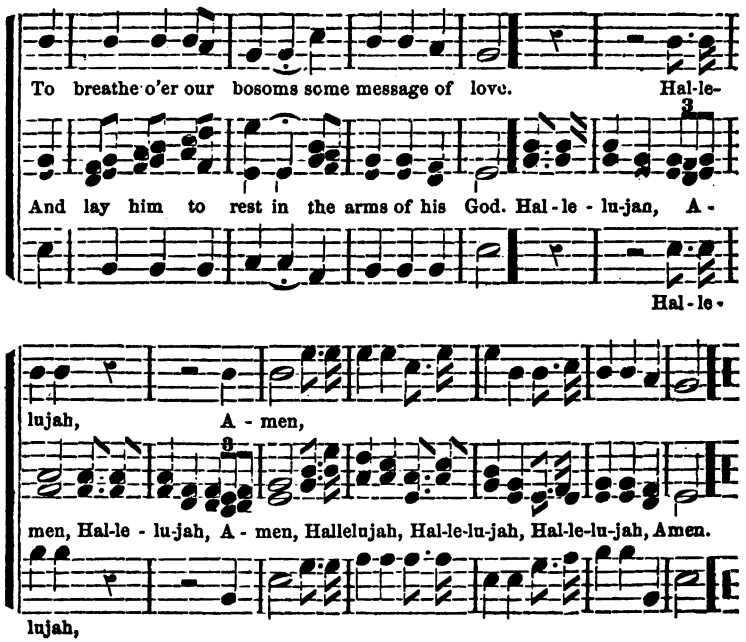
SECOND HYMN.

1 Vain are all terrestrial pleasures;
Mix'd with dross the purest gold;
Seek we then for heavenly treasures,—
Treasures never waxing old.
Let our best affections centre
On the things around the throne:
There no thief can ever enter;
Moth and rust are there unknown

2 Earthly joys no longer please us:
Here would we renounce them all;
Seek our only rest in Jesus,—
Him our Lord and Master call.
Faith, our languid spirits cheering,
Points to brighter worlds above;
Bids us look for his appearing;
Bids us triumph in his love.

3 May our light be always burning,
And our loins be girded round,
Waiting for our Lord's returning,—
Longing for the welcome sound.
Thus the Christian life adorning,
Never need we be afraid,
Should he come at night or morning,
Early dawn, or evening shade.


1. How cheer-ing the thought, that the spir - its in bliss,
2. They come—on the wings of the morn - ing they come,
Will bow their bright wings to a world such as this;
Im - pa - tient to lead some poor wan - der er home,
Will leave the sweet joys of the man - sions a - bove,
Some pil - grim to snatch from this storm - y a - bode,



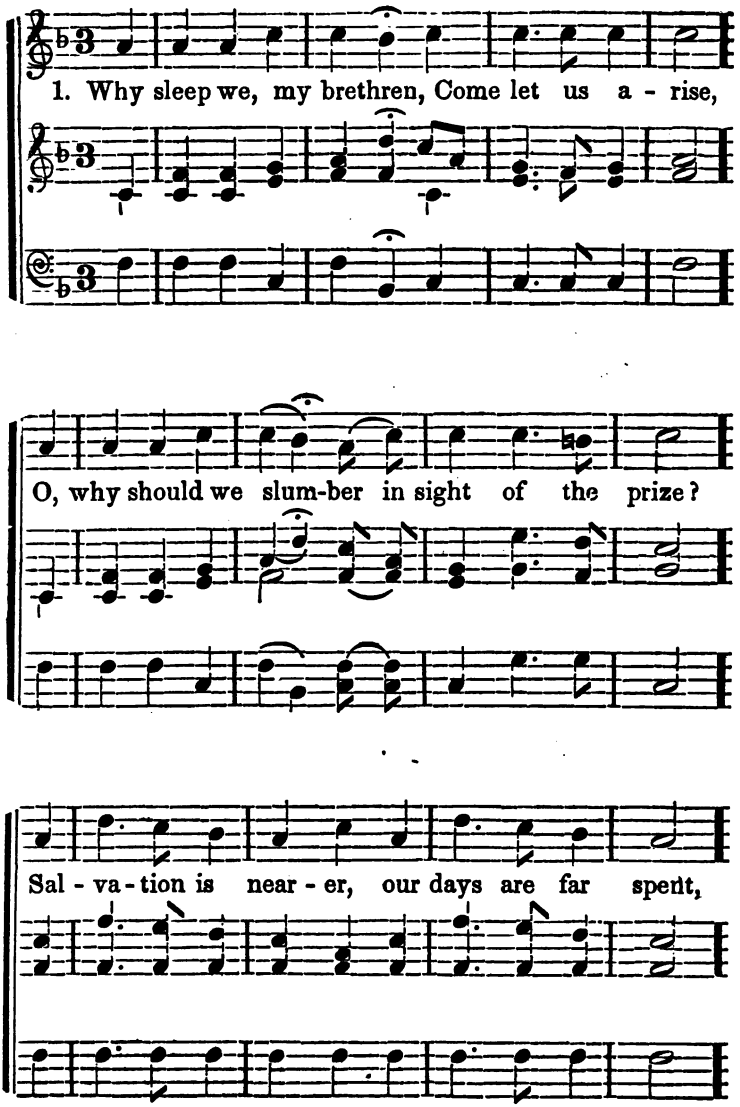
Sabbath School Hymn.

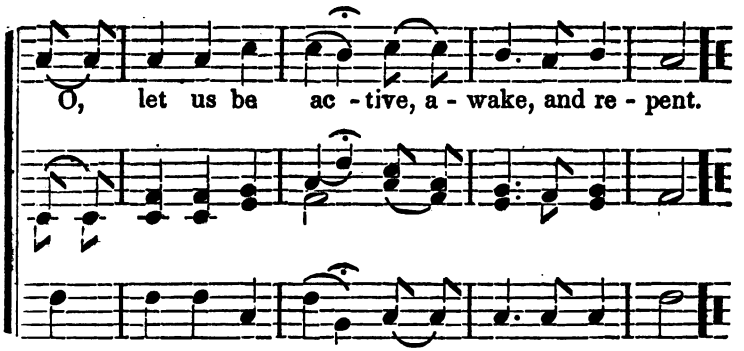
THE BIBLE.

1 The Bible — the Bible! more precious than gold,
The hopes and the glories its pages unfold;
It speaks of salvation — wide opens the door —
Its offers are free to the rich and the poor.

2 The Bible — the Bible! blest volume of truth,
How sweetly it smiles on the season of youth;
It bids us seek early the "pearl of great price,"
Ere the heart is enslaved in the bondage of vice.

3 The Bible — the Bible! the valleys shall ring,
And hill-tops re-echo the notes that we sing;
Our banners, inscribed with its precepts and rules,
Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our schools.


1. Why sleep we, my brethren, Come let us a - rise,
O, why should we slum-ber in sight of the prize?
Sal - va - tion is near - er, our days are far spent,



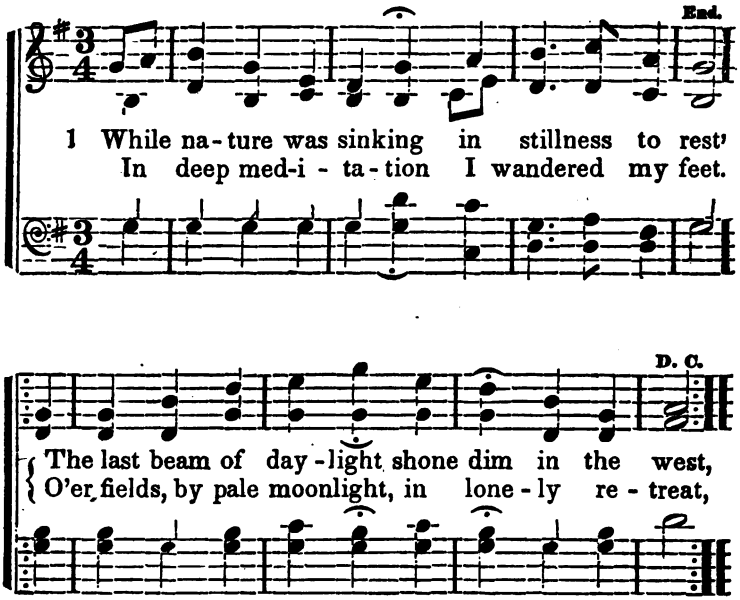
2 O, how can we slumber! the Master is come,
And calling on sinners to seek them a home:
The Spirit and Bride now in concert unite,
The weary they welcome, the careless invite.

3 O, how can we slumber! our foes are awake;
To ruin poor souls every effort they make;
To accomplish their object no means are untried;
The careless they comfort, the wakeful misguide.

4 O, how can we slumber! when so much was done,
To purchase salvation by Jesus the Son!
Now mercy is proffered, and justice displayed,
Now God can be honored, and sinners be saved.

5 O, how can we slumber! when death is so near,
And sinners are sinking to endless despair;
Now prayers may avail, and they gain the high prize,
Before they in torment shall lift up their eyes.

6 O, how can we slumber! ye sinners, look round,
Before the last trumpet your heart shall confound;
O, fly to the Saviour, he calls you to-day,
While mercy is waiting, O make no delay.

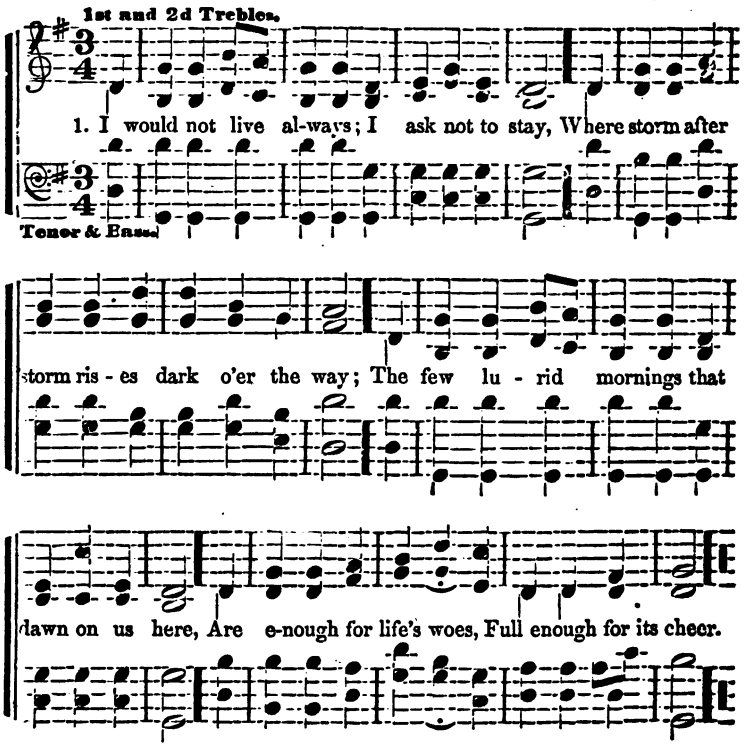


2 While passing a garden I paused to hear,
A voice faint and plaintive, from one that was there;
The voice of the suff'rer affected my heart,
While pleading in anguish the poor sinner's part.

3 I listen'd a moment, then turn'd me to see
What man of compassion this stranger might be!
I saw him, low, kneeling, upon the cold ground,
The loveliest BEING that ever was found.

4 So deep were his sorrows, so fervent his prayers,
That down o'er his bosom roll'd sweat, blood and tears!
I wept to behold him!—I ask'd him his name,
He answered, "'Tis JESUS! from heaven I came!

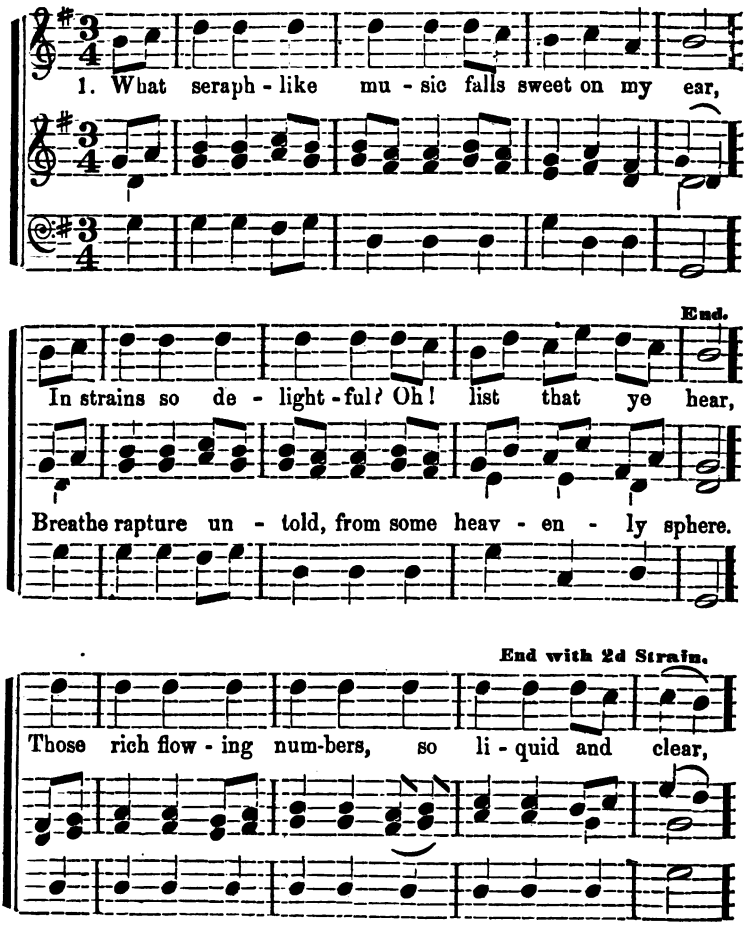
5 I am thy Redeemer! for thee I must die;
The cup is most bitter, but cannot pass by!
Thy sins, like a mountain, are laid upon me;
And all this deep anguish I suffer for thee."



2 I would not live always; no, welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom:
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

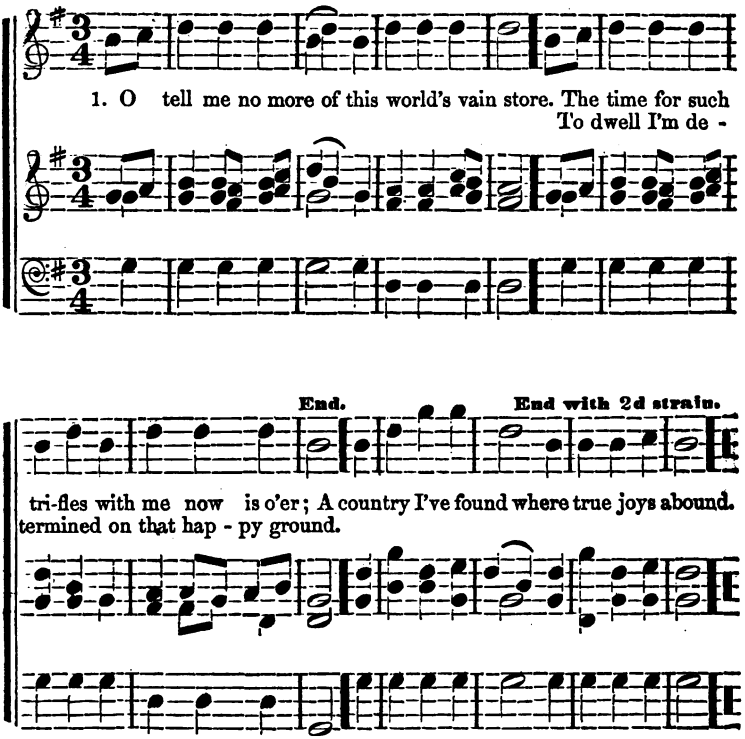
3 Who, who would live always, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns.

4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren, transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.



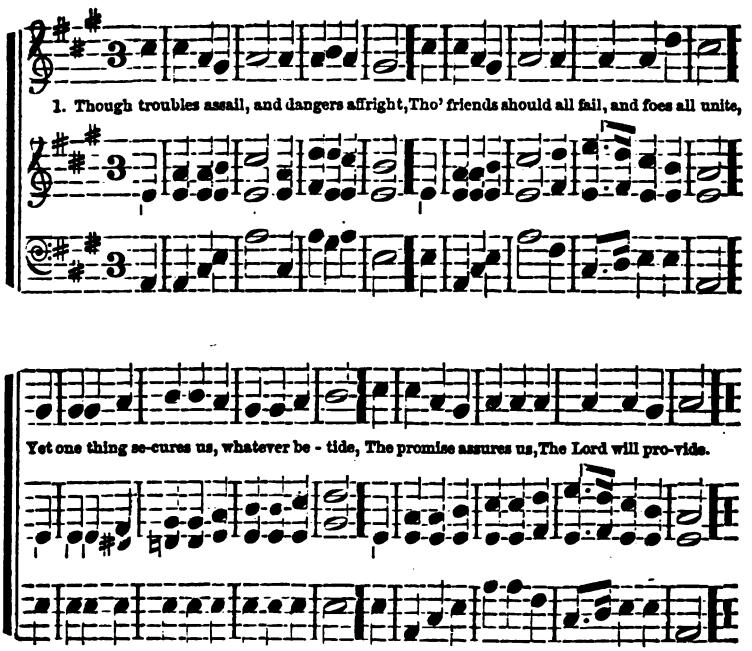
2 'Tis the sweet flowing music that steals o'er the wave
Of Jordan's lone river as its billows I brave;
'Tis the music of angels who hasten to bear
My soul o'er the waters to that blessed shore.

3 A glimpse of bright glory now beams on my sight,
I sink in sweet visions of heaven's dawning light,
Bright spirits are whispering so soft in my ear
Of heaven, sweet heaven! I long to be there.



2 The souls that believe in paradise live;
And me in that number will Jesus receive;
My soul, don't delay—he calls thee away,
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

3 No mortal doth know what he can bestow,
What light, strength, and comfort, go after him, go;
Lo, onward I move to a city above,
None guesses how wondrous my journey will prove.
Great spoils I shall win from death, hell and sin,
'Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within;
And when I'm to die, receive me,-I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.



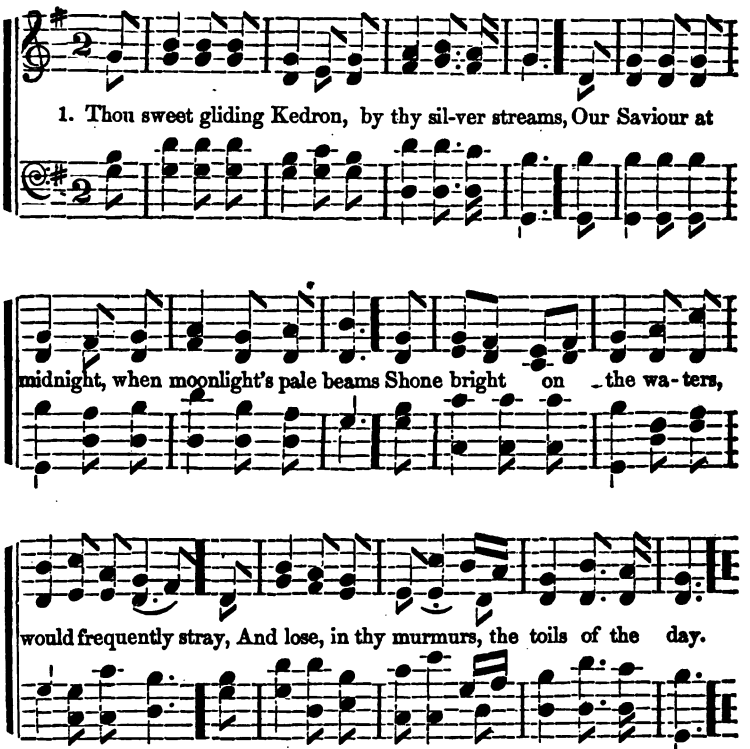
2 The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written,—The Lord will provide.

3 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fear, we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us (though oft he has tried)
The heart-cheering promise,—The Lord will provide.

4 He tells us we're weak,—our hope is in vain;
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain:
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
This answers all questions,—The Lord will provide.

5 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim:
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's Name;
In this our strong tower for safety we hide;
The Lord is our power,—The Lord will provide.

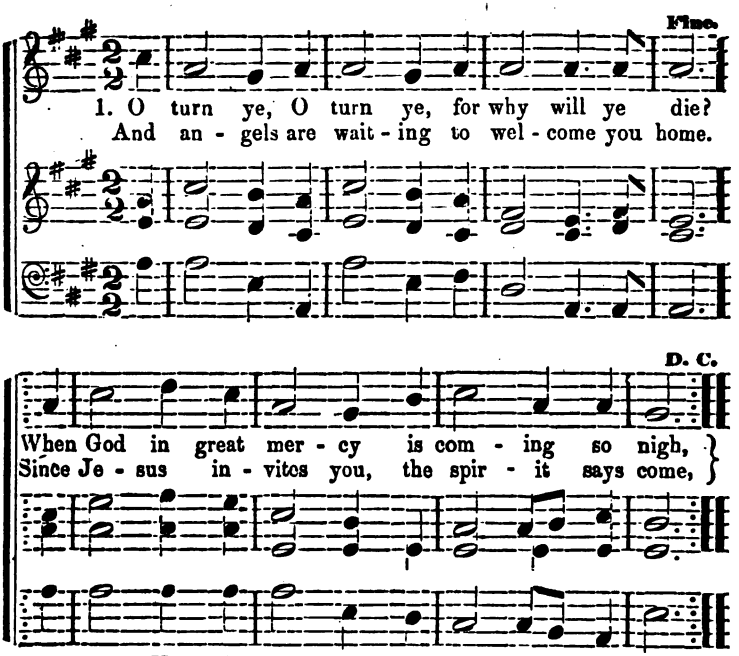
6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through:
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting,—The Lord will provide.



2 How damp were the vapors that fell on his head!
How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed!
The angels, astonish'd, grew sad at the sight,
And follow'd their Master with solemn delight.

3 O garden of Olivet, thou dear honor'd spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above;
The triumph of sorrow,—the triumph of love!

4 Come, saints, and adore him; come, bow at his feet
O, give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannahs unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus, that gladdens the skies



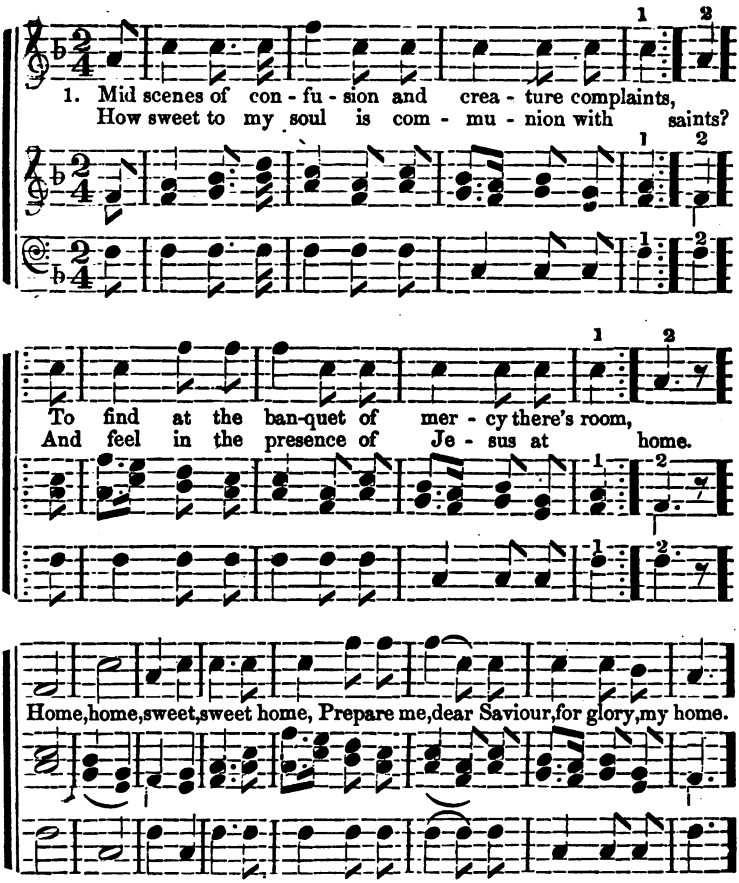
2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away;
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question, if you will believe;
If sin is your burden, why will you not come,
Tis he bids you welcome, he bids you come home.

4 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain!
To bear up your spirit when summon'd to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high.

5 Why will you be starving and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

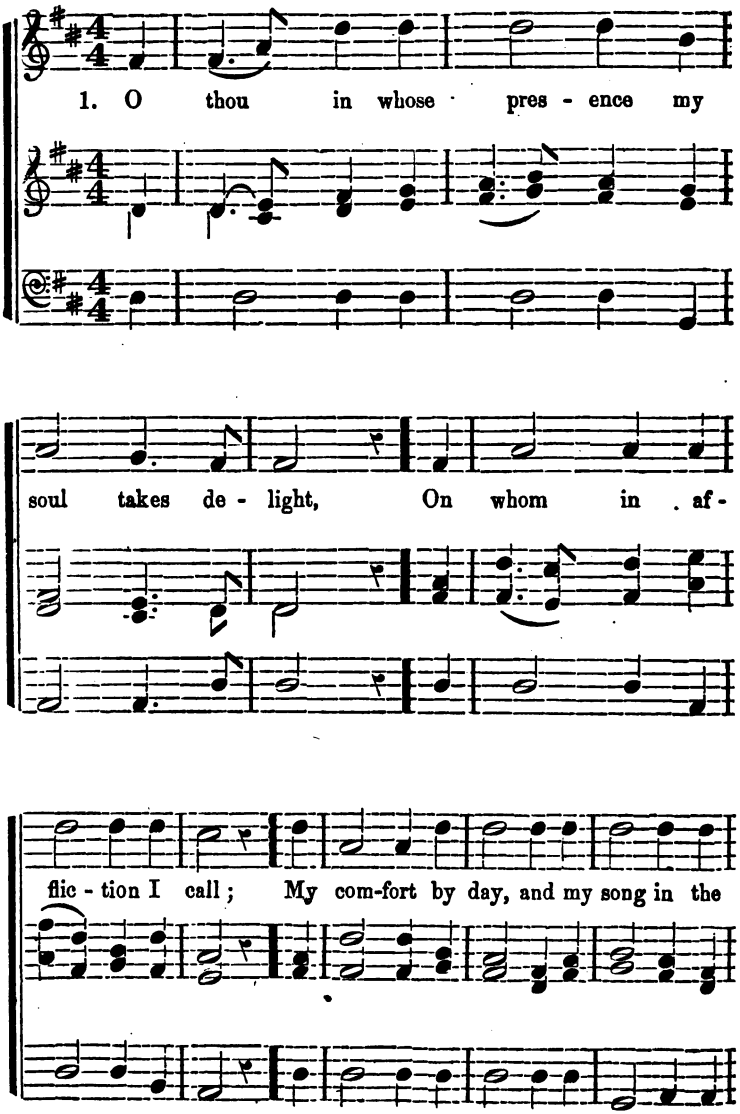
6 Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour your heart,
And trusting in heaven we never shall part;
O, how can we leave you? why will you not come?
We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

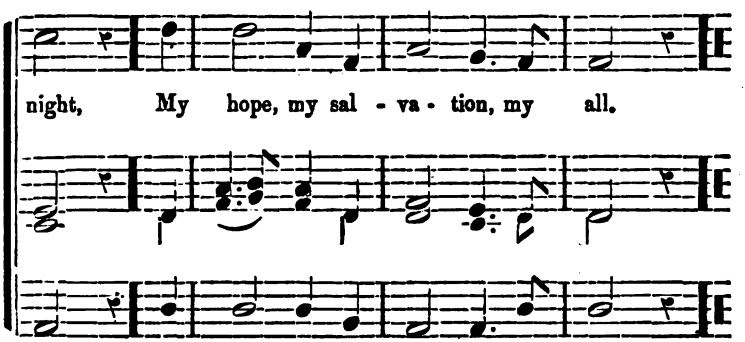


2 An alien from God, and a stranger to grace,
I wandered through earth, its gay pleasures to trace,
In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
Unmindful, alas! that it led me from home. Home, &c.

3 The pleasures of earth, I have seen fade away,
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay,
But pleasures more lasting, in Jesus are given,
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven.

4 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms!
The Saviour invites me, I'll go to his arms;
At the banquet of mercy, I hear there is room,
O there may I feast with his children at home.


1. O thou in whose pres - ence my
soul takes de - light, On whom in af -
flic - tion I call; My com-fort by day, and my song in the



2 O why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread;
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

3 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen,
The star that on Israel shone:
Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with his flock he has gone?

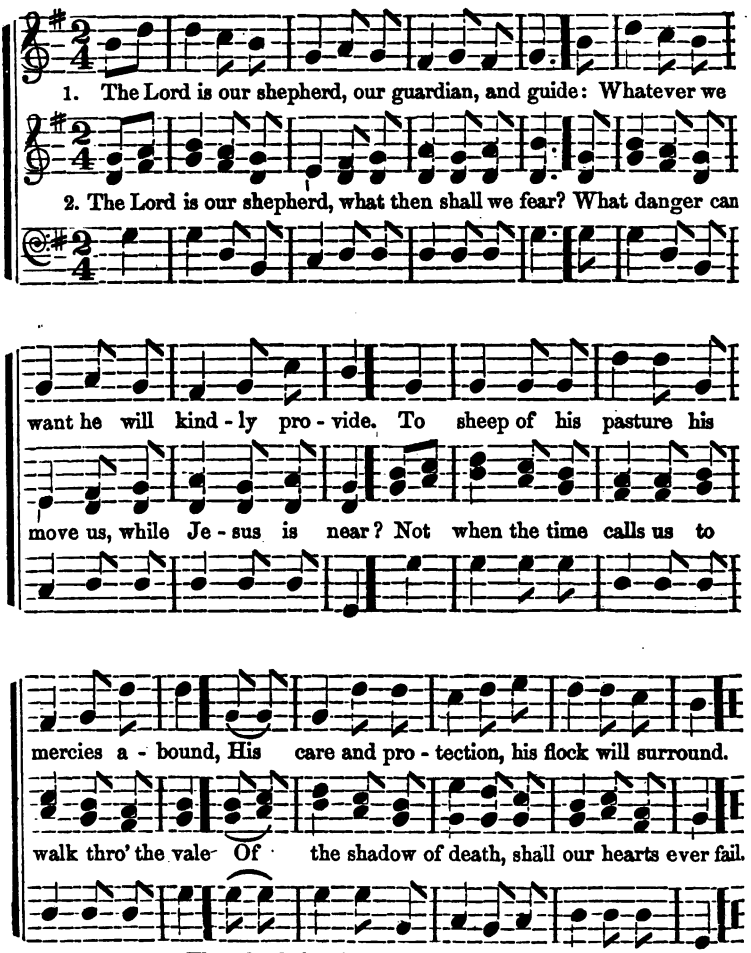
4 His voice as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadow of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed with his breath.

5 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
To water the gardens of grace;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

6 He looks, and ten thousand of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks, and eternity filled with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

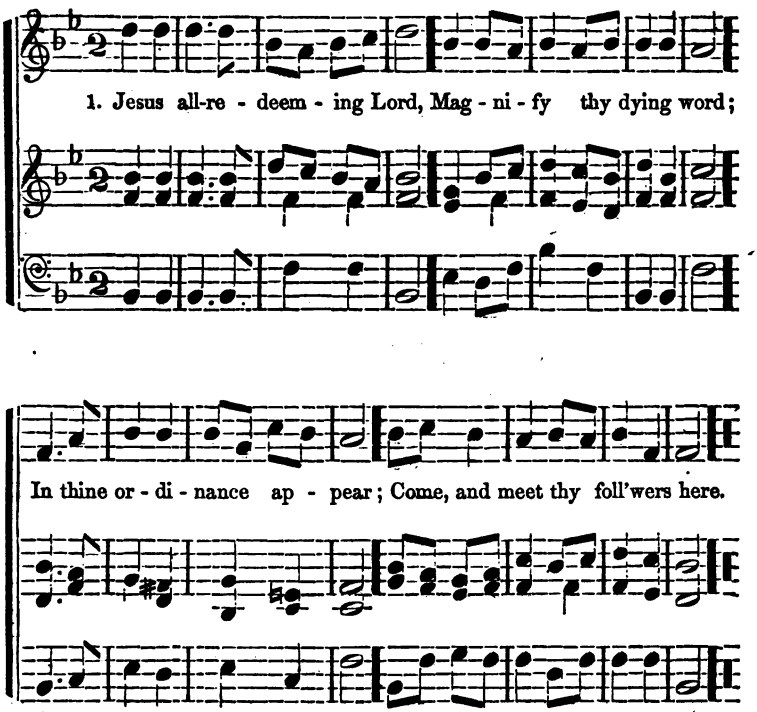
214 THE LORD WILL PROVIDE. 10s & 11s.

Rev. G. COLES.



3 Though afraid of ourselves, to pursue the dark way,
Thy rod and thy staff be our comfort and stay;
For we know by thy guidance, when once it is past,
To a fountain of life it will bring us at last.

4 The Lord has become our salvation and song,
His blessings have followed us all our life long;
His name we will praise while he lends us our breath—
Be cheerful in life and be happy in death.



2 In the rite thou hast enjoin'd,
Let us now our Saviour find;
Drink thy blood for sinners shed,
Taste thee in the broken bread.

3 Thou our faithful hearts prepare:
Thou thy pard'ning grace declare:
Thou that hast for sinners died,
Show thyself the Crucified!

4 All the power of sin remove;
Fill us with thy perfect love;
Stamp us with the stamp divine;
Seal our souls forever thine.

SECOND HYMN.

1 Lord of hosts! to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise;
Thou thy people's hearts prepare,
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

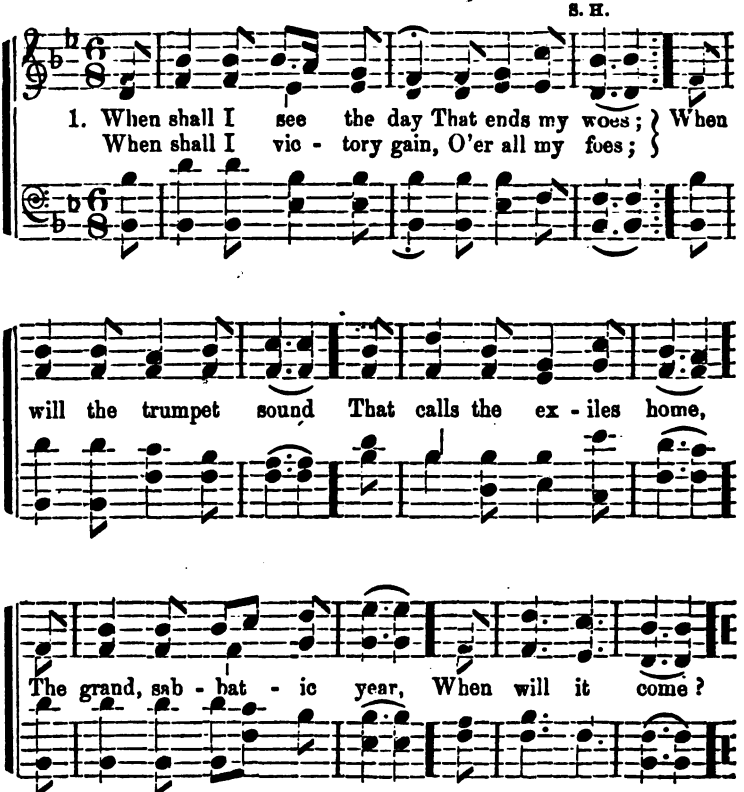
2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread:
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.

3 Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land:
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah!—earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply:
Hallelujah! hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

216 WHEN SHALL I SEE THE DAY. 6s & 4s.

S. H.



2

A crown of glory bright,
By faith I see,
In yonder realms of light
Prepared for me.
O, may I faithful prove,
And keep the prize in view;
And through the storms of life,
My way pursue.

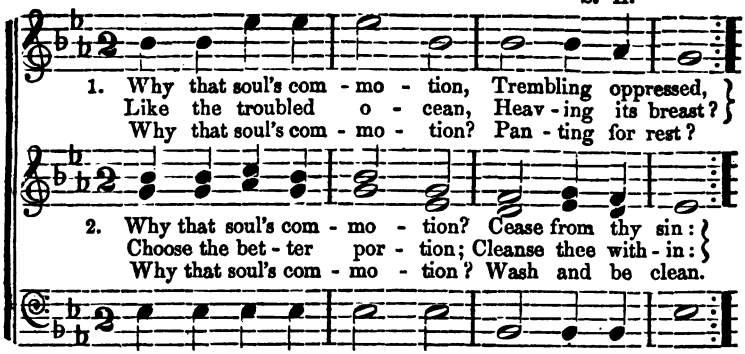
3

Jesus, be thou my guide,
My steps attend;
O keep me near thy side,
Be thou my friend;
Be thou my shield and sun,
My Saviour and my guard
And when my work is done,
My great reward.

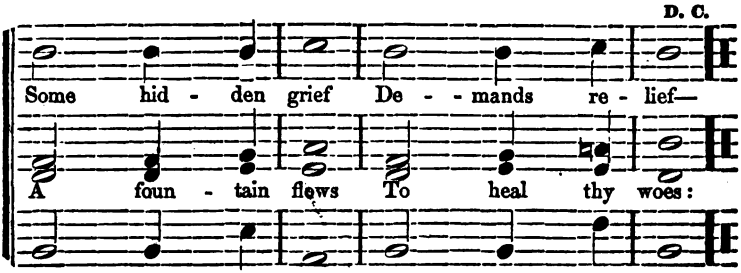
4

O, how I long to see
That happy day,
When sorrow, sin and pain
Shall flee away;
When all the heavenly tribes
Shall find their long sought home;
The Jubilee of Heaven,
When will it come?

S. H.



D. C.

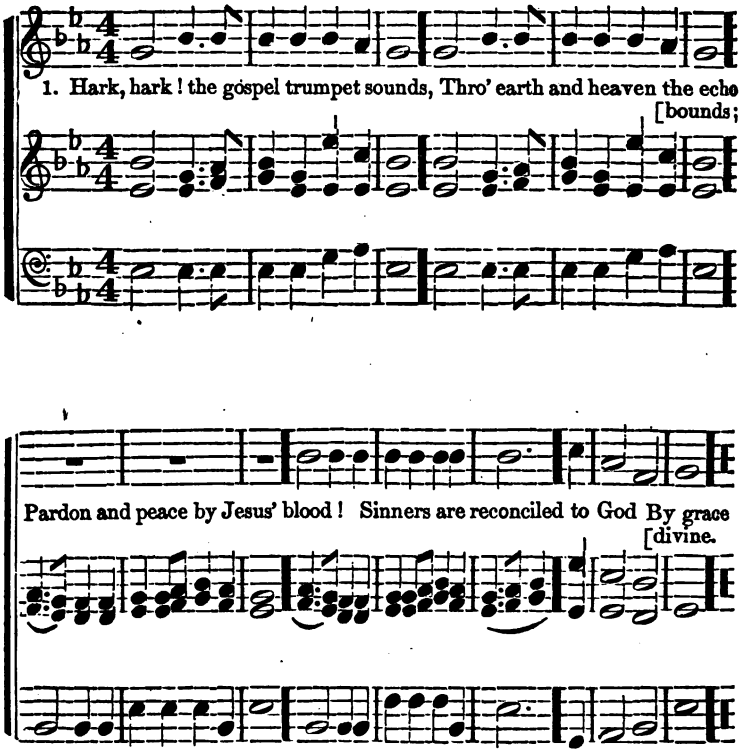


3 Why that soul's commotion
Heaven can forgive:
Why that heart's devotion
Firmly believe;
To-day return,
And cease to mourn,
Why that soul's commotion?
Oh turn and live.

SECOND HYMN.

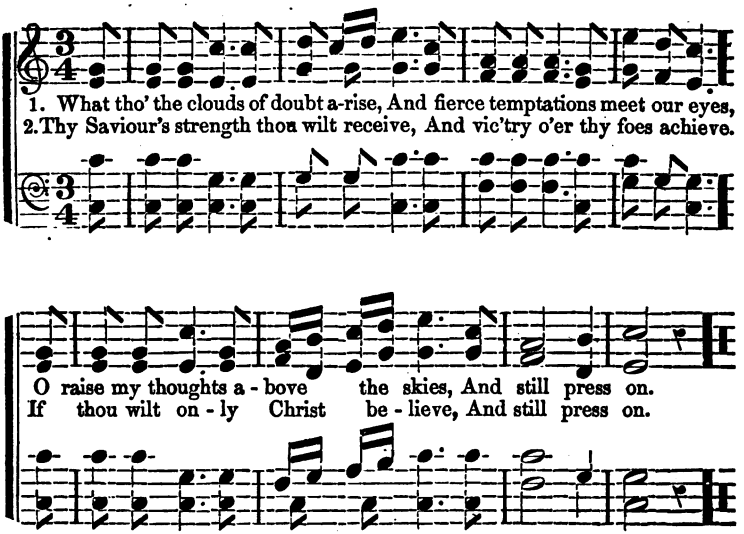
1 Child of sin and sorrow,
Fill'd with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow,
Yield thee to-day;
Heaven bids thee come,
While yet there's room:
Child of sin and sorrow,
Hear and obey.

2 Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die?
Come, whilst thou canst borrow
Help from on high:
Grieve not that love,
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.



2 Come, sinners, hear the joyful news,
Nor longer dare the grace refuse;
Mercy and justice here combine,
Goodness and truth harmonious join,
T' invite you near.

3 Ye saints in glory, strike the lyre;
Ye mortals, catch the sacred fire;
Let both the Saviour's love proclaim—
Forever worthy is the Lamb
Of endless praise.



3 Go forth with strength in his great name,
The principles of truth proclaim,
And while on earth thou mayst remain,
O still press on!

4 Press on to do the Saviour's will,
The last remains of sin to kill,
Thy soul with heavenly grace to fill. O still, &c.

5 Press on, that perfect love to feel,
Which doth by death the witness seal,
As Jesus doth himself reveal. O still press on!

6 Through all this wilderness of wo,
Still in the Saviour's footsteps go,
Religion's power and glory know. And still, &c.

7 Until the sands of life are run,
Until thy work on earth is done,
And thou the crown of life hast won. O still, &c.

8 Press on, until with joy you see,
The depth of Jesus' love to thee,
Till by his side you 're pure and free. O still Press on.

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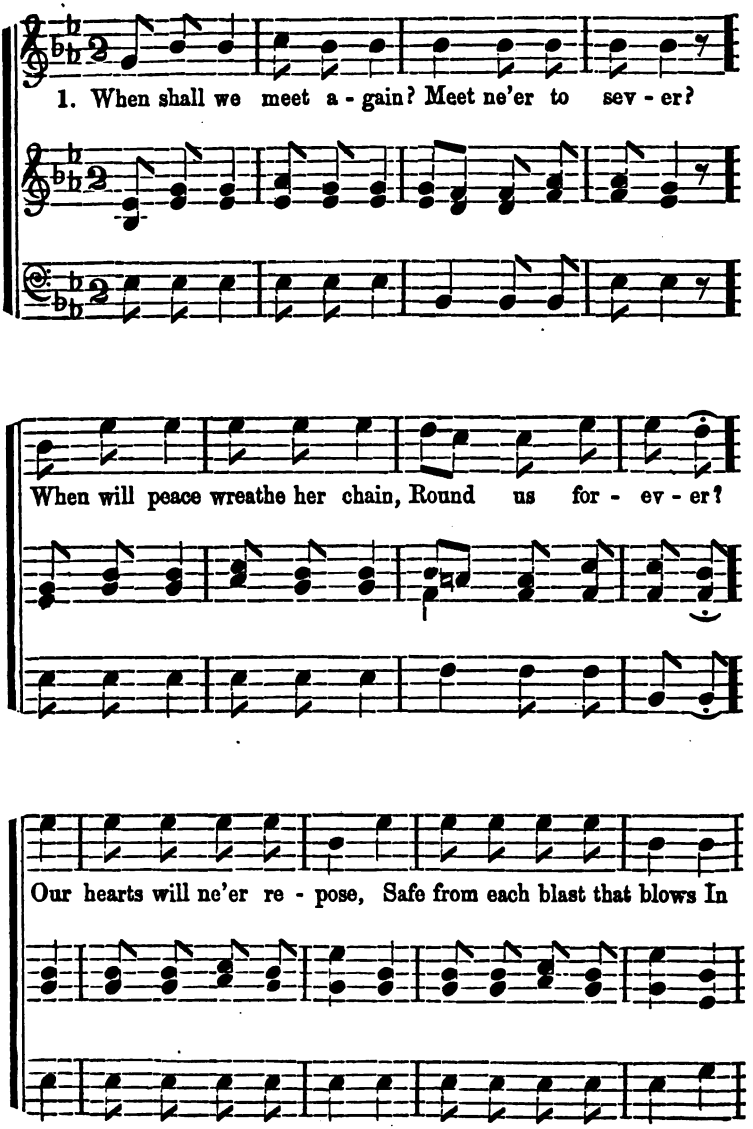
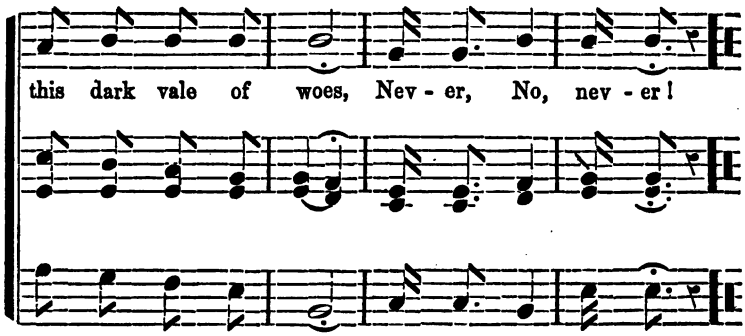
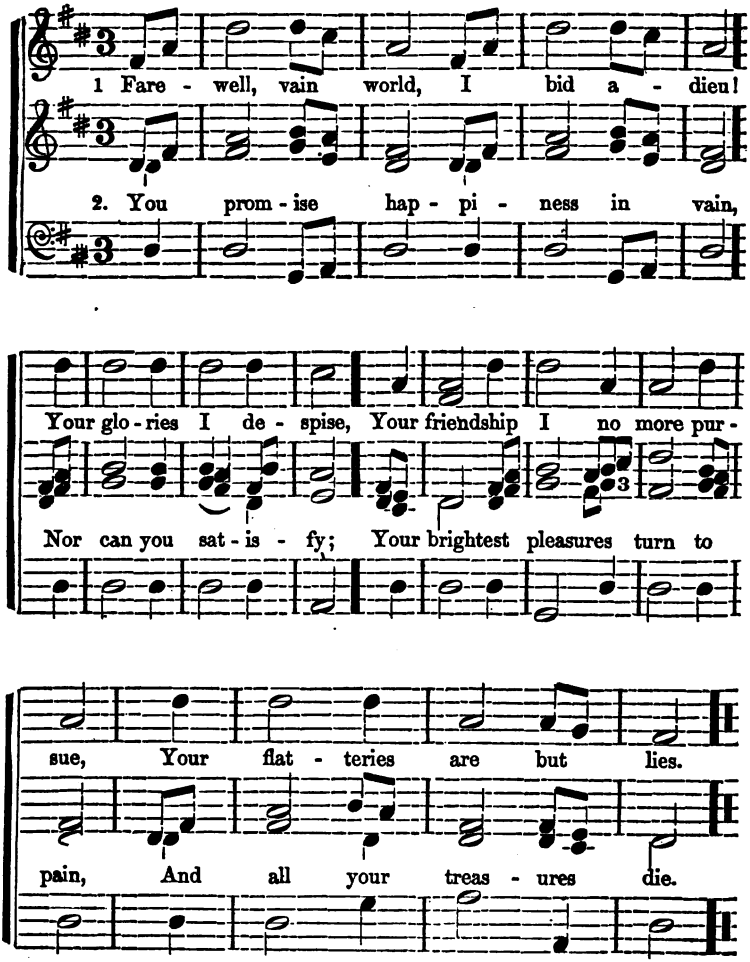




2 When shall love freely flow,
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow,
Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill,
Never, no never!

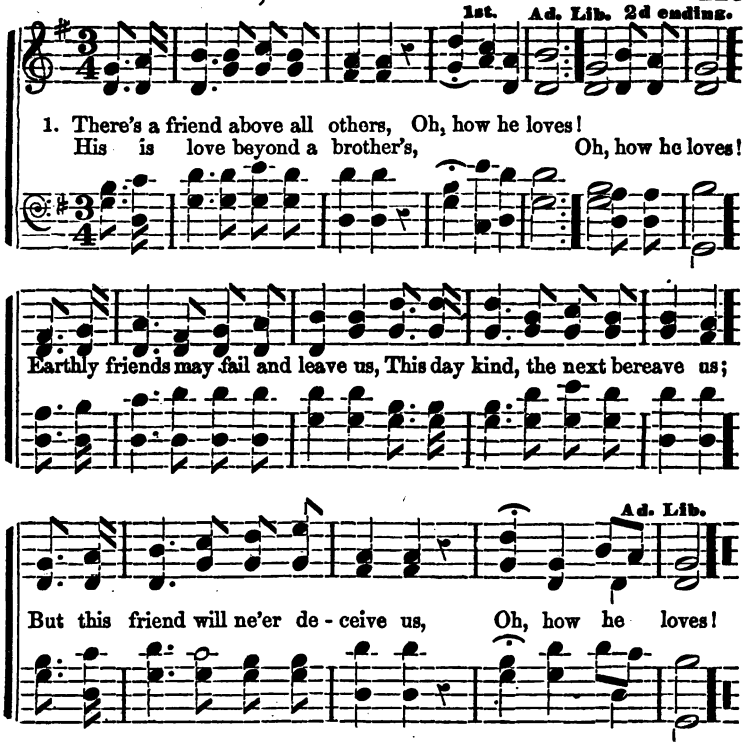
3 Up to that world of light,
Take us, dear Saviour!
May we all there unite,
Happy forever!
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel—
Never—no, never.

4 Soon shall we meet again,
Meet, ne'er to sever;
Soon will peace wreath her chain,
Round us forever,
Our hearts will then repose—
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close—
Never—no, never.



3 Then let my soul rise far above,
By faith I'll take my wing,
To the eternal realms of love,
Where saints and angels sing.

4 There's love and joy that will not waste;
And treasures that endure—
There's pleasure that will always last,
When time shall be no more.

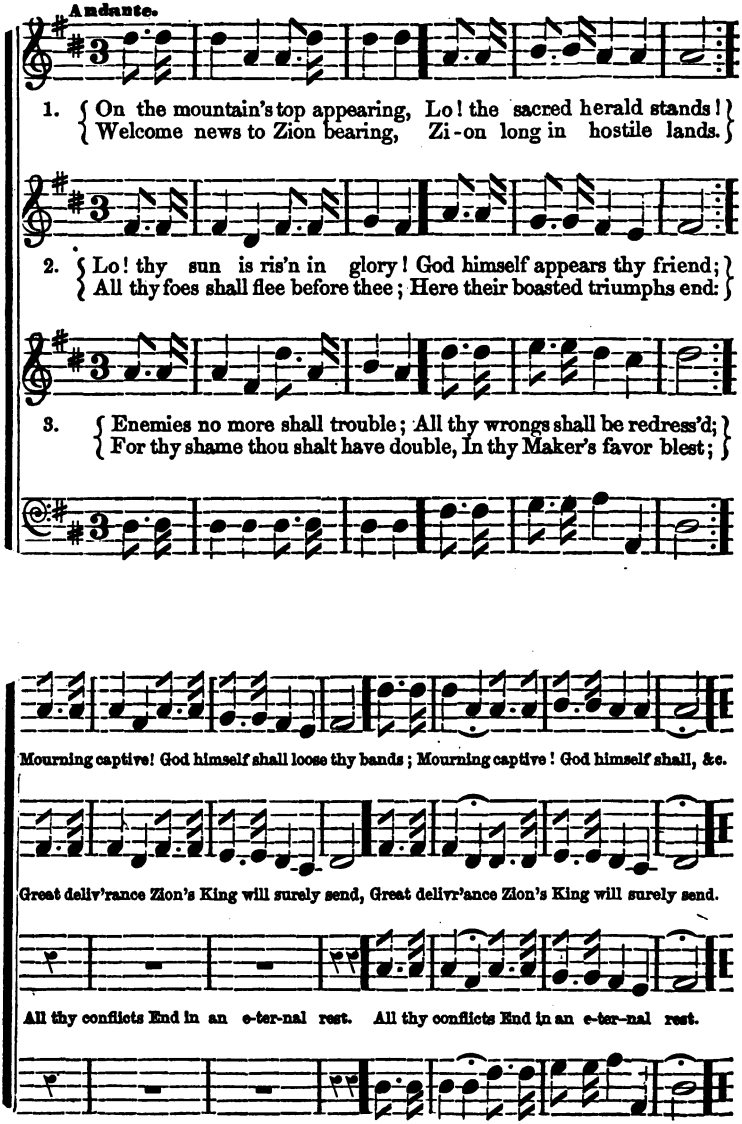


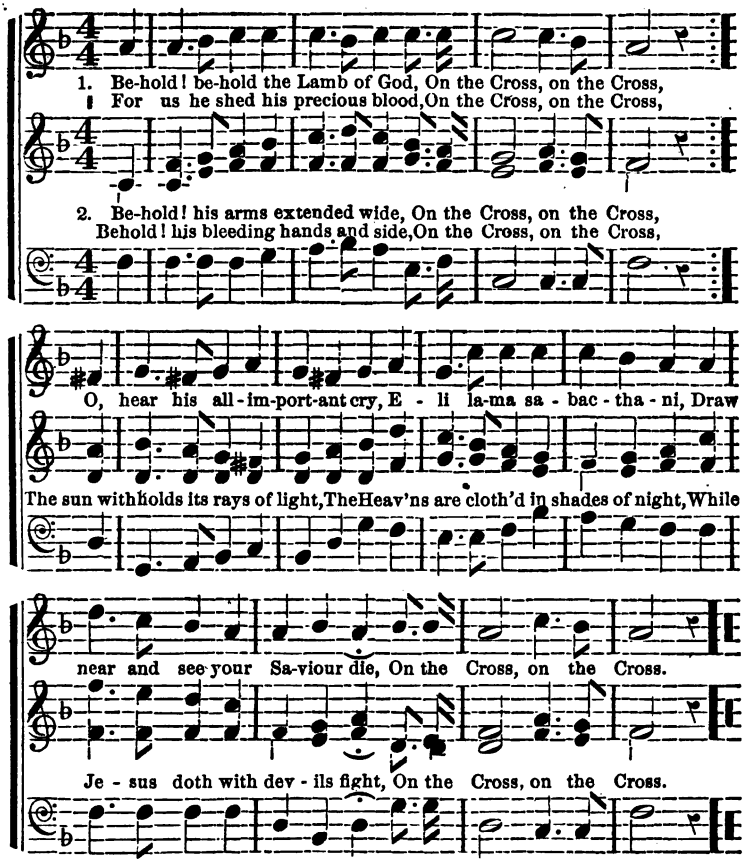
2 Blessed Jesus! would'st thou know
Oh, how he loves! [him?
Give thyself e'en this day to him,
Oh, how he loves!
Is it sin that pains and grieves thee,
Unbelief and trials tease thee?
Jesus can from all release thee,
Oh, how he loves!

3 Love this friend who longs to save
Oh, how he loves! [thee,
Dost thou love? He will not leave thee,
Oh, how he loves!
Think no more then of to-morrow,
Take his easy yoke and follow,
Jesus carries all thy sorrow,
Oh, how he loves!

4 All thy sins shall be forgiven,
Oh, how he loves!
Backward all thy foes be driven,
Oh, how he loves!
Best of blessings he'll provide thee,
Naught but good shall e'er betide thee,
Safe to glory he will guide thee,
Oh, how he loves!

5 Let us still this love be viewing,
Oh, how he loves!
And though faint keep on pursuing,
Oh, how he loves!
He will strengthen each endeavor,
And when pass'd o'er Jordan's river,
This shall be our song forever,
Oh, how he loves!

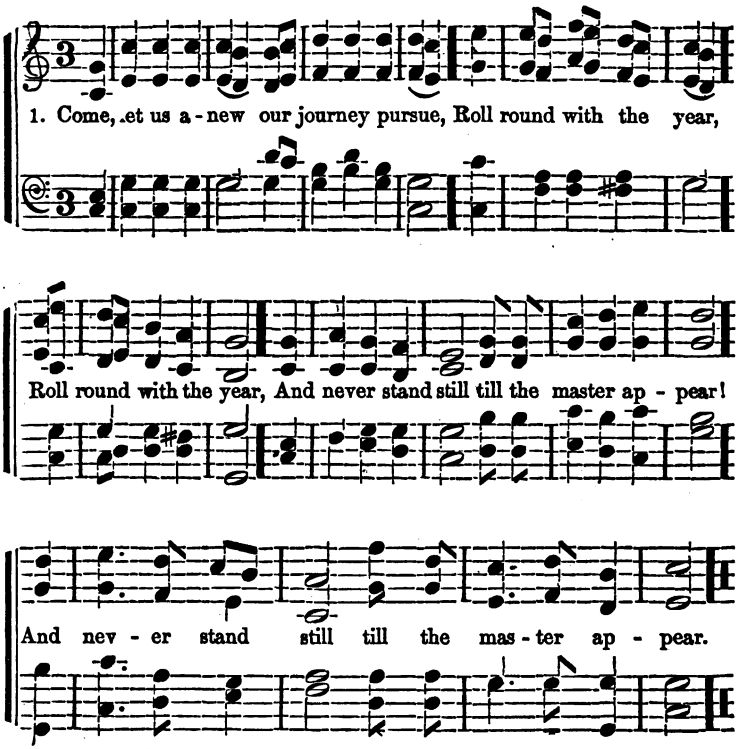

Andante.
1. On the mountain's top appearing, Lo! the sacred herald stands!
Welcome news to Zion bearing, Zi-on long in hostile lands.
2. Lo! thy sun is ris'n in glory! God himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee; Here their boasted triumphs end:
3. Enemies no more shall trouble; All thy wrongs shall be redress'd;
For thy shame thou shalt have double, In thy Maker's favor blest;
Mourning captive! God himself shall loose thy bands; Mourning captive! God himself shall, &c.
Great deliv'rance Zion's King will surely send, Great delivr'ance Zion's King will surely send.
All thy conflicts End in an e-ter-nal rest. All thy conflicts End in an e-ter-nal rest.



3 Come, sinners, see him lifted up, On the Cross, &c.
He drinks for you the bitter cup, On the Cross, &c.
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
While Jesus doth atonement make,
While Jesus suffers for our sake, On the Cross, &c.

4 And now the mighty deed is done, On the Cross, &c.
The battle's fought, the victory's won, On the Cross, &c.
To heaven he turns his languid eyes,
"'Tis finished" now, the conqueror cries,
Then bows his sacred head and dies, On the Cross, &c.

5 Where'er I go I'll tell the story, Of the Cross, &c.
In nothing else my soul shall glory, Save the Cross, &c.
Yea, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time, and in eternity,
That Jesus tasted death for me, On the Cross, &c.



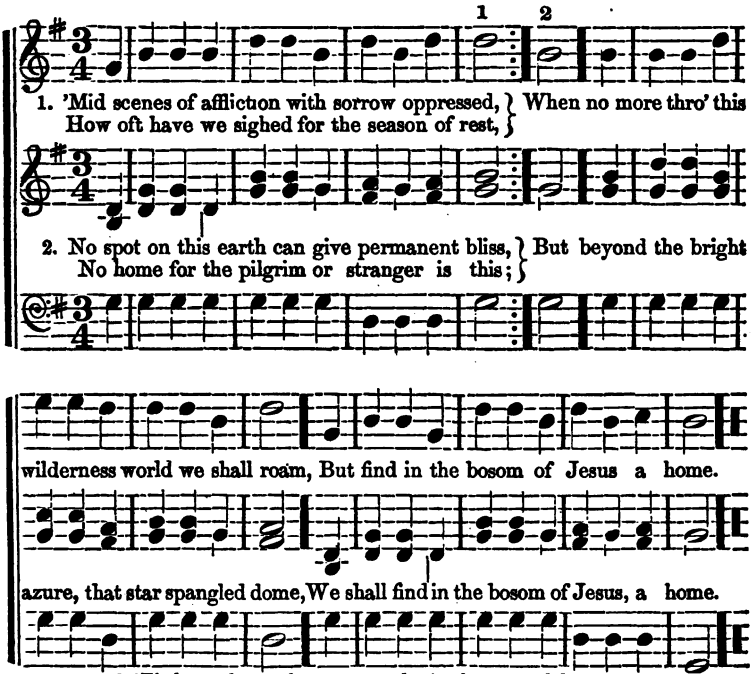
2 His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

3 Our life is a dream, our time as a stream
Glides swiftly away;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

4 The arrow is flown, the moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

5 O that each in the day of His coming may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do!"

6 O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."



3 'Tis hope cheers the prospect that's gloomy and drear,
And points to the haven of rest that is near;
O there in sweet fields of delight we shall roam,
And find in the bosom of Jesus, a home.

SECOND HYMN.

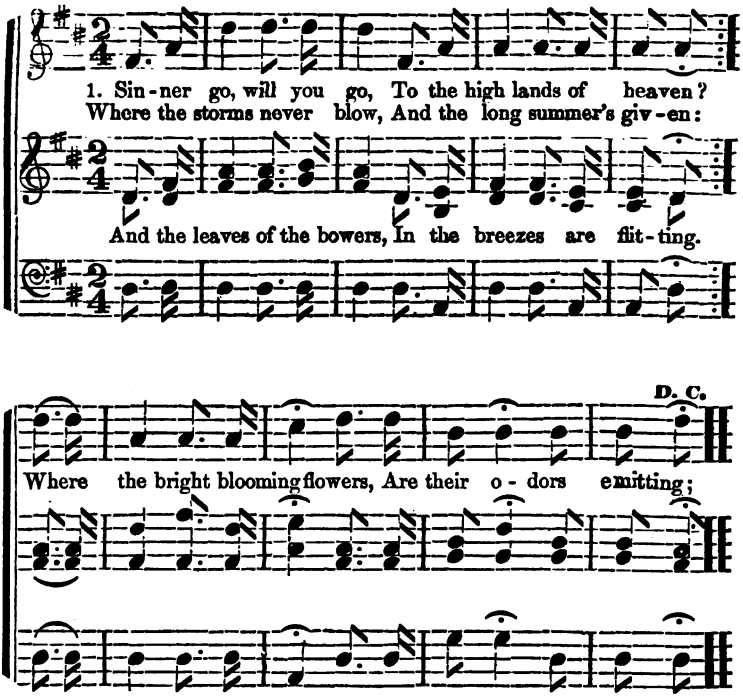
1 O Jesus, my Saviour, to thee I submit;
With love and thanksgiving fall down at thy feet;
In sacrifice offer my soul, flesh, and blood;
Thou art my Redeemer who brought me to God.

2 I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my love;
I love thee, my Saviour, I love thee, my dove;
I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know,
But how much I love thee, I never can show.

3 I'm happy, I'm happy, O wondrous account!
My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount!
I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,
With Jesus and angels, my kindred so dear.

4 O Jesus, my Saviour, with thee I am blest!
My life and salvation, my joy and my rest!
Thy name be my theme, and thy love be my song,
Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and my tongue.

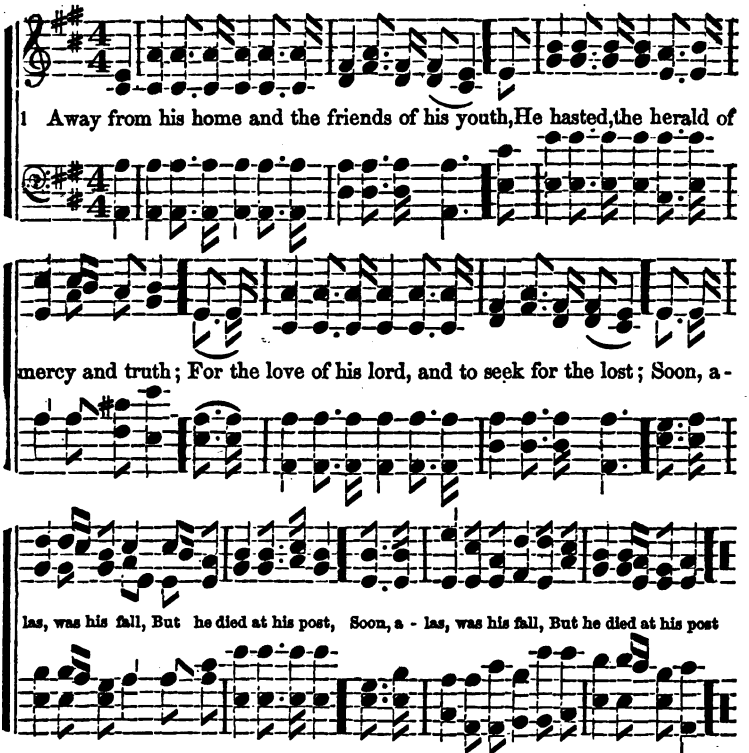
5 O who's like my Saviour? He's Salem's bright King;
He smiles, and he loves me, and learns me to sing;
I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes loud and shrill,
While rivers of pleasure my spirit doth fill.



2 Where the saints robed in white—
Cleansed in life's flowing fountain;
Shining beauteous and bright,
They inhabit the mountain.
Where no sin, nor dismay,
Neither trouble nor sorrow,
Will be felt for a day,
Nor be fear'd for the morrow.

3 He's prepared thee a home—
Sinner canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come,
Sinner wilt thou receive it?
O come, sinner come,
For the tide is receding
And the Saviour will soon,
And forever cease pleading.

Words by Rev. Wm. Hunter.



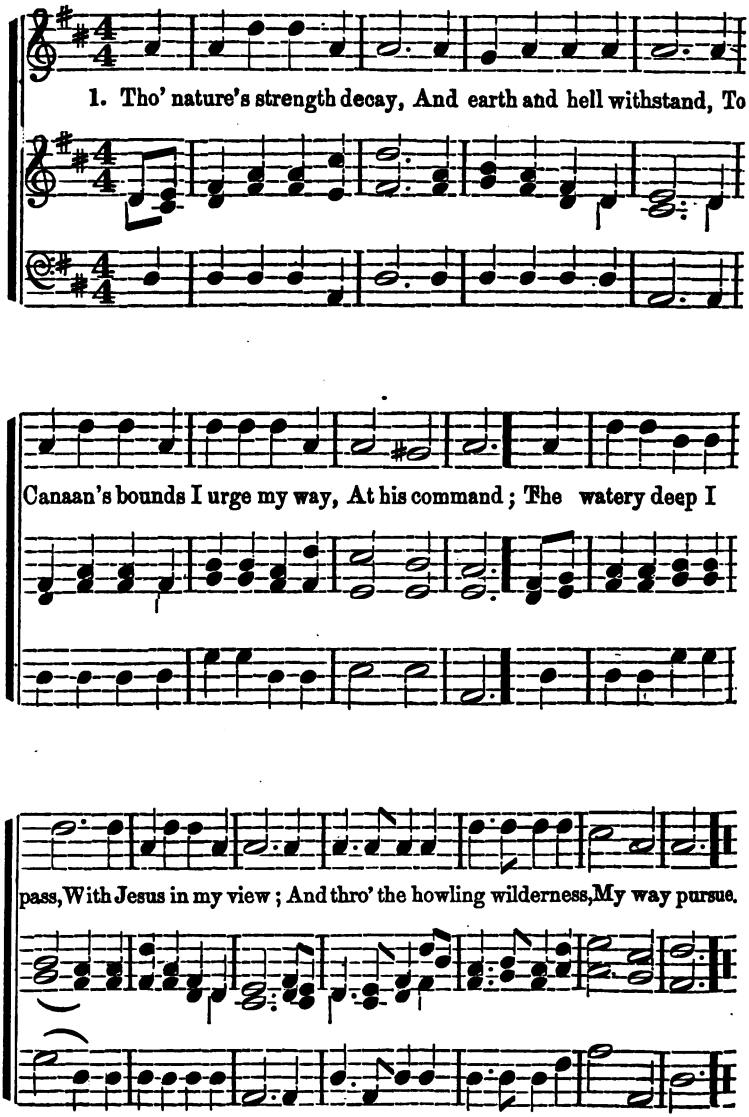
2 The stranger's eye wept, that in life's brightest bloom,
One gifted so highly should sink to the tomb:
For in ardor he led in the van of the host,
And he fell like a soldier, he died at his post—

3 He wept not himself that his warfare was done:
The battle was fought, and the victory won;
But he whispered of those whom his heart loved the most,
"Tell my brethren for me, that I died at my post.*"

4 He asked not a stone to be sculptured with verse;
He asked not that fame should his merits rehearse;
But he asked as a boon, when he gave up the ghost,
That his brethren might know that he died at his post.

5 Victorious his fall—for he rose as he fell,
With Jesus, his Master, in glory to dwell;
He has passed o'er the sea, he has reached the bright coast,
For he fell like a martyr—he died at his post.

* Dying words of the Rev. Thomas Drummond.


1. Tho' nature's strength decay, And earth and hell withstand, To
Canaan's bounds I urge my way, At his command; The watery deep I
pass, With Jesus in my view; And thro' the howling wilderness, My way pursue.

2 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest.
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound;
And trees of life forever grow,
With mercy crowned.

3 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace.
With him they all shall stand,
Who trust his sacred name:
And in that glorious, happy land,
Forever reign.

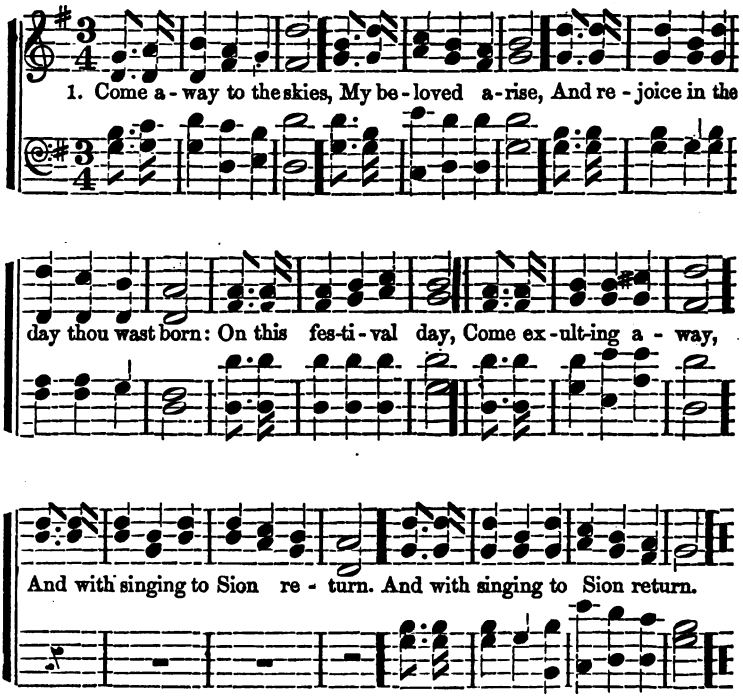
SECOND HYMN.

1 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At thy right hand;
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And him my only portion make,
My shield, and tower.

2 The God who reigns on high,
The great archangels sing;
And "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
Almighty King!
Who was and is the same,
And evermore shall be;
Jehovah, Father, great I AM,
We worship thee."

3 Before the Saviour's face,
The ransomed nations bow;
O'erwelmed at his almighty grace,
Forever new;
He shows his prints of love,—
They kindle to a flame!
And sound through all the worlds above
The slaughtered Lamb.

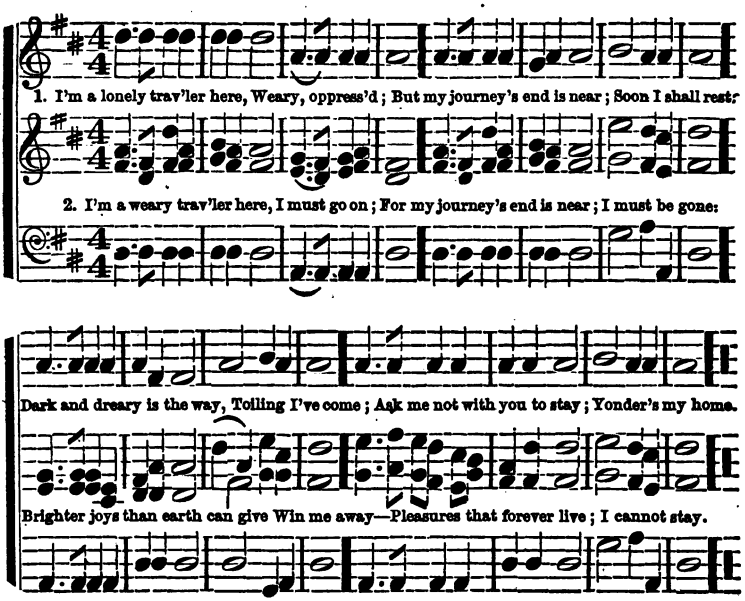
4 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."
They ever cry.
Hail, Abraham's God, and mine!
(I join the heavenly lays,)
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.



2 We have laid up our love, and our treasure above,
Though our bodies continue below:
The redeem'd of our Lord, We remember his word,
And with singing to Paradise go.

3 With singing we praise, The original grace,
By our heavenly Father bestow'd;
Our being receive From his bounty, and live
To the honour and glory of God.

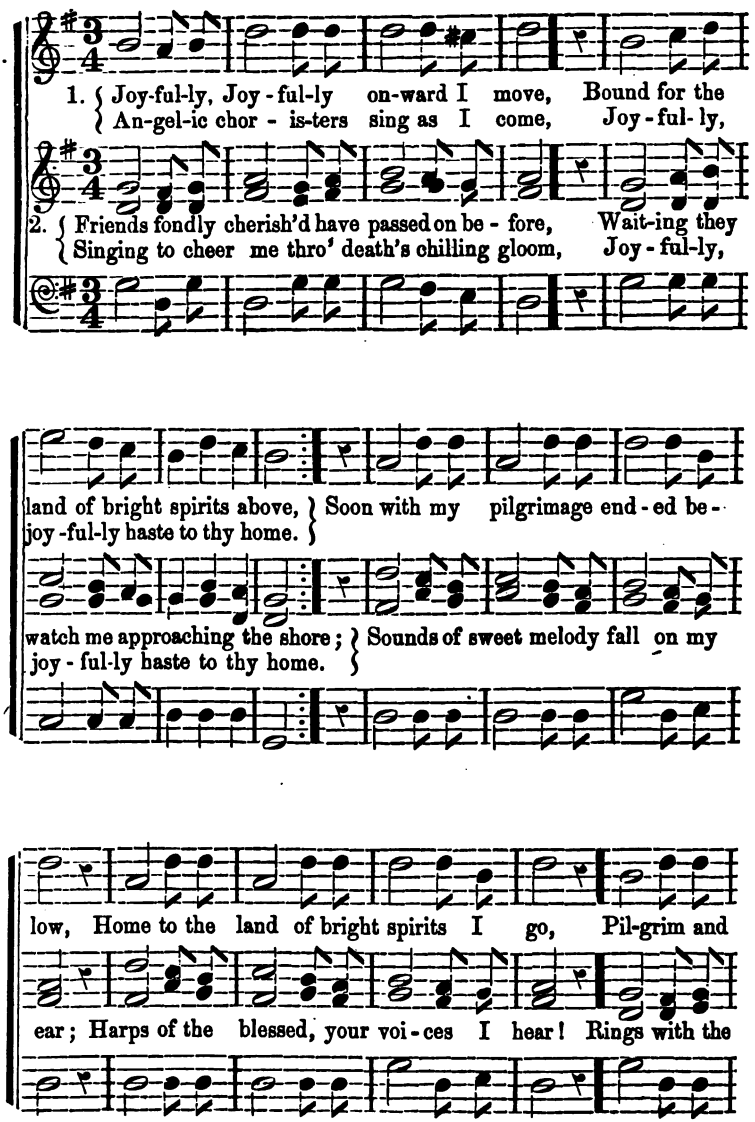
4 For thy glory we are, Created to share
Both the nature and kingdom divine;
Created again, That our souls may remain
In time and eternity thine.

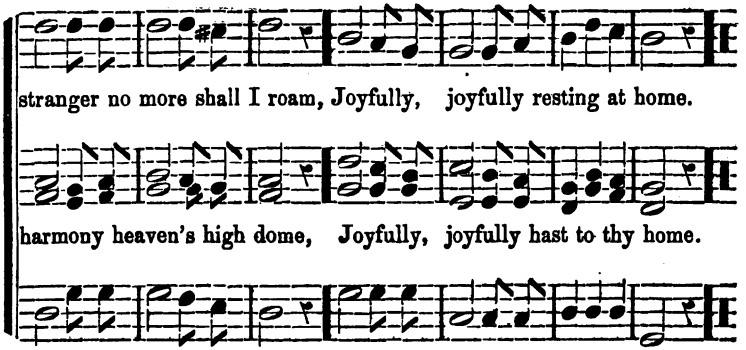


3 I'm a traveller to a land
Where all is fair;
Where are seen no broken bands;
All, all are there;
Where no tears shall ever fall,
No heart be sad,
Where the glory is for all,
And all are glad.

4 I'm a traveller, and I go
Where all is fair;
Farewell all I've loved below;
I must be there.
Worldly honors, hopes, and gain,
All I resign;
Welcome sorrow, grief and pain,
If heaven be mine.

5 I'm a traveller; call me not;
Upward's my way;
Yonder is my rest and lot;
I cannot stay.
Farewell earthly pleasures all;
Pilgrim I'll roam;
Hail me not; in vain you call;
Yonder's my home.


1. Joy-ful-ly, Joy-ful-ly on-ward I move, Bound for the
An-gel-ic chor-is-ters sing as I come, Joy-ful-ly,
2. Friends fondly cherish'd have passed on be-fore, Wait-ing they
Singing to cheer me thro' death's chilling gloom, Joy-ful-ly,
land of bright spirits above, Soon with my pilgrimage end-ed be-
joy-ful-ly haste to thy home.
watch me approaching the shore; Sounds of sweet melody fall on my
joy-ful-ly haste to thy home.
low, Home to the land of bright spirits I go, Pil-grim and
ear; Harps of the blessed, your voi-ces I hear! Rings with the

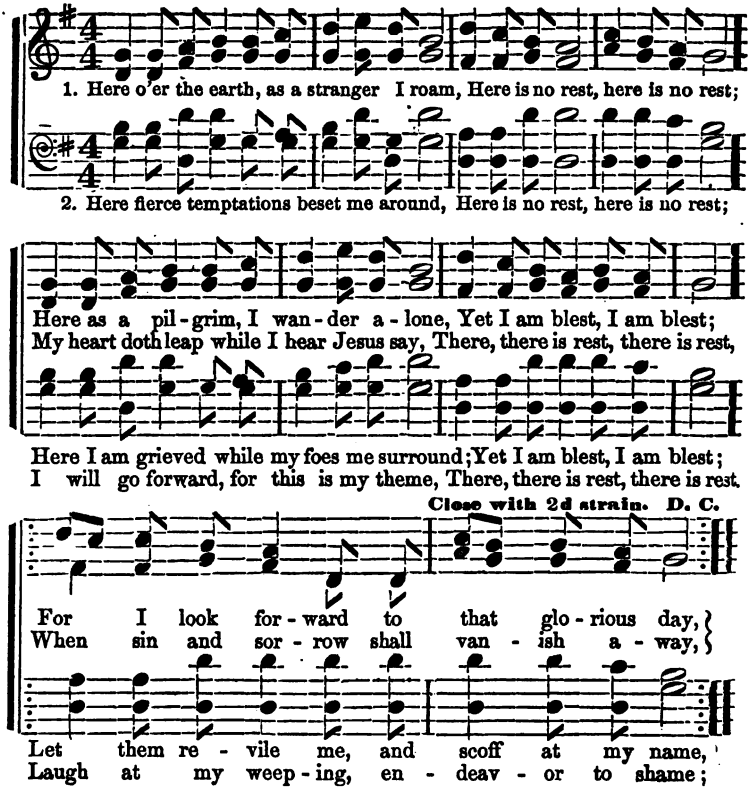


3 Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow,
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb;
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banish'd, his sceptre be gone;
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

SECOND HYMN.

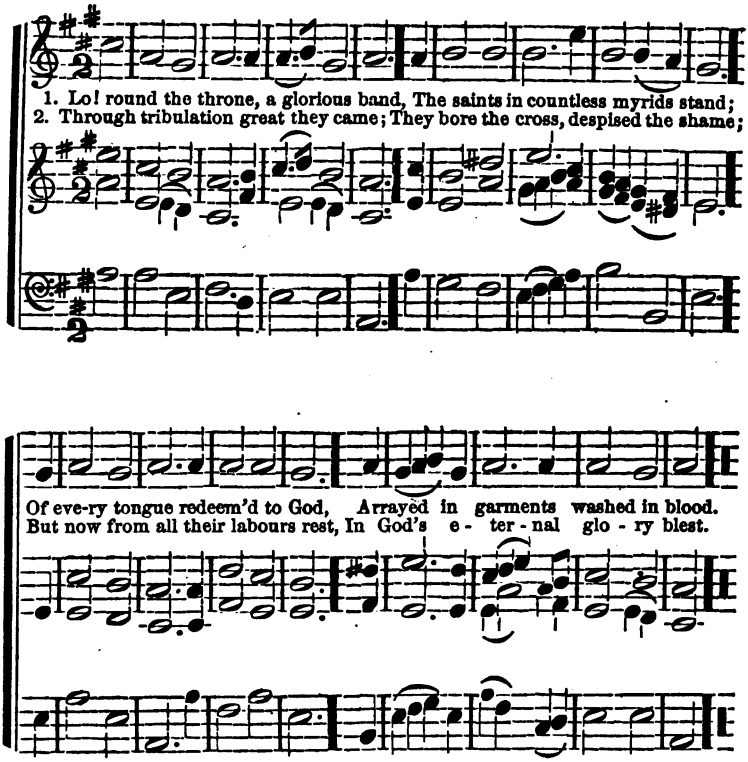
1 Happy the spirit released from its clay;
Happy the soul that goes bounding away;
Singing, as upward it hastes to the skies,
Victory! victory! homeward I rise.
Many the toils it has pass'd through below,
Many the seasons of trial and wo;
Many the doubtings it never should sing,
Victory! victory! thus on the wing.

2 How can we wish them recall'd from their home,
Longer in sorrowing exile to roam?
Safely they pass'd from their troubles beneath,
Victory! victory! shouting in death.
Thus let them slumber, till Christ from the skies,
Bids them in glorified body arise;
Singing, as upward they spring from the tomb,
Victory! victory! Jesus hath come!



3 Here are afflictions and trials severe;
Here is no rest, here is no rest:
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear,
Yet I am blest, I am blest;
Sweet is the promise I read in his word,
Blessed are they who have died in the Lord,
They have been called to receive their reward;
There, there is rest, there is rest.

4 This world of cares is a wilderness state,
Here is no rest, here is no rest;
Here I must bear from the world, all its hate
Yet I am blest, I am blest;
Soon shall I be from the wicked released,
Soon shall the weary forever be blest,
Soon shall I lean upon Jesus' breast,
There, there is rest, there is rest.



3 They see the Saviour face to face:
They sing the triumph of his grace;
And day and night, with ceaseless praise,
To him their loud hosannas raise.

4 O, may we tread the sacred road
That holy saints and martyrs trod;
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
And win, like them, a crown of life.

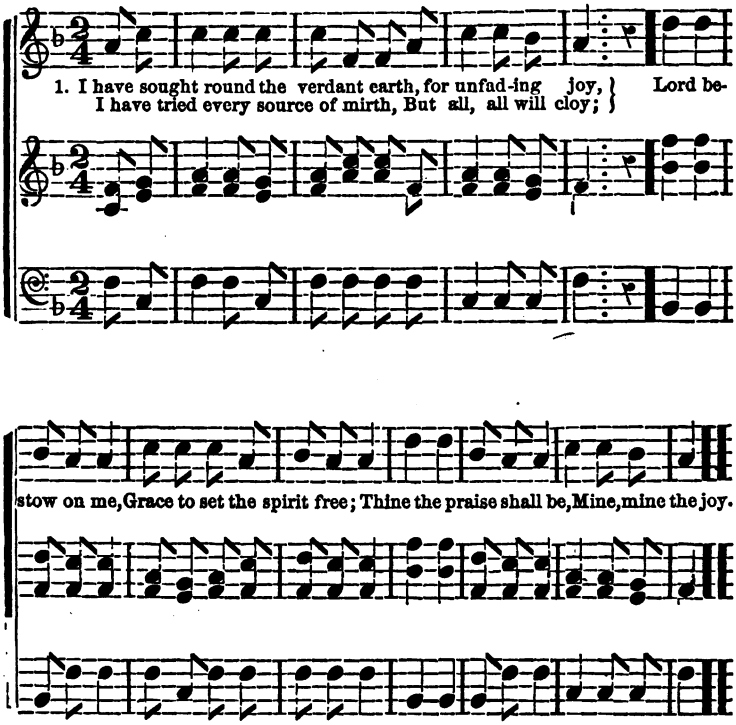
SECOND HYMN.

1 When, gracious Lord, when shall it be
That I shall find my all in thee?
The fulness of thy promise prove,
The seal of thine eternal love?

2 A poor blind child I wander here,
If haply I may feel thee near:
O dark! dark! dark! I still must say,
Amidst the blaze of gospel day.

3 Thee, only thee, I fain would find;
And cast the world and flesh behind;
Thou, only thou, to me be given,
Of all thou hast in earth or heaven.

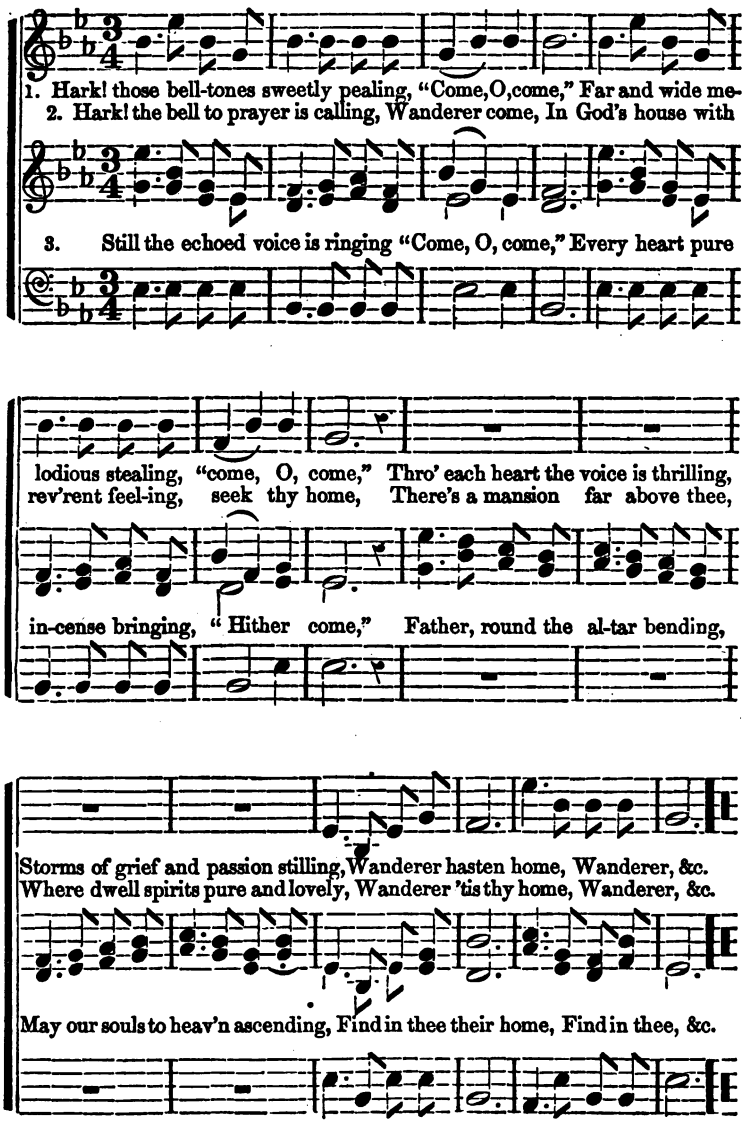
4 When from the arm of flesh set free,
Jesus, my soul shall fly to thee:
Jesus, when I have lost my all,
I shall upon thy bosom fall.

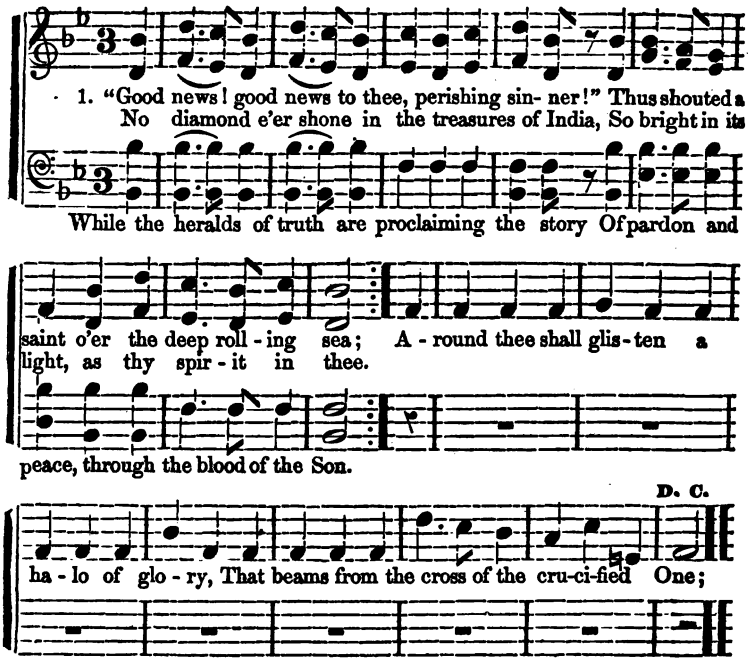


2 I have wandered in mazes dark, Of doubt and distress,
I have not had a kindling spark, My spirit to bless;
Cheerless unbelief, Filled my laboring soul with grief;
What shall give relief? What shall give peace?

3 I then turned to thy Gospel, Lord, From folly away,
I then trusted thy holy word, That taught me to pray;
Here I found release, Weary spirit here found rest,
Hope of endless bliss, Eternal day.

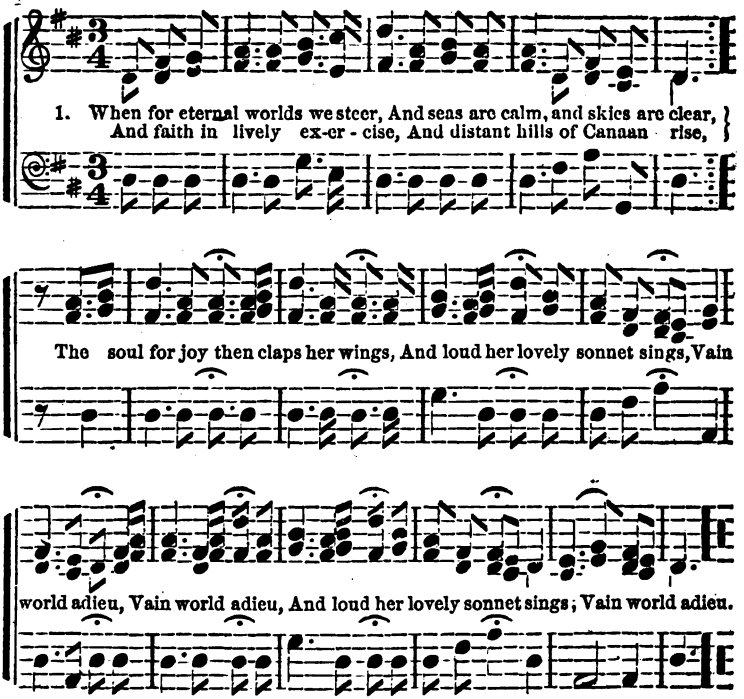
4 I will praise now, my heavenly king, I'll praise and adore;
The heart's richest tribute bring, To thee, God of power;
And in heaven above, Saved by thy redeeming love,
Loud the strains shall move, Forevermore.


1. Hark! those bell-tones sweetly pealing, "Come, O, come," Far and wide me-
2. Hark! the bell to prayer is calling, Wanderer come, In God's house with
3. Still the echoed voice is ringing "Come, O, come," Every heart pure
lodious stealing, "come, O, come," Thro' each heart the voice is thrilling,
rev'rent feel-ing, seek thy home, There's a mansion far above thee,
in-cense bringing, "Hither come," Father, round the al-tar bending,
Storms of grief and passion stilling, Wanderer hasten home, Wanderer, &c.
Where dwell spirits pure and lovely, Wanderer 'tis thy home, Wanderer, &c.
May our souls to heav'n ascending, Find in thee their home, Find in thee, &c.



2 For Jesus, thy Saviour, shall never forget thee;
From the truth of his word he will never depart,
But firm in the midst of his jewels he'll set thee,
Engraved on the innermost shrine of his heart.
And we trust that our hearts are in unison blended
With Him, who has conquered both hell and the grave;
And we'll pray, till around the wide world is extended,
The sceptre of Him, who is mighty to save.

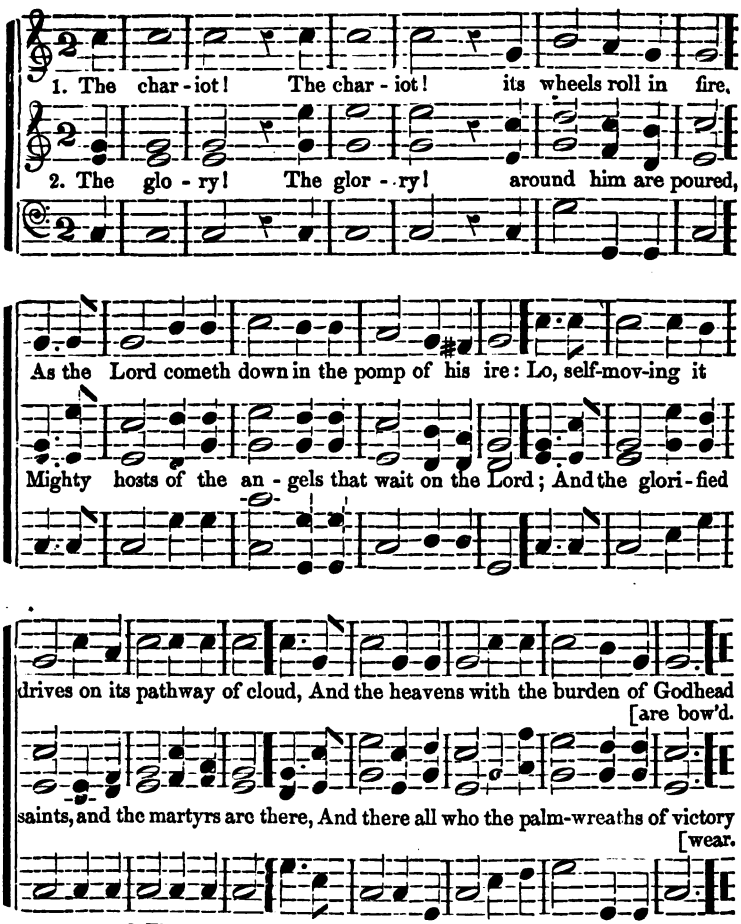
3 Behold, far away! how the darkness is rolling!
The mantle of night is dispelled by the day;
And He, who the *prince of this world* is controlling,
Shall sweep the destroyer full swiftly away.
Then those days shall be seen, of which in devotion,
The saints and the prophets in vision once dreamed;
When the clefts of the main, and the isles of the ocean,
Shall echo the song of a people redeemed.



2 With cheerful hope her eyes explore
Each landmark on the distant shore:
The trees of life, the pastures green,
The golden streets, the crystal stream;
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
Vain world, adieu.

3 The nearer still she draws to land,
More eagar all her powers expand;
With steady helm, and free bent sail,
Her anchor drops within the vail;
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And her celestial sonnet sings,

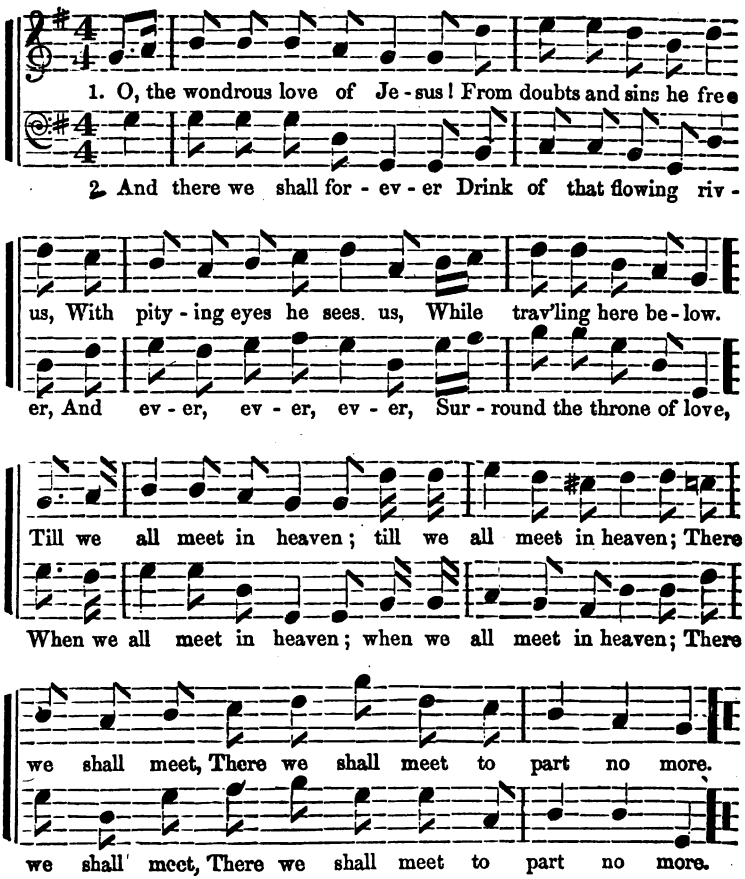
 Glory to God.



3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard:
Lo, the depths of the stone-covered charnel are stirr'd!
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
All the vast generations of men are come forth!

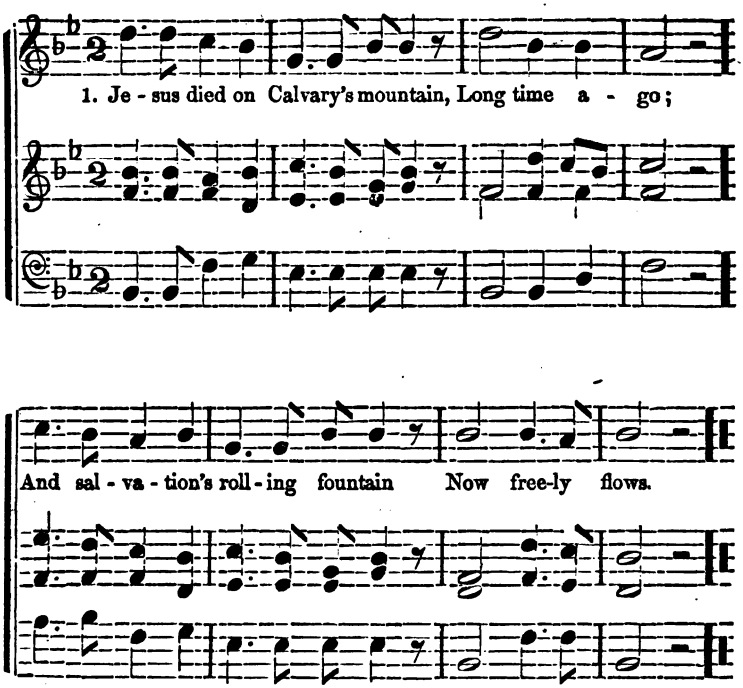
4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met!
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

5 O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love!
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven!



3 There in that blooming garden
Of Eden, gained by pardon,
Upon the banks of Jordan,
We'll worship then the Lamb.
When we all meet in heaven, &c.

4 We'll sing the song of Moses,
While Jesus sweet composes
A song that never closes,
Of praises to his name.
When we all meet in heaven, &c.



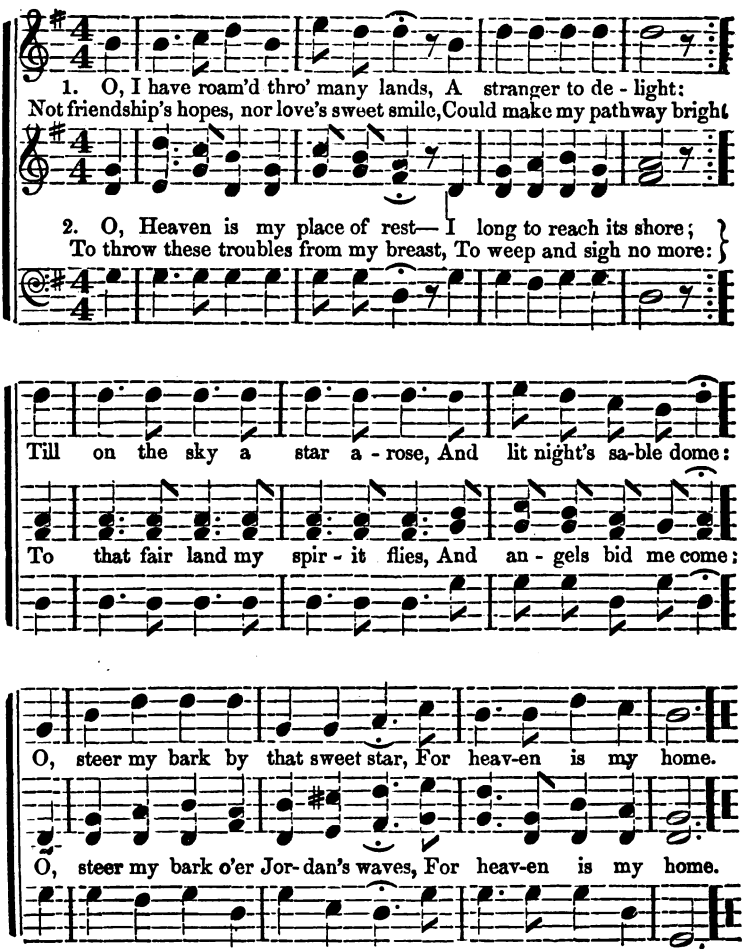
2 Once his voice, in tones of pity, Melted in woe,
And he wept o'er Judah's city, Long time ago.

3 On his head the dews of midnight, Fell long ago;
Now a crown of dazzling sunlight Sits on his brow.

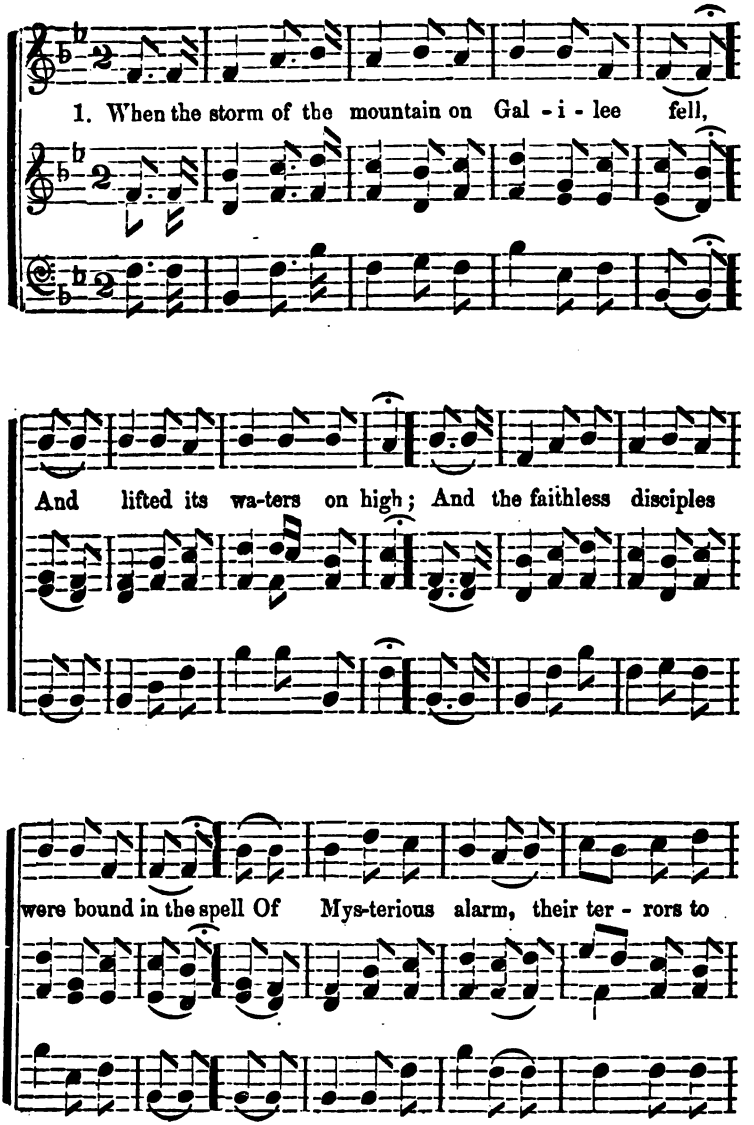
4 Jesus died, yet lives in heaven, No more to die;
Bleeding Jesus, blessed Saviour, Now reigns on high.

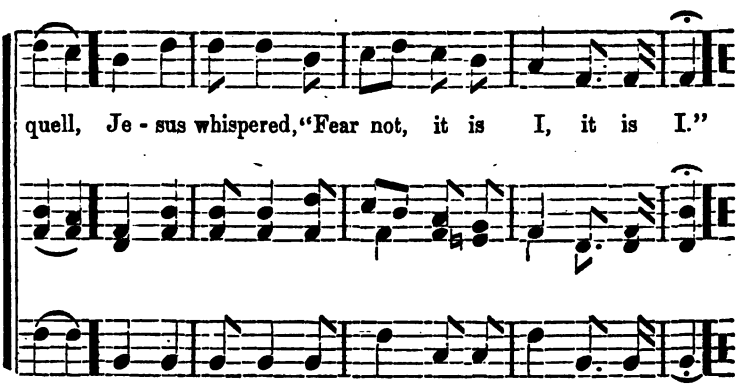
5 Now in heaven he's interceding For dying man,
Soon he'll finish all his pleading, And come again,

6 When he comes, a voice from heav'n Shall pierce the tomb,
"Come, ye blessed of my Father, Children, come home."



3 O take me from this world of woe,
To my blest home above,
Where tears of sorrow never flow,
And all the air is love:
My sister spirits wait for me,
And Jesus bids me come:
O, steer my bark to that fair land,
For Heaven is my home.


1. When the storm of the mountain on Gal - i - lee fell,
And lifted its wa-ters on high; And the faithless disciples
were bound in the spell Of Mys-terious alarm, their ter - rors to



2 The storm could nor bury that word in the wave,
For 'twas taught through the tempest to fly;
It shall reach his disciples in every clime,
And his voice shall be near in each troublous time,
Saying, "Be not afraid, it is I, it is I."

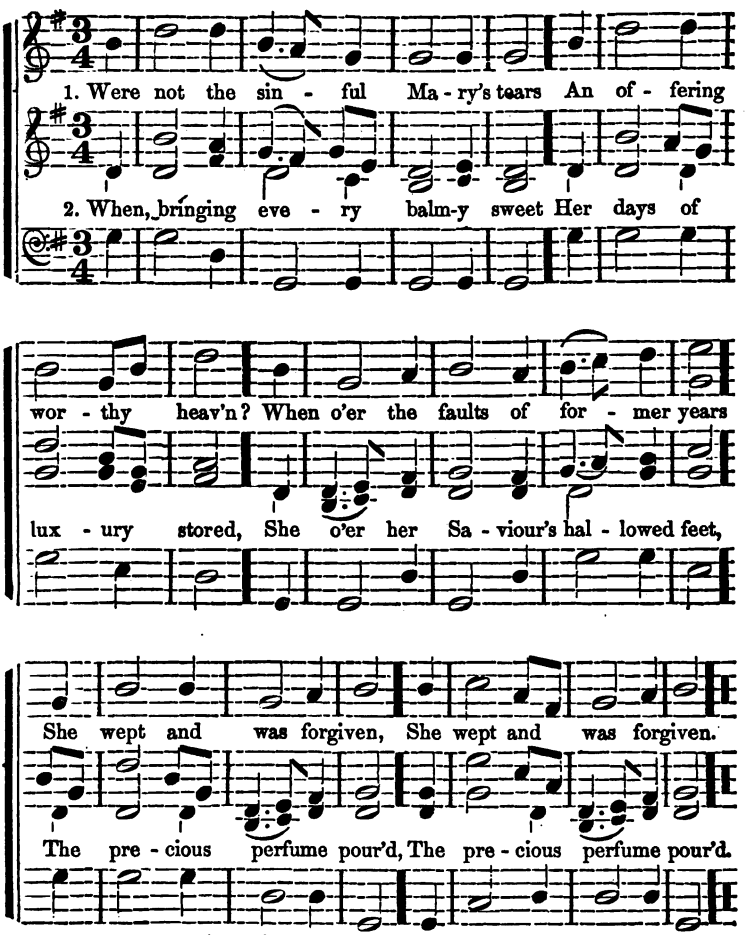
3 When the spirit is broken with sickness or sorrow,
And comfort is ready to die;
The darkness shall pass, and in gladness to-morrow,
The wounded complete consolation shall borrow
From his life-giving word, "It is I, it is I."

4 When death is at hand, and the cottage of clay
Is left with a tremulous sigh,
The gracious forerunner is smoothing the way
For its tenant to pass to unchangeable day,
Saying, "Be not afraid, it is I, it is I."

5 When the waters are passed, and the glories unknown
Burst forth on the wondering eye,
The compassionate "Lamb in the midst of the throne"
Shall welcome, encourage, and comfort his own,
And say, "Be not afraid, it is I, it is I."

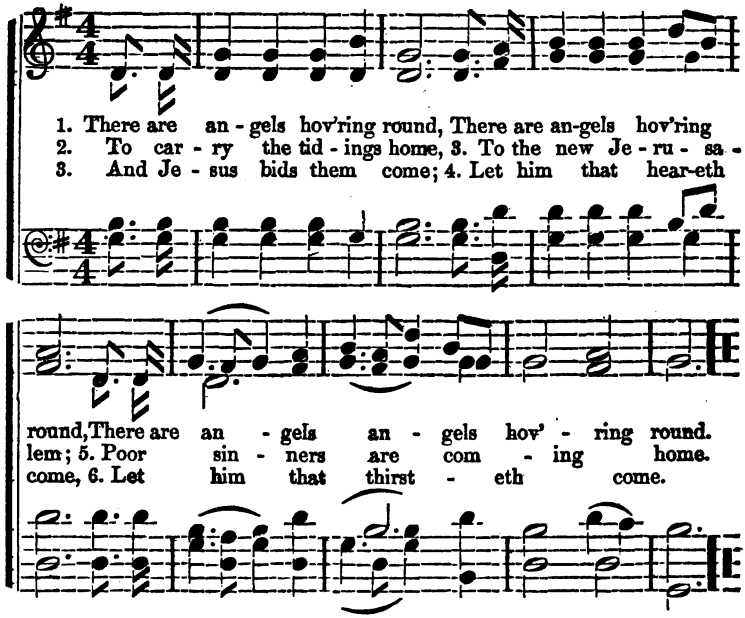
MARY'S TEARS. C. M.

Arranged for this work.

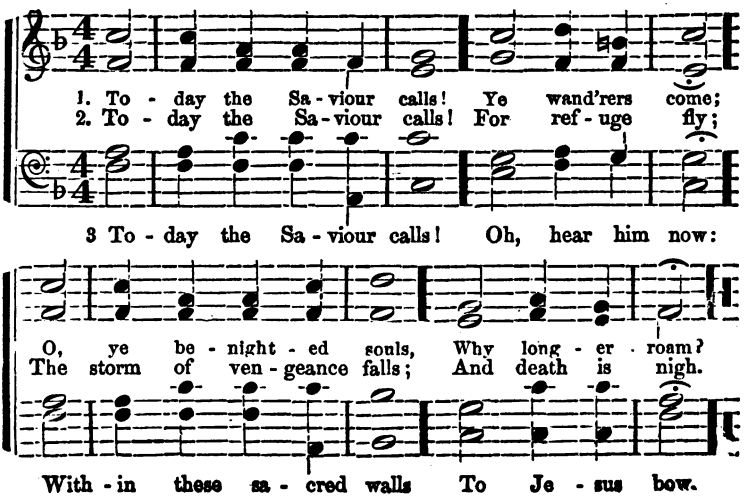


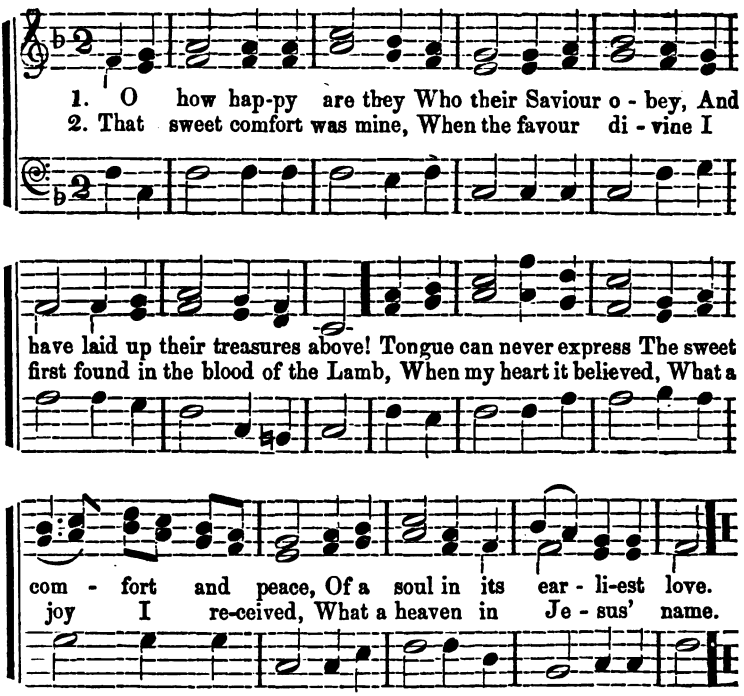
3 And wiped them with her golden hair,
Where once the diamond shone,
Though now the gems of grief were there,
Which shine for God alone.

4 Thou that hast slept in error's sleep,
O! wouldst thou wake in heav'n?
Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
"Love much," and be forgiven!



"TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS."

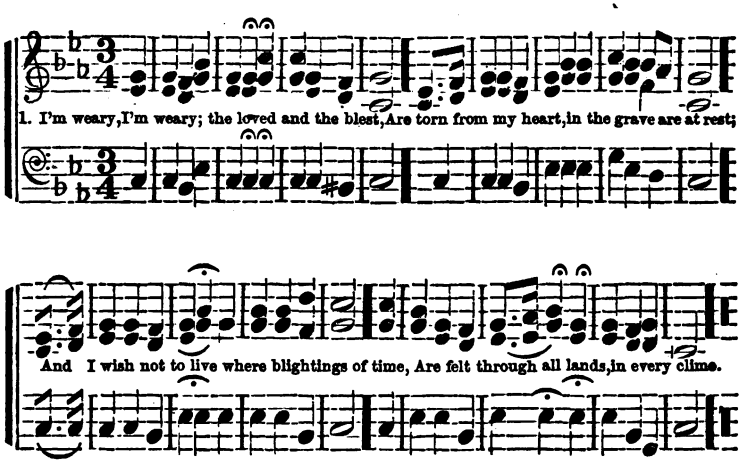




3 Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;
O that all his salvation might see:
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possest,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fullness of God.



2 I'm weary, I'm weary; O why should I stay?
My friends are now gone, in the cold grave they lay;
Their voices of kindness once fell on mine ear,
Like songs of the morning, in melody clear.

3 I'm weary, I'm weary; my early sweet home
Is trodden by strangers, I wander alone!
The gaze of the stranger, so piercing and cold,
Is all I now meet in this once sunny world.

4 I'm weary, I'm weary; I sigh for a home,
A mansion of glory, where sorrows ne'er come—
Where streams of salvation unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

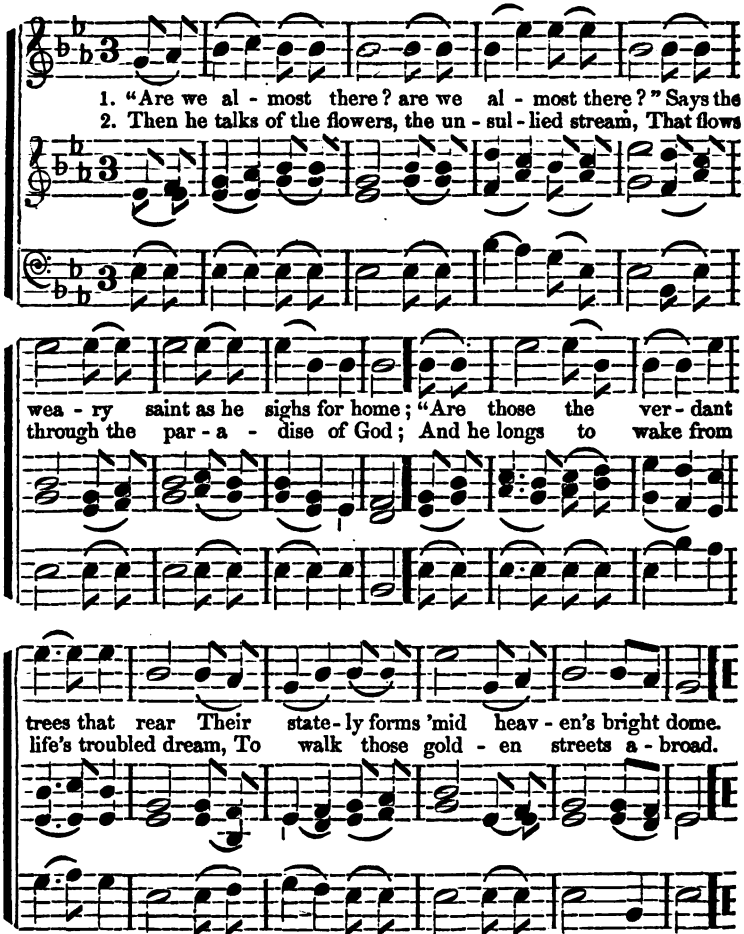
SECOND HYMN.

1 I'm weary of sighing, O fain would I rest,
In the far distant land of the pure and the blest,
Where sin can no longer her blandishments spread;
And tears and temptations forever are fled.

2 I'm weary of hoping where hope is untrue,
As fair, but as fleeting as morning's bright dew·
I long for the land whose blest promise alone,
Is changless and sure as eternity's throne.

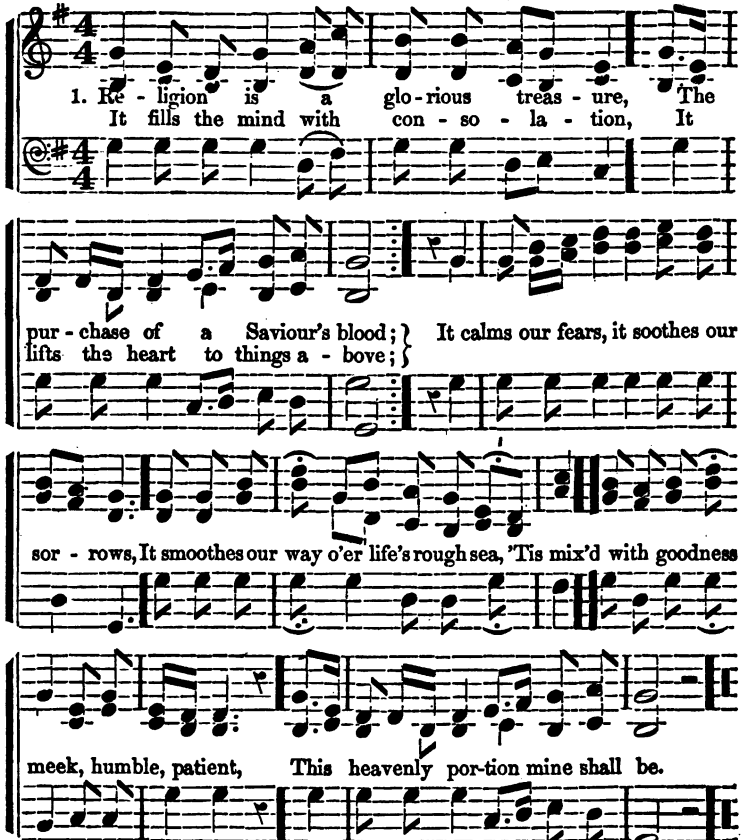
3 I'm weary of loving what passes away,
The sweetest, the dearest, alas, do not stay;
I long for that land where those partings are o'er,
And death and the tomb can divide hearts no more.

4 I'm weary, my Saviour, of greiving thy love,
O, when shall I rest in thy presence above;
I'm weary, but O, never let me repine,
While thy changless love, and thy promise are mine.



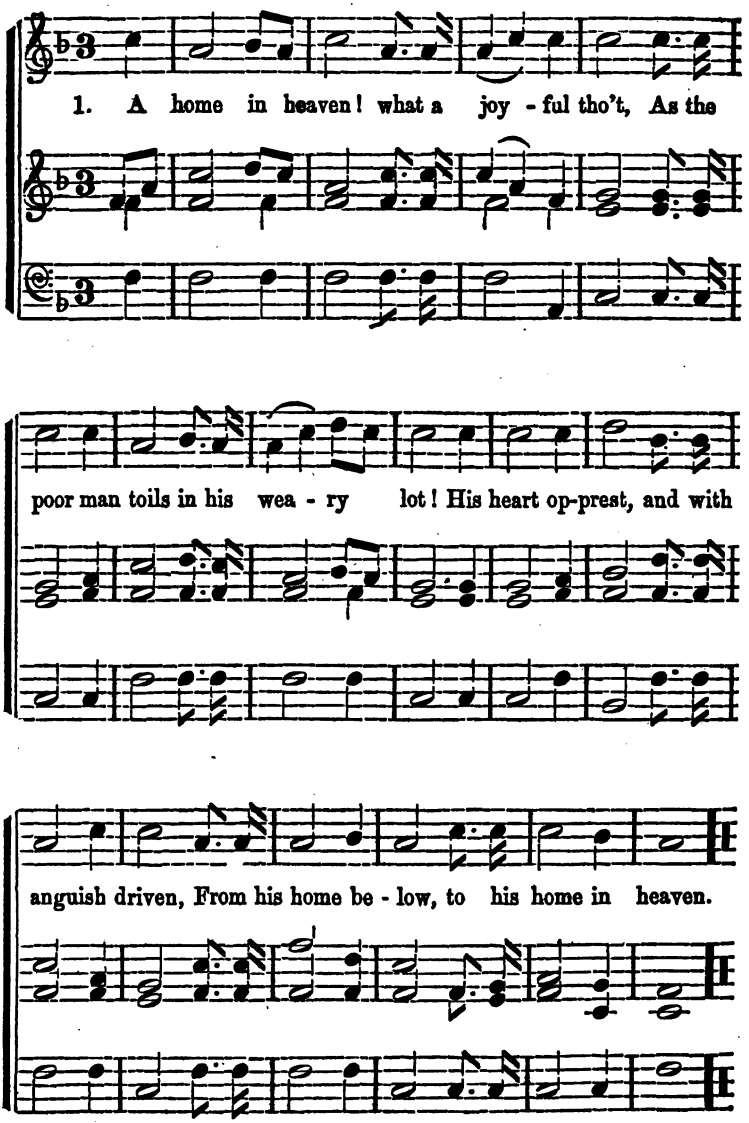
3 His eye is fixed on the world to come,
He walks by faith through this vale of care,
And oft inquires as he draws near home,
With anxious heart, "*Are we almost there?*"

4 He is waiting to hear the trumpet sound,
And to meet his Saviour in the air;
The day-star dawns—soon with joyous bound,
He can say indeed—"*We are almost there.*"



2 How vain, how fleeting, how transitory!
This world with all its pomp and show,
Its vain delights and delusive pleasures,
I gladly leave them all below;
But grace and glory shall be my story,
While I in Jesus such beauties see.
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heavenly portion mine shall be.

3 This earthly house shall be dissolved,
And mortal life shall soon be o'er—
All earthly cares and earthly sorrows
Shall pain my heart and eyes no more;
Yet "pure religion" remains forever,
And strengthened my glad heart shall be;
While endless ages are onward rolling
This heavenly portion mine shall be.


1. A home in heaven! what a joy - ful tho't, As the
poor man toils in his wea - ry lot! His heart op-prest, and with
anguish driven, From his home be - low, to his home in heaven.

1 A home in heaven! what a joyful thought,
As the poor man toils in his weary lot!
His heart opprest, and with anguish driven,
From his home below, to his home in heaven.

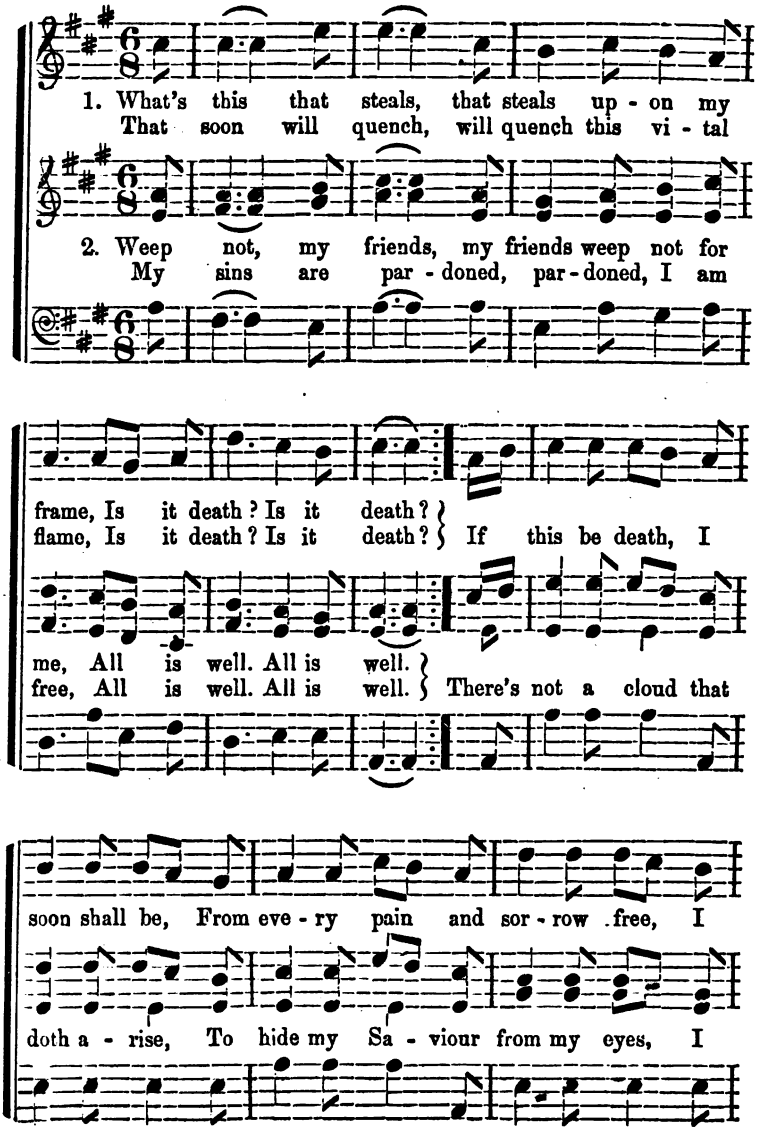
2 A home in heaven! as the sufferer lies
On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes,
To that bright home; what a joy is given,
With the blessed thought of his home in heaven.

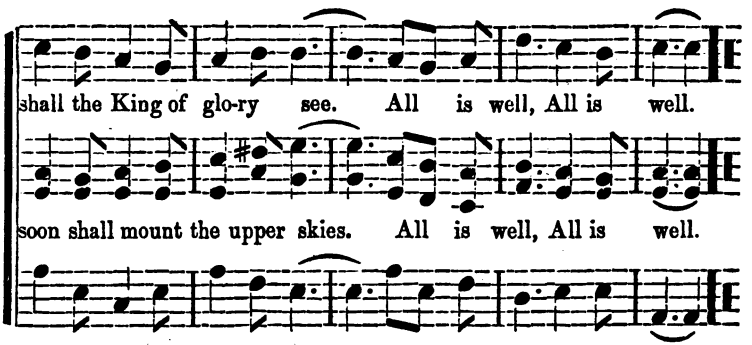
3 A home in heaven! when our pleasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid;
And strength decays, and our health is riven,
We are happy still with our home in heaven.

4 A home in heaven! when our friends are fled
To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering dead;
We wait in hope on the promise given,
To meet them all in our home in heaven.

5 A home in heaven! when the wheel is broke,
And the golden bowl by the terror-stroke;
When life's bright sun sinks in death's dark even,
We will then fly up to our home in heaven.

6 Our home in heaven! O, the glorious home!
And the Spirit, joined with the bride, say "Come!"
Come, seek his face, and your sins forgiven,
And rejoice in hope of your home in heaven.


1. What's this that steals, that steals up - on my
That soon will quench, will quench this vi - tal
2. Weep not, my friends, my friends weep not for
My sins are par - doned, par - doned, I am
frame, Is it death? Is it death?
flame, Is it death? Is it death?
If this be death, I
me, All is well. All is well.
free, All is well. All is well.
There's not a cloud that
soon shall be, From eve - ry pain and sor - row free, I
doth a - rise, To hide my Sa - viour from my eyes, I



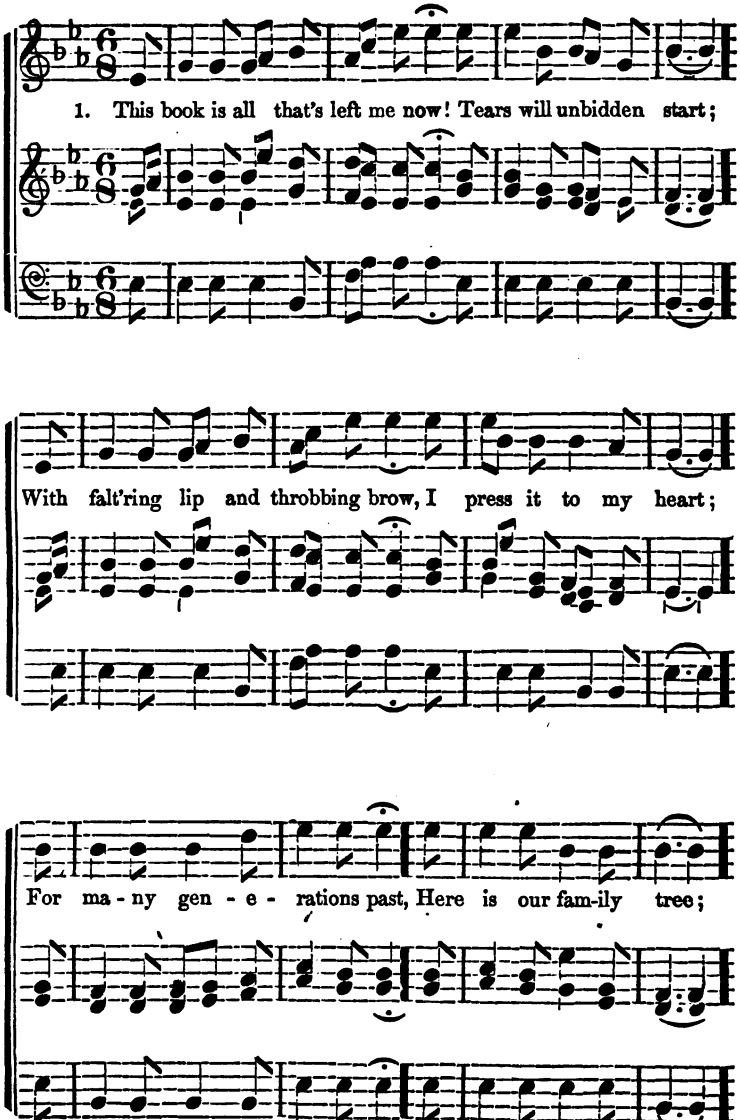
3 Tune, tune your harps, your harps, ye saints in glory.
All is well. All is well.
I will rehearse, rehearse the pleasing story.
All is well. All is well.
Bright angels are from glory come,
They're round my bed, they're in my room,
They wait to waft my spirit home.
All is well. All is well.

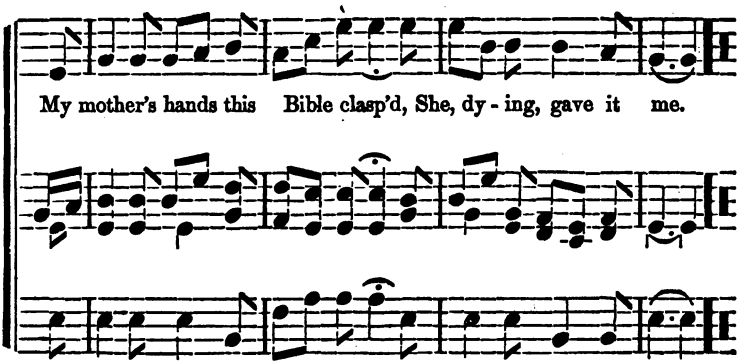
4 Hark, hark! my Lord, my Lord and Master calls me.
All is well. All is well.
I soon shall see, shall see his face in glory.
All is well. All is well,
Farewell, dear friends, adieu, adieu!
I can no longer stay with you,
My glittering crown appears in view.
All is well. All is well.

5 Hail, hail, all hail! all hail, ye blood-washed throng,
Saved by grace, saved by grace,
I've come to join, to join your rapturous song,
Saved by grace, saved by grace.
All, all is peace and joy divine,
All heaven and glory now are mine;
O, hallelujah to the Lamb.
All is well. All is well.

THE FAMILY BIBLE.

Words by
GENERAL MORRIS.





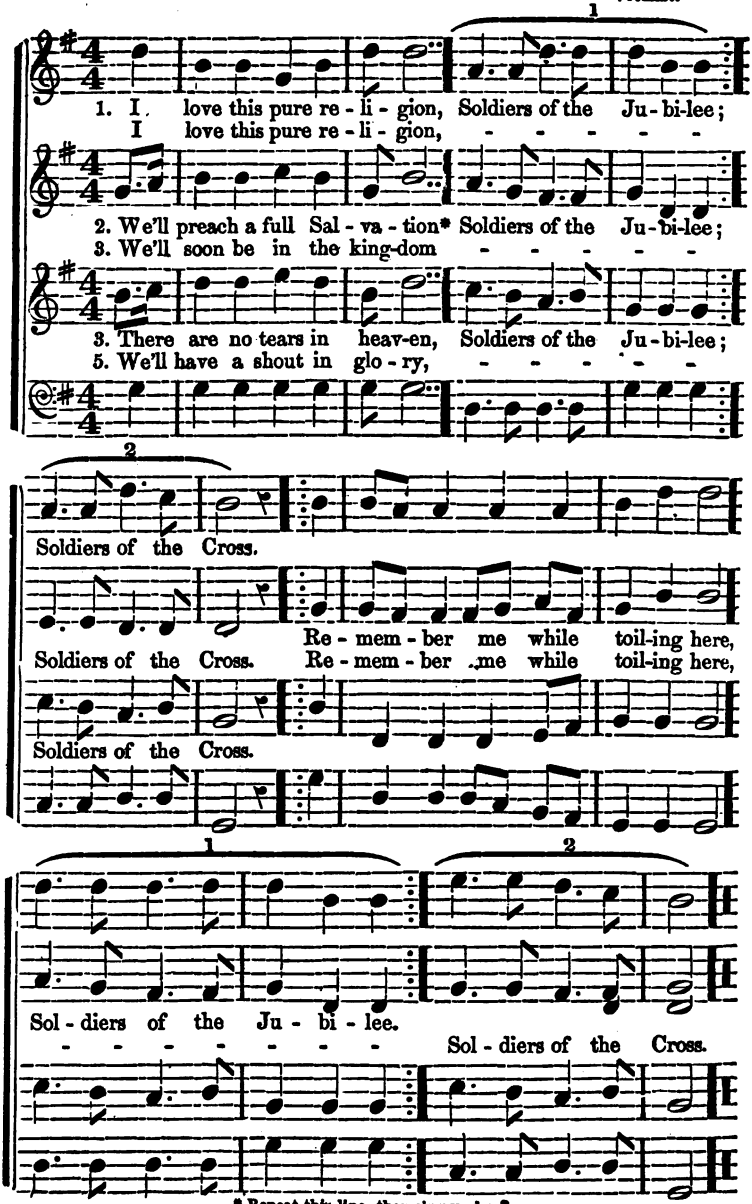
2 Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear;
Who round the hearth-stone us'd to close
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill!
Tho' they are with the silent dead,
Here they are living still.

3 My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear—
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who loved God's word to hear:
Her angel face—I see it yet!
What thronging memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the walls of home.

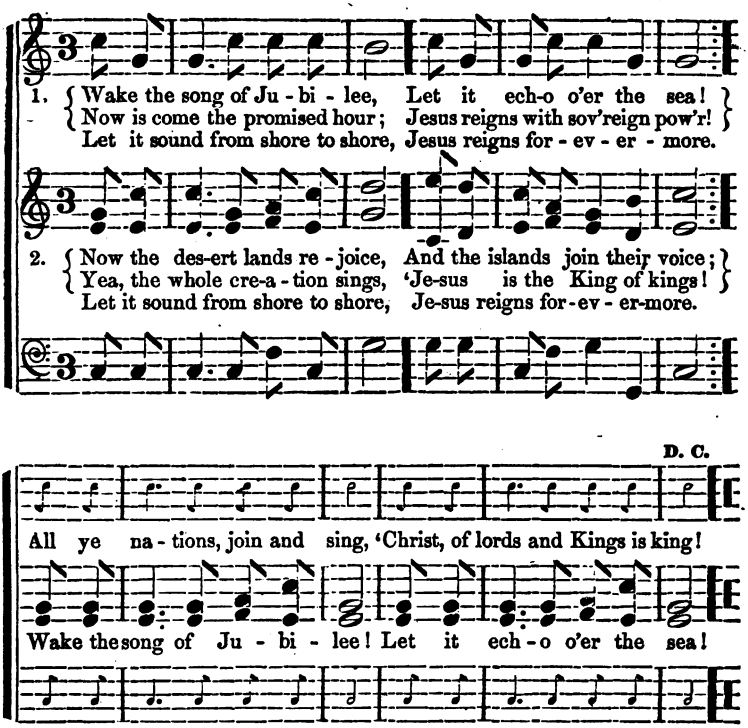
4 Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
Where all were false I've found thee true,
My counsellor, and guide.
The mines of earth no treasure give,
That could this volume buy—
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

From the American Vocalist.



* Repeat this line, then sing under 2.



SECOND HYMN.

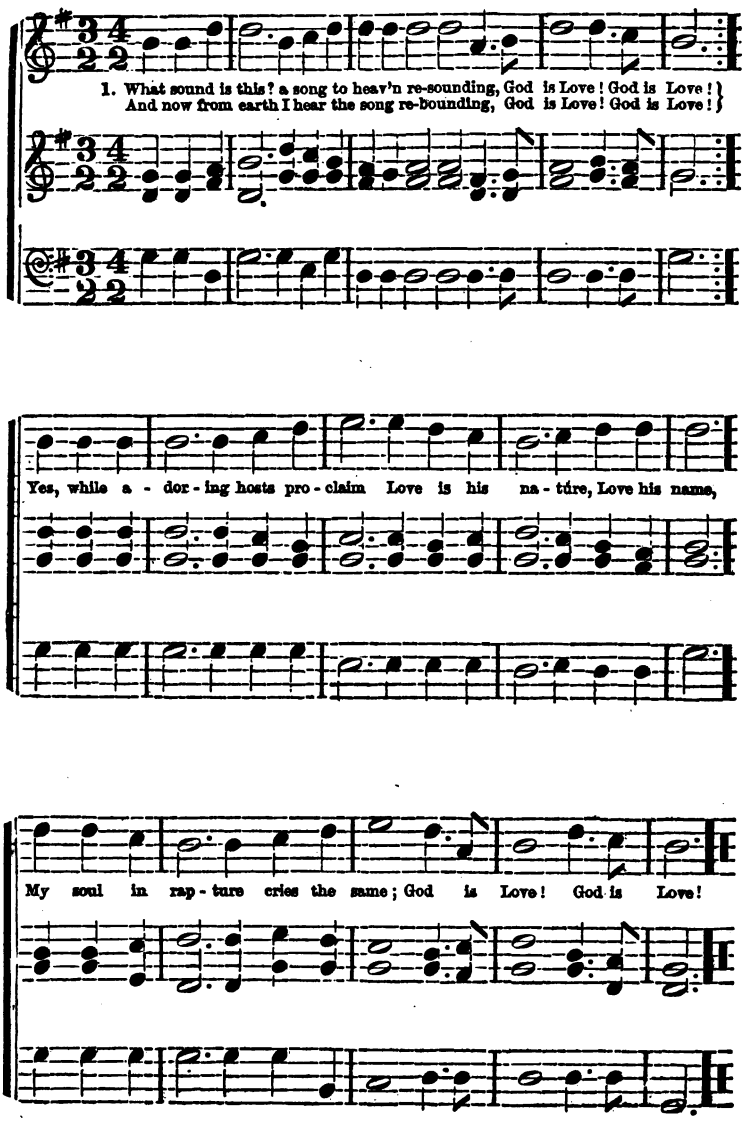
1 Who are these array'd in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun?
Foremost of the sons of light;
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they that bore the cross;
Nobly for their Master stood;
Suff'rers in his righteous cause;
Foll'wers of the dying God.

2 Out of great distress they came:
Wash'd their robes, by faith, below
In the blood of yonder Lamb,—
Blood that washes white as snow;
Therefore are they next the throne;
Serve their Maker day and night;
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.

THIRD HYMN.

1 Hasten, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.
Mightiest kings his power shall own;
Heathen tribes his Name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

2 Then shall wars and tumults cease;
Then be banish'd grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturb'd, shall ever reign.
Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise his glorious Name;
All his mighty acts record,—
All his wondrous love proclaim.

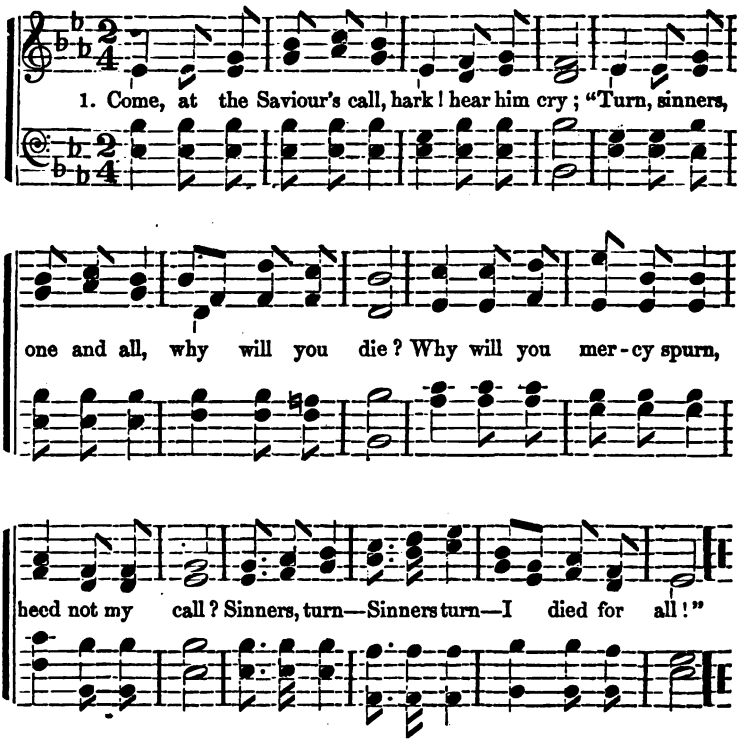

1. What sound is this? a song to heav'n re-sounding, God is Love! God is Love!
And now from earth I hear the song re-bounding, God is Love! God is Love!
Yes, while a - dor - ing hosts pro - claim Love is his na - ture, Love his name,
My soul in rap - ture cries the same; God is Love! God is Love!

2 This song repeat, repeat, ye saints in glory,
God is Love!
And saints on earth shout back the pleasing story,
God is Love!
In this let earth and heaven agree,
To sound his love both full and free,
And let the theme forever be,
God is Love!

3 Creation speaks with thousand tongues proclaiming
God is Love!
And Providence unites her voice, exclaiming,
God is Love!
But let the burdened sinner hear
The Gospel, sounding loud and clear,
To every soul both far and near,
God is Love!

4 This heavenly love all round is sweetly flowing,
God is Love!
And in my heart the sacred fire is glowing,
God is Love!
That God is Love I know full well;
And had I power his love to tell,
With loudest notes my song should swell;
God is Love!

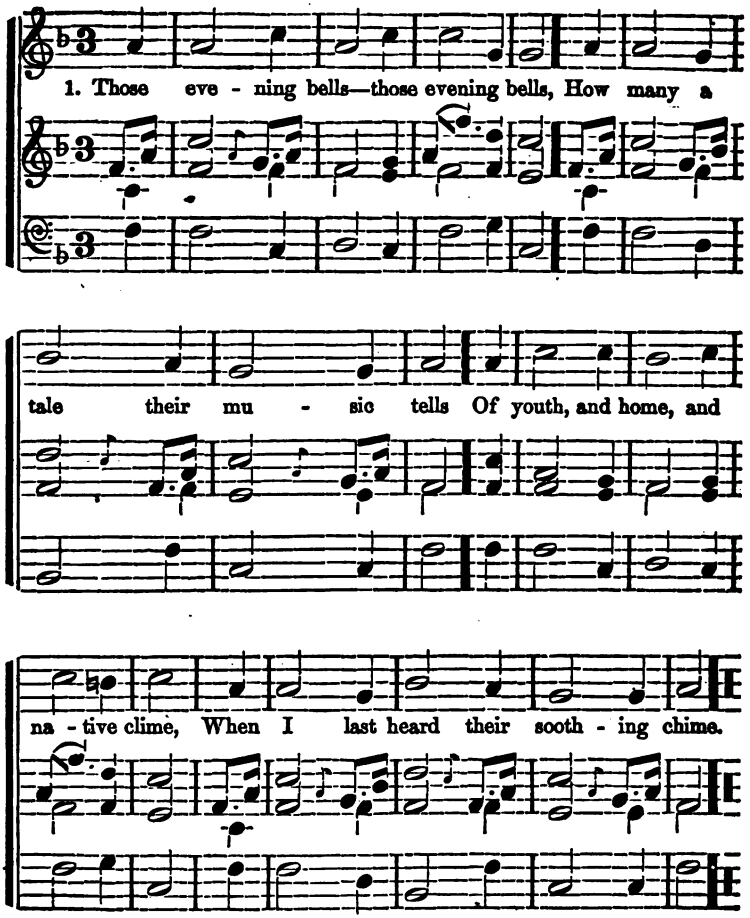
5 The love of God is now my greatest pleasure,
God is Love!
And while I live, I'll ask no other treasure;
God is Love!
This theme shall be my song below,
And when to glory I shall go,
This strain eternally shall flow,—
God is Love!



2 Come, at the Spirit's call; hasten away;
Lest vengeance on you fall, no more delay.
Come to the Gospel stream, drink and rejoice;
Sinners, turn, sinners, turn, make Christ your choice;

3 Hear God the Father tell what he has done!
To save a world from hell, he gave his Son!
Jesus, to plead for us, now dwells on high;
Sinners, turn—sinners, turn! *why will ye die?*

4 Come, all ye weary souls—rest here is given,—
Life to the dying now—then crowns in heaven;
Haste, then, without delay—to Jesus fly!
Sinners, turn—sinners, turn! why will ye die?

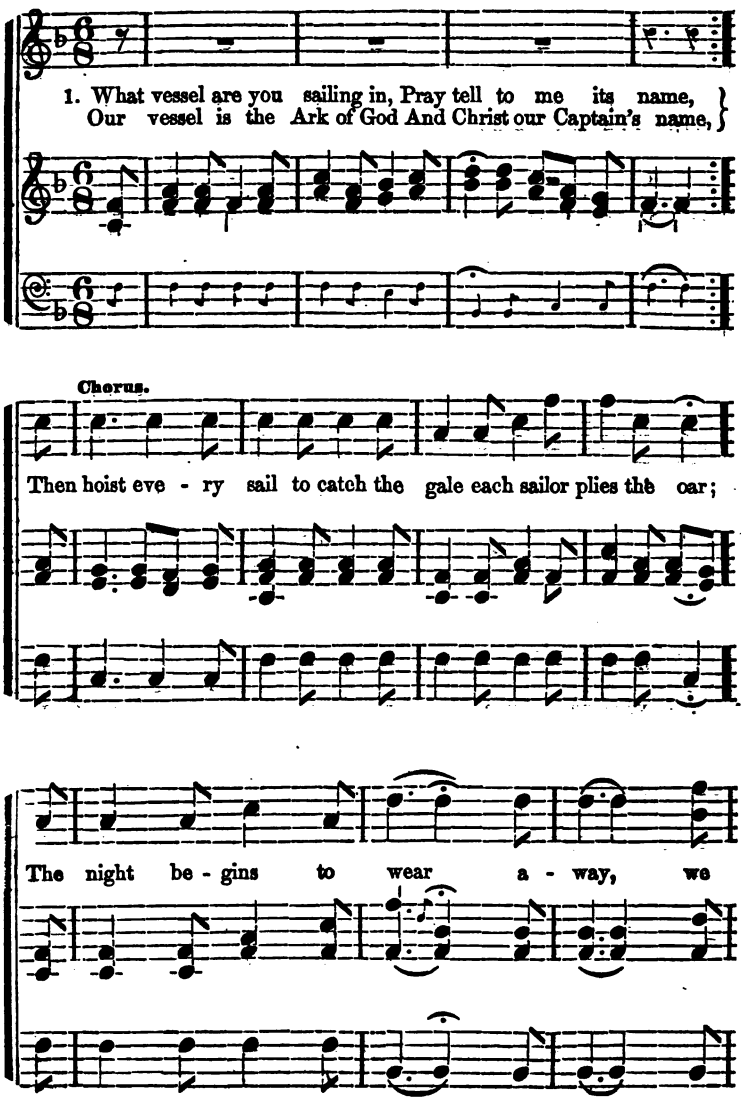


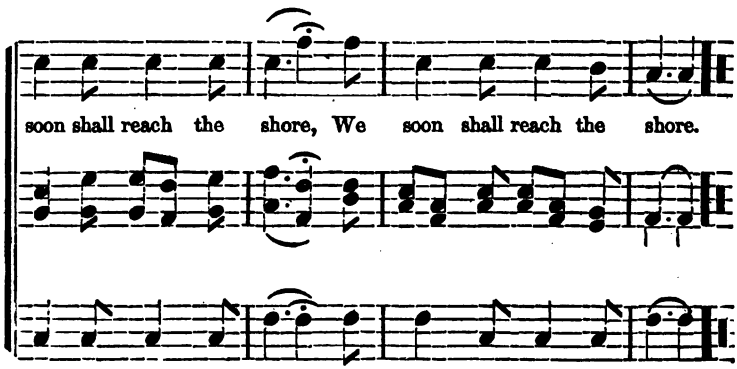
2 Those pleasant hours have passed away,
And many a heart, that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

3 And so 'twill be when I am gone;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
When other bards shall walk those dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

THE GOSPEL SHIP.

Furnished by W. S. Edwards. Newly arranged and harmonised for this work.





2 And what's the port you're sailing to?
Pray tell to me straightway.
The NEW JERUSALEM'S the port,
The realms of Endless Day.
CHORUS.

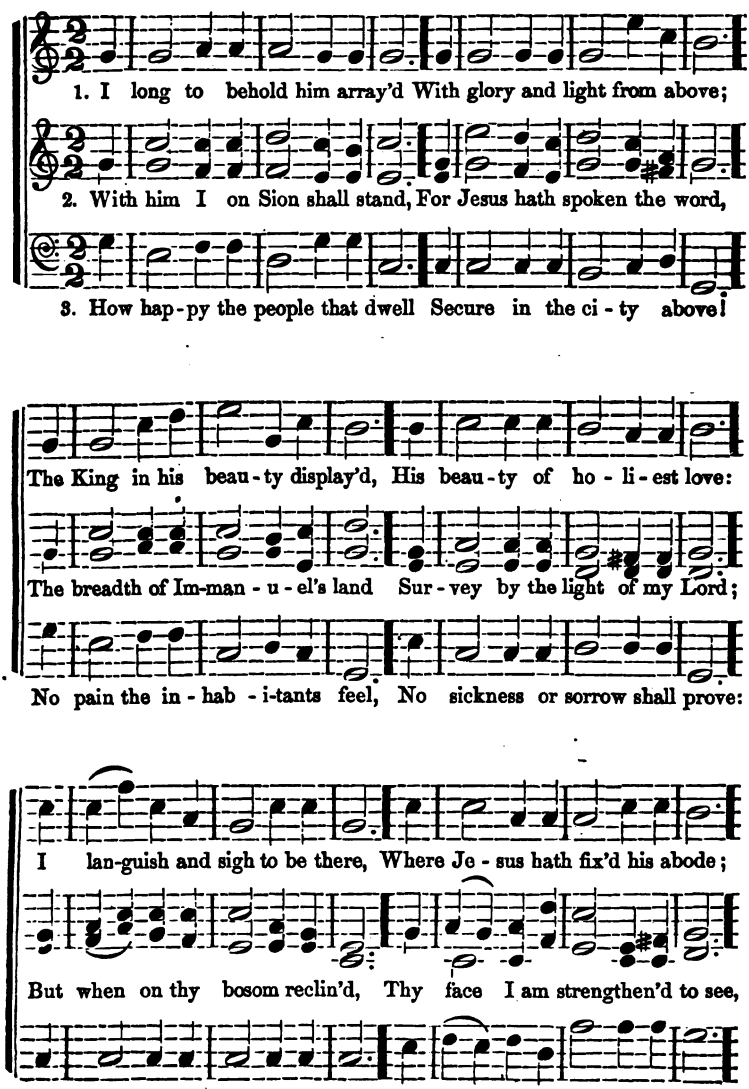
3 Our compass is the Sacred Word,
And Hope our anchor sure;
Our cable is victorious Faith,
And will the storm endure.
CHORUS.

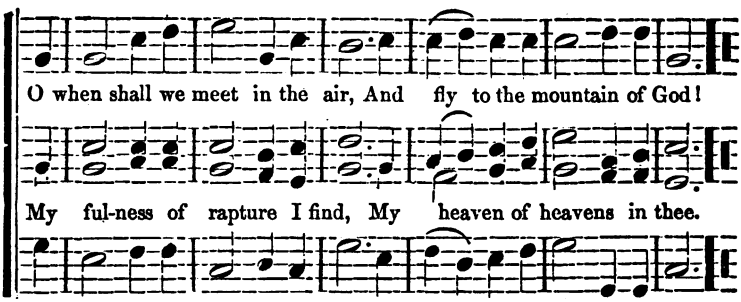
4 But are you not afraid some storm
Your bark will overwhelm?
We need not fear, the Lord is near,
Our FATHER'S at the helm.
CHORUS.

5 We've looked astern, and many a toil
The Lord has brought us through;
We're looking now, ahead—and, lo!
The land appears in view.
CHORUS.

6 The sun is up, the clouds are gone
The heavens above are clear;
A *city* bright appears in sight,
We're getting round the pier.
CHORUS.

7 And when we all are landed safe
On that Celestial Plain,
Our song shall be, "Worthy the Lamb,
For rebel sinners slain!"
CHORUS.


1. I long to behold him array'd With glory and light from above;
2. With him I on Sion shall stand, For Jesus hath spoken the word,
3. How hap-py the people that dwell Secure in the ci-ty above!
The King in his beau-ty display'd, His beau-ty of ho-li-est love:
The breadth of Im-man-u-el's land Sur-vey by the light of my Lord;
No pain the in-hab-i-tants feel, No sickness or sorrow shall prove:
I lan-guish and sigh to be there, Where Je-sus hath fix'd his abode;
But when on thy bosom reclin'd, Thy face I am strengthen'd to see,
Phy-si-cian of souls, un-to me For-give-ness and ho-li-ness give;



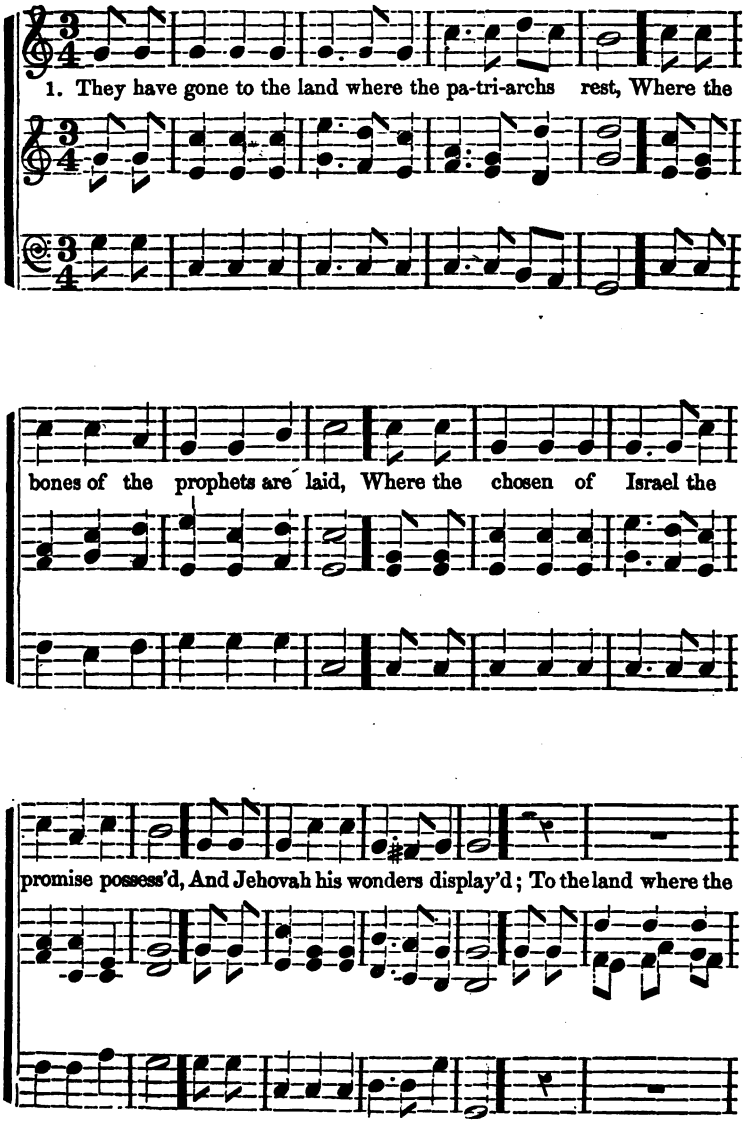
SECOND HYMN.

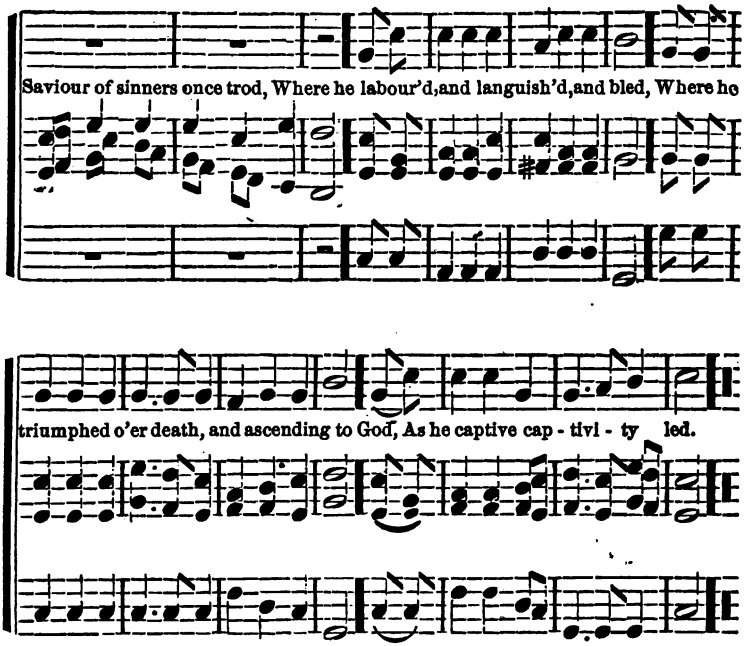
1 How tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see;
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me:
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned;
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind;
While blessed with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore:
Or take me to thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.


1. They have gone to the land where the pa-tri-archs rest, Where the
bones of the prophets are laid, Where the chosen of Israel the
promise possess'd, And Jehovah his wonders display'd; To the land where the



2 They have gone to the land where the gospel's glad sound,
Sweetly tun'd by the angels above,
Was reecho'd on earth, through the regions around,
In the accents of heavenly love,
Where the Spirit descended, in tokens of flame,
The rich gifts of his grace to reveal,
Where apostles wrought signs in Immanuel's name,
The truth of their mission to seal.

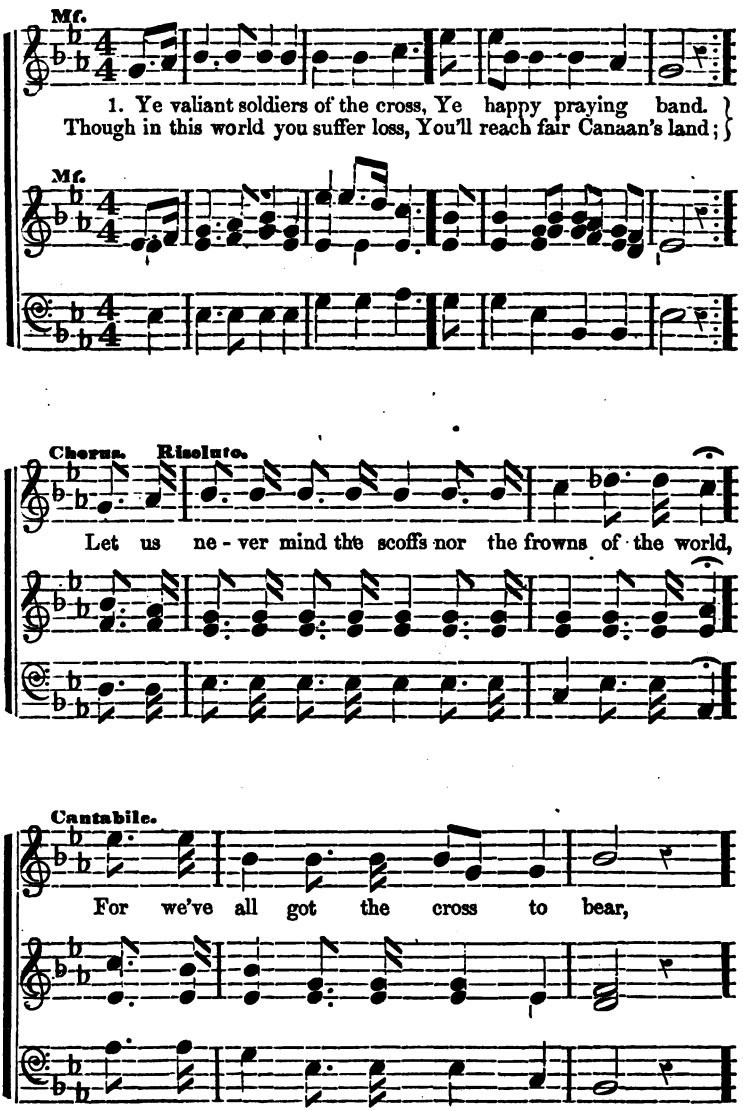
3 They have gone—the glad heralds of mercy have gone
To the land where the martyrs once bled;
Where the "Beast and False Prophet" have since trodden down
The fair fabric that Zion had laid;
Where the churches, once planted, and water'd, and blest
With the dews which the Spirit distills,
Have been smitten, despoil'd, and by heathen possess'd;
And the places that knew them, defil'd.

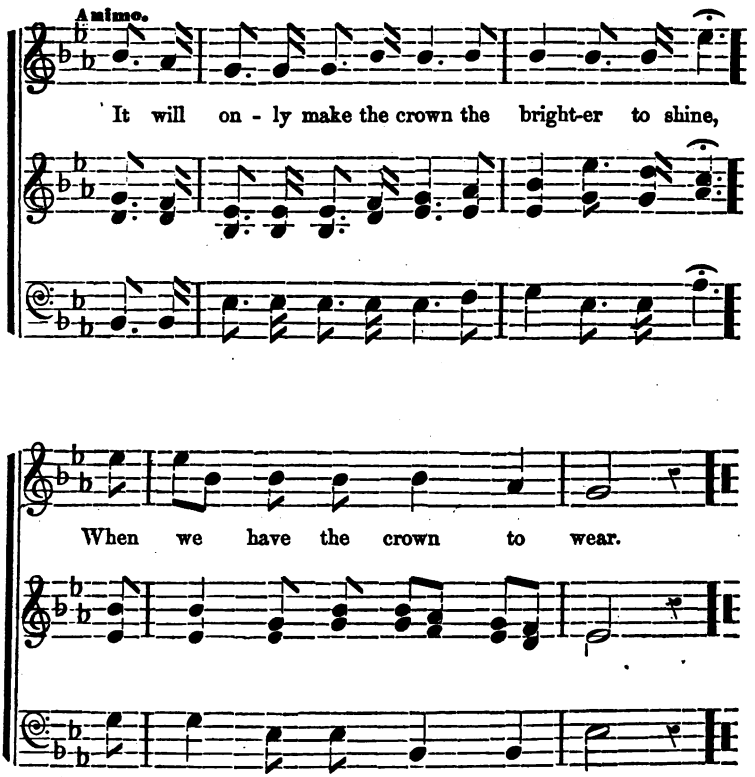
4 They have gone—O, thou Shepherd of Israel—have gone
The glad mission in love to restore;
Thou wilt not forsake them, nor leave them alone;
Thy blessing we humbly implore.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

Very good & lively

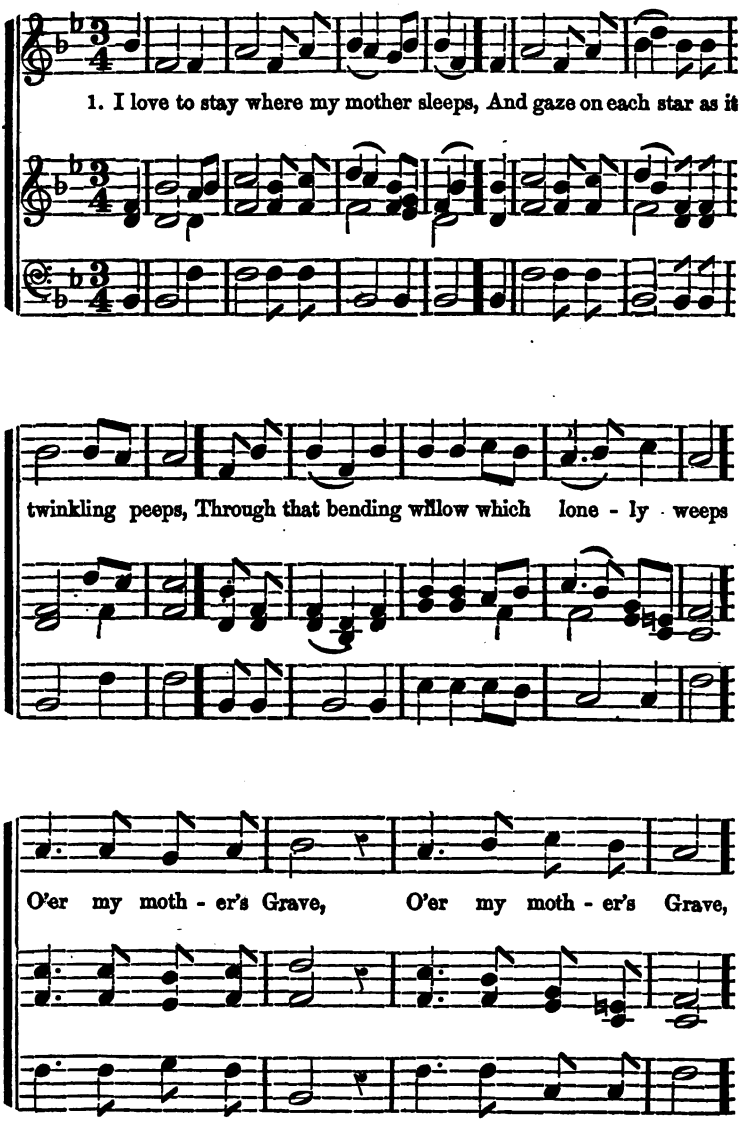
Newly arranged for the Harp.

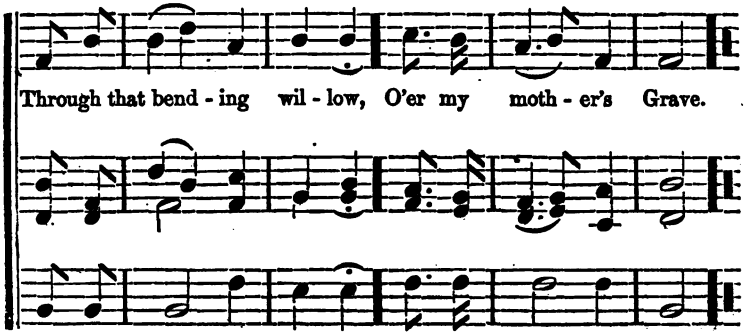




2 All earthly pleasures we'll forsake,
When heaven appears in view,
In Jesus' strength we'll undertake
To fight our passage through ;
Chorus.

3 O what a glorious shout there'll be,
When we arrive at home,
Our friends and Jesus we shall see,
And God shall say "well done :"
Chorus.


1. I love to stay where my mother sleeps, And gaze on each star as it
twinkling peeps, Through that bending willow which lone - ly weeps
O'er my moth - er's Grave, O'er my moth - er's Grave,



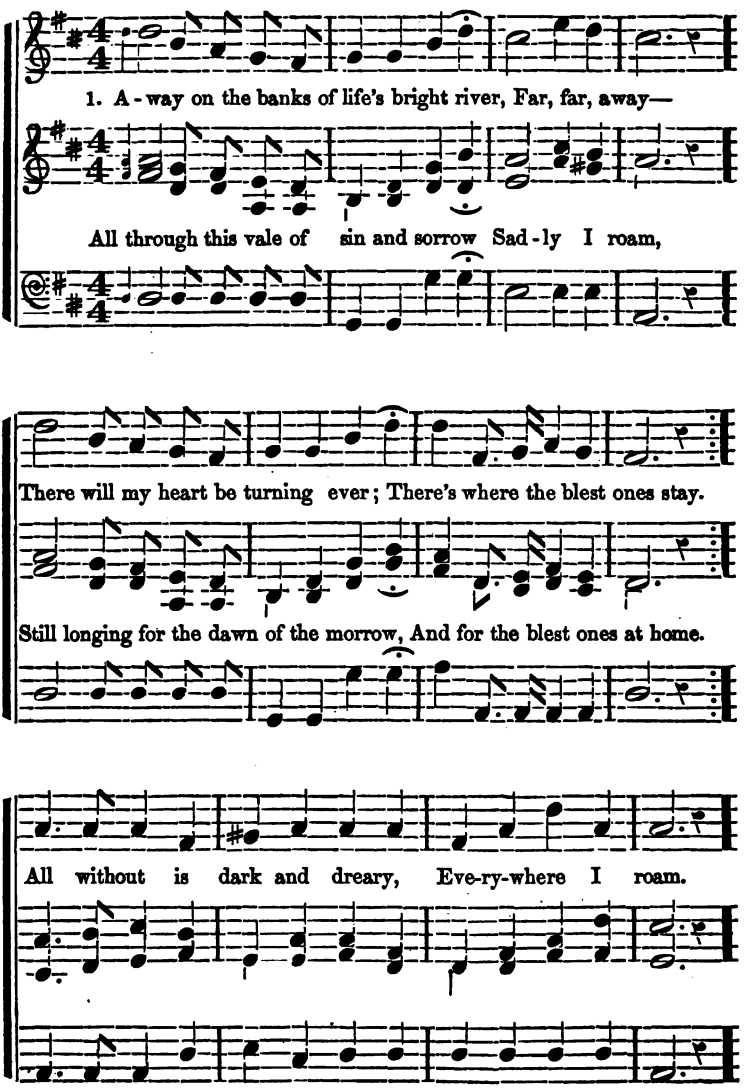
1 I love to stay where my Mother sleeps,
And gaze on each star as it twinkling peeps
Through that bending willow which lonely weeps
O'er my Mother's grave, O'er my Mother's grave,
Through that bending willow, O'er my Mother's grave.

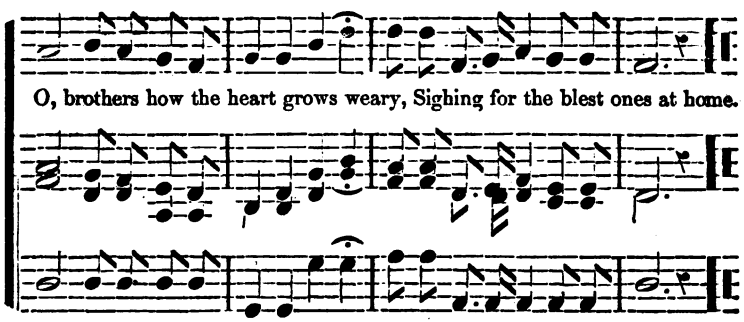
2 I love to kneel on the green turf there,
Afar from the scenes of my daily care,
And breathe to my Saviour my evening prayer,
O'er my Mother's grave, &c.

3 I still remember how oft she led,
And knelt me by her as with God she plead,
That I might be his when the clod was spread,
O'er my Mother's grave, &c.

4 I love to think how 'neath the ground
She slumbers in death as a captive bound;
She'll slumber no more when the trump shall sound,
O'er my Mother's grave, &c.

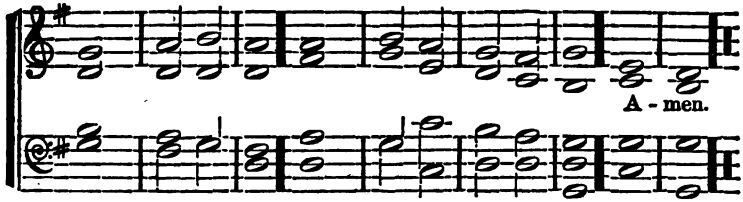
Words by the Rev. MARK TRAFTON.





2 Through all earth's sunny scenes I wander'd,
In youth's gay morn:
How many precious hours I've squander'd,
How many mercies scorn'd!
When seeking sin's delusive pleasures,
Wretched was I;
But now my heart has found a treasure,
There with the blest ones on high.
All without is dark and dreary,
Everywhere I roam.
O, brothers, how the heart grows weary,
Sighing for the blest ones at home!

3 One hour there is forever bringing
Memories of love;
'Twas when my sighs were changed to singing
Of the blest ones above.
When shall I see my Saviour reigning
On his white throne?
When will be hush'd my heart's complaining,
There with the blest ones at home?
All till then is dark and dreary,
Everywhere I roam.
O, brothers, how the heart grows weary,
Longing for the blest ones at home!



1 Faith is the brightest evidence Of things be- | yond our | sight;
It pierces through the vail of sense, And | dwells in | heavenly | light.

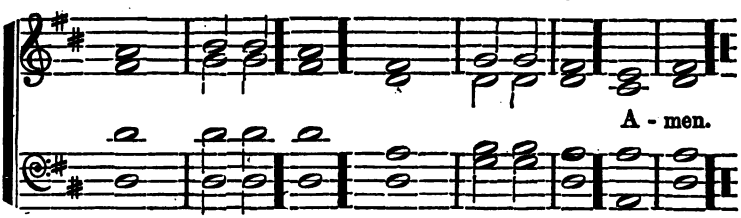
2 It sets time past in present view, Brings distant | prospects | home.
Of things a thousand years ago, Or | thousand | years to | come.

3 By faith we know the world was made By | God's al..mighty | word;
We know the heaven and earth shall fade, And | be a- | gain re- | stored.

4 Abraham obeyed the Lord's command, From his own | country | driven;
By faith he sought a promised land, But | found his | rest in | heaven.

5 Thus through life's pilgrimage we stray, The | promise..in our | eye;
By faith we walk the narrow way, That | leads to | joy on | high.

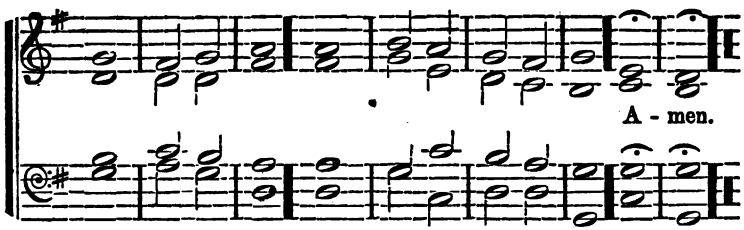
No. 2. CHANT.



1 The Lord is my shepherd; I | shall not | want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still | wa— | ters.

2 He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his | name's— | sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they | com-fort | me.

3 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup..runneth | over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord, for- | ev— | er. || A- | men.



1 The Lord our God is clothed with might, The winds o- | bey his | will;
He speaks, and in his heavenly height, The | rolling | sun stands | still.

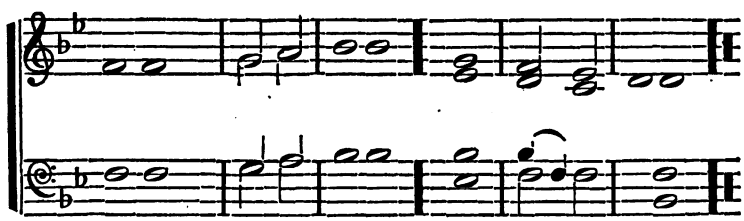
2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land With threatening | aspect | roar!
The Lord uplifts his awful hand, And | chains you | to the | shore.

3 Howl! winds of night! your force combine! Without his | high be- | hest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine, Dis- | turb the | sparrow's | nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar, In distant | peals it | dies;
He yokes the whirlwinds to his car, And | sweeps the | howling | skies.

5 Ye nations, bend, in reverence bend; Ye monarchs | wait his | nod,
And bid the choral song ascend To | cele- | brate our | God.

No. 4. CHANT.



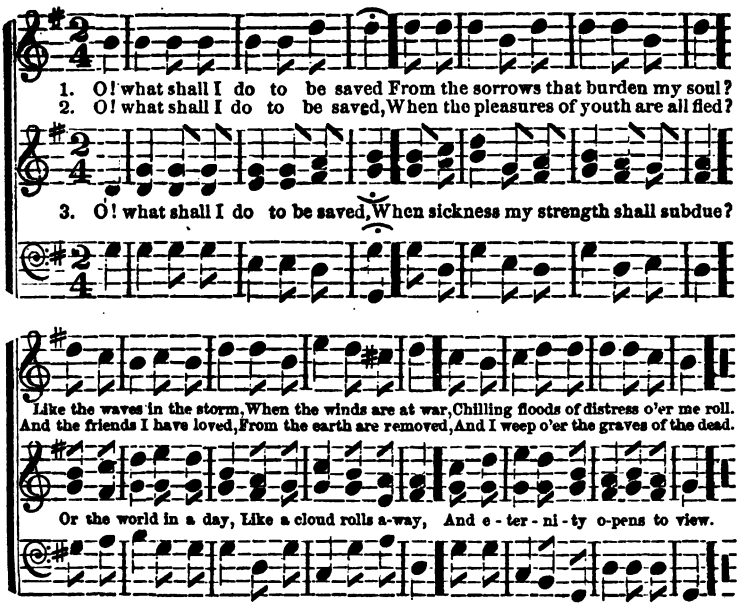
1 I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence | cometh..my | help.
My help cometh from the Lord, which made | heaven and | earth.

2 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved. He that keepeth thee | will not | slumber.
Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall not | slumber..nor | sleep.

3 The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon thy | right— | hand.
The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the | moon by | night.

4 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; he shall pre- | serve thy | soul.
The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in, from this time forth and even for- | ev-er- | more. ‖ A- | men.

280 WHAT SHALL I DO TO BE SAVED? S. H.

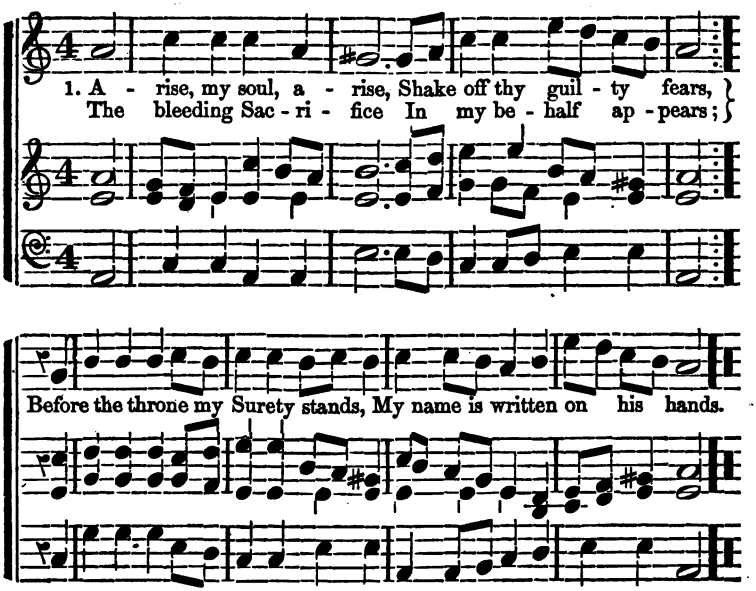


4 O! what shall I do to be saved
When the Lord sets the earth all on fire?
And the Judge shall come forth
In the day of his wrath,
And the seas from his face shall retire!

5 O! what shall I do to be saved
When the day of salvation is o'er?
And the "ransom'd" shall rise
To their home in the skies,
And the gospel be published no more!

6 O! sinners, how can you be saved,
Seeing now you the Saviour despise?
O! turn while you may,
Lest you forfeit your day,
And the gospel be hid from your eyes.

7 Lord, teach us the way to be saved,
And then perfect us all in thy love,
And whene'er we must go
From these mansions below,
O! receive us to mansions above.—J. W. HOLMAN



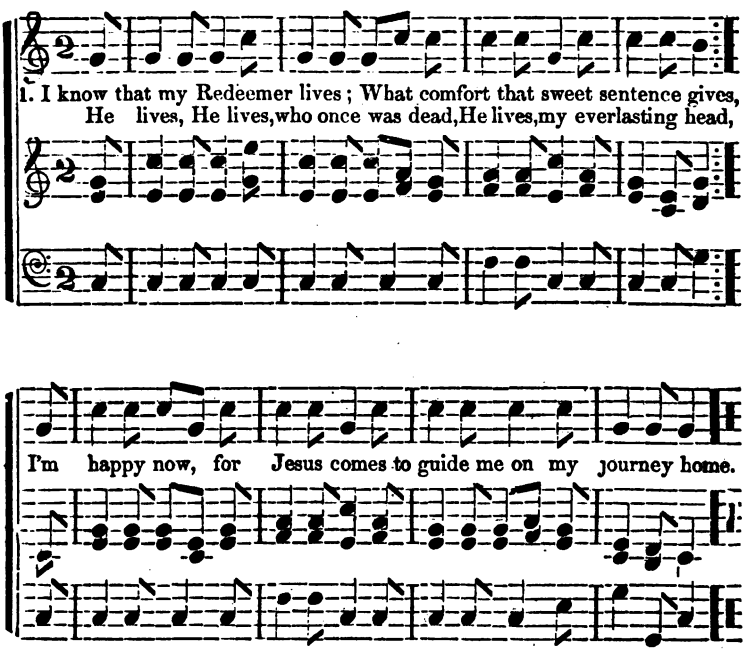
2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood aton'd for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Receiv'd on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me;
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die!

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconcil'd,
His pard'ning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear.
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

282 I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVES. L. M.



2 He lives, to bless me with his love;
He lives, to plead for me above;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
He lives, to help in time of need.
I'm happy, &c.

3 He lives, and grants me daily breath:
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives, my mansion to prepare;
He lives, to bring me safely there.
I'm happy, &c.

4 He lives, all glory to his name;
He lives, my Saviour, still the same;
What joy the blest assurance gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives.
I'm happy, &c.

5 He lives, my kind and gracious friend;
He lives, and loves me to the end;
He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King;
He lives, and while he lives, I'll sing.
I'm happy, &c.

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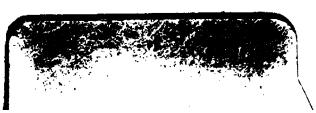

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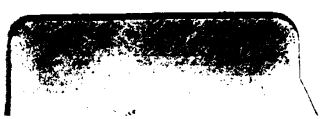

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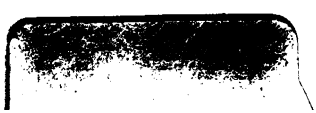
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